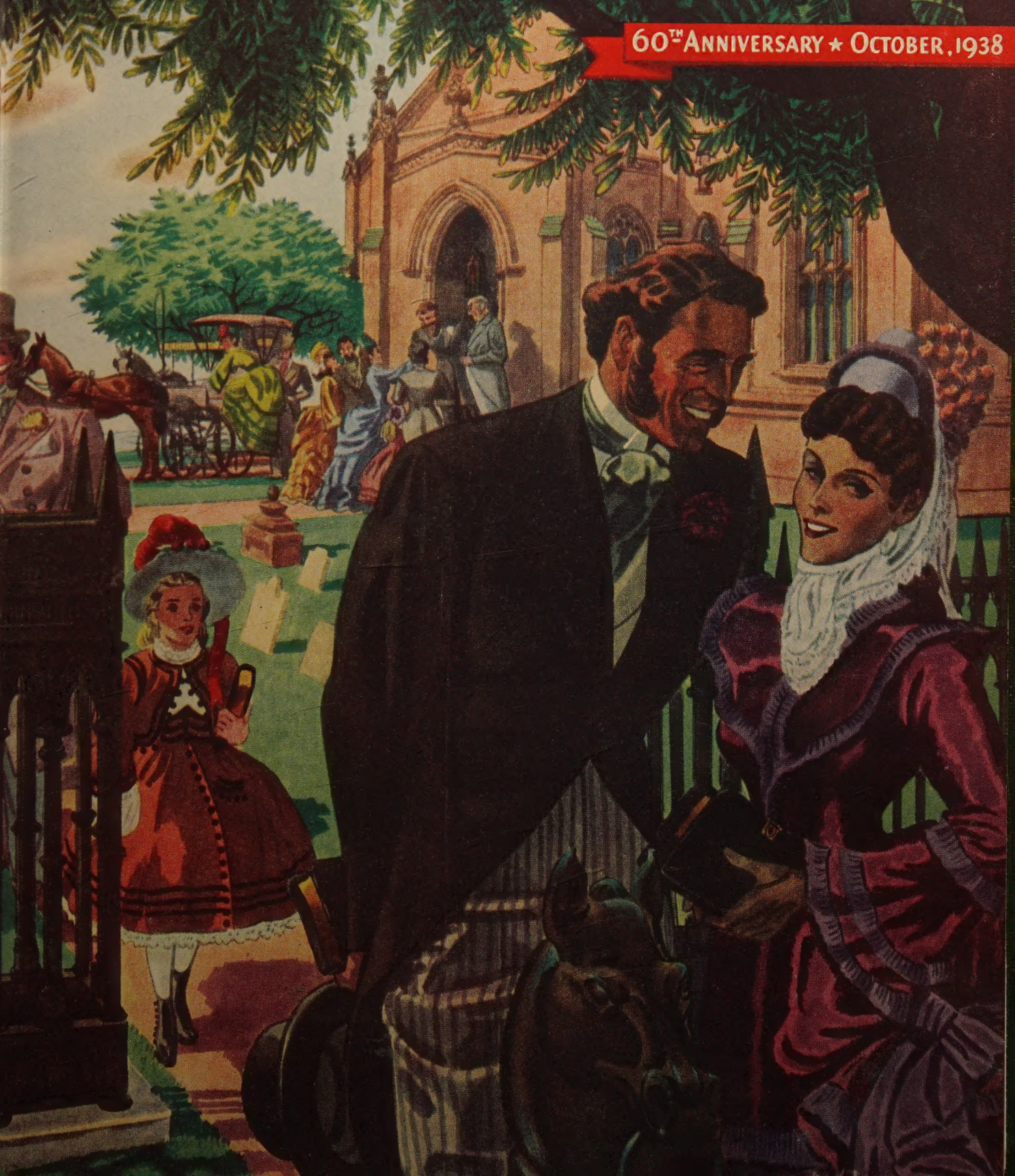


CHRISTIAN HERALD

60TH ANNIVERSARY ★ OCTOBER, 1938





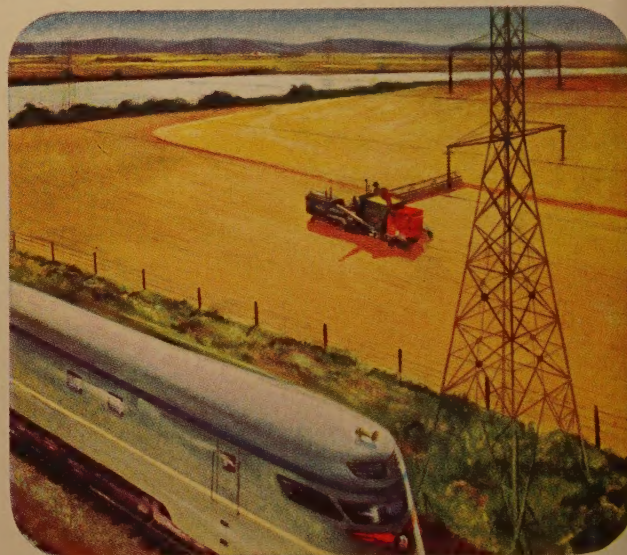
COLORADO . . . 1858. Gold at Pike's Peak! The news spread like wildfire. Soon a great migration westward to the gold fields was under way. "Pike's Peak or Bust!" was the slogan of the day.



Facsimile of New York Life poster issued in 1859.



FACING THE HARDSHIPS of the Overland Trail were men from every walk of life. Many of these hardy pioneers, realizing the dangers ahead, insured with the New York Life. Thus the Company spread the benefits of its protection westward, growing with the nation.



INVESTING ITS FUNDS for the benefit of the policyholders, the New York Life has helped to build up this rich and bountiful country. Thus, in providing protection for the mothers and children of America, the Company has also contributed to the economic development of the nation.

DUE very largely to the persistent efforts of American life insurance agents, there has been created a backlog of well over 100 billion dollars of protection for the people of this country. The agents have thus been an important influence in promoting the social stability and economic prog-

ress of America. The first responsibility of a life insurance company is the protection of its policyholders. It must, therefore, maintain adequate policy reserves, and must invest conservatively.

The New York Life Insurance Company maintains its policy reserves on

the strongest basis used in the United States and Canada. In investing it adheres to the principle that "safety should always be the first consideration . . . nothing else is so important." A policy in the New York Life is one of the best investments you can make, for your family and yourself.

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board*

51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ALFRED L. AIKEN, *President*



- there she was WAITING AT THE CHURCH



IN SOCIAL ROOM
OF
MONTGOMERY HALL

... waiting at the church because the cutest boy in the neighborhood, playing "groom" to "bride," walked out on her—and told her why. Lucky little Edna, to learn so young, that halitosis (bad breath) was her fault unpardonable. Later in life, radiant, beautiful, sought after, she always used Listerine Antiseptic to make her breath agreeable.

How's *your* breath?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that it affects everyone at some time or other—without their knowing it. So they often offend needlessly. At this very moment *your* breath may be questionable.

Why take the chance? Why guess? Use Listerine Antiseptic to halt food fermentation in the mouth, a major cause of breath odors. Then you will know that your breath is sweeter, purer, more agreeable. Fastidious people rinse the mouth with Listerine morning and night, and between times before meeting others.

Why don't *you* acquire this delightful mouth freshening habit? It pays rich dividends in popularity. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR HALITOSIS USE LISTERINE

Just Between OURSELVES



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

A Bit of History

HAVE you ever heard of the Wahoo bird? Well, it flies backward because it has no interest in where it's going—only in where it's been. We don't believe *Christian Herald* readers are like that. We somehow feel that you are far more interested in what's coming than in what's past. And yet the great temptation in an anniversary issue is to dwell in detail on the events of the past to review the men and the occasions which have become milestones in our history. In preparing this issue we have conscientiously tried to subdue this temptation and you will not find anywhere a long-drawn-out history of the magazine. Briefly, *The Christian Herald* was established in 1878 as the American edition of a British publication entitled *Christian Herald & Signs of Our Times*. The famous Dr. Spurgeon of London, and the equally famous Dr. Talmage in America, collaborated to publish *The Christian Herald* over here. In 1889, Dr. Louis Klopsch, one of the world's greatest humanitarians, purchased all rights to the American edition and although friendly relationships were maintained, all official connections with the British paper ceased. Dr. Klopsch died in 1910, and you will find a brief account of his work in the article "My Brother's Keeper" on page 19. During his proprietorship *The Christian Herald* became the most influential religious journal in the world. Coincident with his passing came the twilight of personal journalism all over this country. Publications which were dependent

upon the popularity of some great editor were doomed to slow death, unless they found some formula which of itself was popular. Hence great changes took place in the character and content of all publications. Those which survived necessarily found a publishing formula greater than any individual. *Christian Herald* (the superfluous "The" was dropped in 1928,) today is an institution. Its paid circulation is the largest in its sixty years. We are trying to make a magazine which will give you inspiration, education and entertainment. We are trying to uphold the principles laid down by Jesus Christ, because we believe therein lies the only solution to the problems of life. *Chris-*

tian Herald has neither theological nor political axes to grind. We respect the opinions of our 250,000 subscribers on both sides of may such controversies. But we are unequivocally against evil as we see it and will fight to the death if necessary for the Christian Faith.

We would indeed be false to our trust if we did not take this occasion to thank our army of readers for their unfailing loyalty to the magazine and the charitable institutions which they so generously support. We believe we can safely say that no other magazine in the world has its like.

November Is Coming

WE HOPE you'll all like the Anniversary issue but we don't want you to forget that the November issue will be along before you know it. You have some real treats in store. Margaret Sangster starts her new monthly page. Richard Maxwell has done a grand story about pets. There will be a personality sketch of Dr. Oscar Johnson of St. Louis. Hayden Hall will tell how some public-spirited citizens are reducing taxes in Nebraska. Alex Osborn, a famous advertising man and partner of Congressman Bruce Barton, will tell how to increase church attendance in your town. Don't let your subscription run out before that issue comes.

Our Cover

PAINTED especially for *Christian Herald*, we think the artist, Fred Freeman, has captured the charm of an old-fashioned Sunday. We suggest a careful study of this picture.

Vol. 61

OCTOBER, 1938

No. 10

CONTENTS

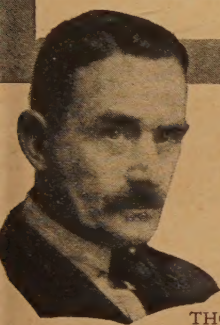
Cover design—An Old-fashioned Sunday.....	FRED FREEMAN	
Just Between Ourselves.....		2
Out of My Mail.....	DANIEL A. POLING	4
News Digest of the Month.....		6
Frontispiece—The Golden Trumpet.....	GRACE NOLL CROWELL	12
Let's Look at America.....	FRANK S. MEAD	13
Model T—An American Saga.....	ELIZABETH DICKENS	16
Life Is Very Pleasant at Fifteen.....	BEATRICE PLUMB	18
I Am My Brother's Keeper.....	ALBERT LINN LAWSON	19
Processional.....	MARGARET E. SANGSTER	22
Mrs. Caleb's Boarder—A Serial, Pt. II.....	ARTHUR C. BALDWIN	24
Meet Your Neighbors.....	SETH PARKER	27
Religious America—1937 Church Statistics.....	HERMAN CARL WEBER	28
Christian Herald Sixty Years Ago—Sermons and Extracts.....		31
Horizons Seen and Unseen.....	CHARLES M. SHELDON	40
Roadways—A Poem.....	CHARLES HANSON TOWNE	42
Pilgrim's Progress.....	HONORÉ MORROW	44
Travel Then and Now.....		45
Editorial Forum.....		46
Daily Meditations for the Quiet Hour.....	WILLIAM T. ELLIS	48
Radio Page.....	AILEEN SEARES	52
Church Housekeeping Bureau.....		54
Stamps—Start a Church Stamp Club.....	WINTHROP ADAMS	68
Current Books.....		69
Sunday School Lessons for October.....	STANLEY B. VANDERSALL	74
After All.....		80

COPYRIGHT, 1938, BY CHRISTIAN HERALD ASSOCIATION, INC.



ALL THESE BOOKS WERE DISTRIBUTED *Free*

—among members of the Book-of-the-Month Club



THOMAS MANN

*For every two books-of-the-month you buy
you receive one book-dividend free*

FREE...TO NEW MEMBERS

a novel more praised by critics
than any work of fiction in 1938.

Joseph in Egypt

By Thomas Mann

IN TWO VOLUMES • BOXED
RETAIL PRICE \$5.00

FEW works of literature have received more general praise than this novel, whose author is perhaps the world's leading man of letters today. JOSEPH IN EGYPT is the latest book-dividend selected for free distribution among Book-of-the-Month Club members, and one more striking example of how advantageous it is for book-lovers to belong to the Club. Mail the coupon at the right, if you are interested in joining.

EVERY two months the Book-of-the-Month Club distributes a valuable library volume free, as a book-dividend. Those above—a few of the many given in the past to members—are merely presented as an illustration of the kind of book given. As a member, you would receive a book-dividend for every two books-of-the-month you purchased.

If you watch best-seller lists, you will observe that the book-of-the-month is always among the most popular current books. Ordinarily it is a book you are anxious not to miss. Whenever this is the case, obviously you benefit enormously by buying it from the Club—because of the unique book-dividend system. Last year over \$2,500,000 worth of books were distributed free—among the Club's members.

But, please understand, you are never obliged to take the book-of-the-month our judges choose. Nor are you expected to buy one book every month. All important new books are very carefully reported upon. As a member, you can do one of three things in any month: order the book-of-the-month; order some other new book you are particularly anxious not to miss; or, instruct the Club not to send you any book at all.

The simple offer we make here is this: mail the inquiry coupon below, and we will put aside a copy of JOSEPH IN EGYPT. We will then at once send you a booklet outlining what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for book-readers and how such enormous values can be given to you. There are no fees for joining, and you pay no fixed sum per year. All you need do is buy four books a year from the Club.

If, after reading the booklet, you decide to join the Club, we shall send you the two-volume edition of JOSEPH IN EGYPT being held for you. Over 175,000 book-reading families—composed of just such discerning but busy readers as yourself—now use this sensible, thorough and economical means of keeping up with the best new books.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
385 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A-610

PLEASE send me without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service. It is understood that if I decide to join I will receive a free copy of JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

Mr. }
Name Mrs. }
Miss }

Please print plainly

Address.....

City.....State.....

Books shipped to Canadian members, DUTY PAID,
thru Book-of-the-Month Club (Can.) Ltd.



Life Begins At 40

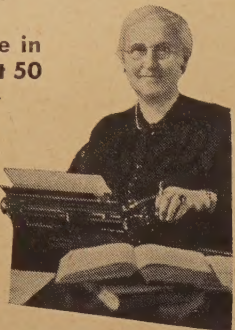
Grace B. Drake

became the first head of the Allerton Hotel for Women when she was 40. Today she is still active manager of this charming, homey place in busy New York City.



Took a course in Journalism at 50

Harriet Packard of Kent, Ohio, then learned to type the articles she wrote. Her writings have sold widely. She has contributed to newspapers and more than a dozen magazines, and she has written 3 books—a volume of verse, a book of reminiscences and lately a novel.



PAST 40? Many Start New Careers at this Age

EARLY AGING is often due to two simple causes:

1. Your body may not be getting enough vitamins. Older people need certain vitamins just as much as children do.
2. Poorer digestion—that often sets in around 40—may pull you down.

A tonic food that helps both these after-40 troubles is Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast.

It gives you a good supply of 4 different vitamins.

Eating these vitamins in fresh yeast helps the system put them to quicker, fuller use. The yeast acts as a "booster" for the vitamins, by stimulating a more active flow of digestive juices.

This better digestion is a help many people especially need after 40.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before meals—plain or dissolved in a little water. See if you don't begin feeling younger—more energetic, more like starting new things.

"Able to keep the job I love," says Mrs. Evelyn Crumlish—42



Dear Life Begins:

Nursing is my work and I love it. But, about a year ago, I began to lose my pep. I had a feeling that I was just getting old and would have to give up hope of ever feeling young again.

My husband suggested that perhaps Fleischmann's Yeast would help me—so I tried it. After eating it for a few days I began feeling better. Gradually my pep returned.

I am still eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Thanks to it, I have been able to keep the job I love.—EVELYN CRUMLISH

Copyright, 1938, Standard Brands Incorporated



Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

DR. POLING ON THE AIR AGAIN

Dr. Poling, will you be on the air this winter? Is anything being done about a possible radio program?

YES, arrangements have been made for my program to go on again over the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company. The program will differ slightly from the program of the National Youth Radio Conference, and will not be given on Sunday, but on Monday, 12:30 to 12:45 beginning the first Monday in October. Again it will be a national hook-up with some eighty stations. The series is going to be called "Opportunity." It will appeal to "Youth," 17 to 70.

THERE IS A FUTURE LIFE

Is there a future life? If there is, what does character have to do with it?

IF CHRISTIANITY is not a lie and Jesus Christ Himself not the greatest of all deceivers, then there is a future life. Science has at least intimations of the future life and the greatest of all scientists have affirmed their belief in some form of future existence. Indeed, some men the most Christian in their faith have been preeminent in their own scientific fields.

As to the part that character plays in the future existence, perhaps James has the most comprehensive answer: "Faith without works is dead." And certainly, mere works without a living faith in God and in Jesus Christ, His Son, will be lifeless at last.

CHILD-LIKE, NOT CHILDISH

I have a friend who is a great scoffer, who tells me that prayer is childish—the refuge of those who are afraid. What answer would you give him?

PRAYER is child-like, perhaps, but not childish, for the strongest, the wisest men and women I know, pray. I have just read again the prayer that was offered by the great Elihu Root, who was president of the constitutional convention in New York State a generation ago. Mr. Root, who served as U. S. Senator, as Secretary of War, and as Secretary of State in the administrations of presidents of the United States, on one great occasion found that the appointed clergyman had failed to arrive. Mr. Root did not

hesitate, but uttered these memorable words:

"Almighty God, we pray to thee to guide our deliberations this day. Make us humble, sincere, devoted to the public service. Make us wise, considerate of the feelings and the opinions and the rights of others. Make us effective and useful for the advancement of the cause of peace and justice and liberty in the world. For Christ's sake. Amen."

WORSE THAN DRINKING?

A New York clergyman said that gambling was worse than drinking. What do you think, Dr. Poling?

WELL, I am inclined to think that the New York clergyman was right. Gambling and its far-reaching demoralizing influence is fundamentally more destructive of a nation's morale than drinking. But when I say this I am certainly not saying a kind word for drinking. They are twin evils—the curse of a people.

YOUTH TEACHES ITS ELDERS

Do you not think that young people may teach their elders some things?

I CERTAINLY do, and I speak as one who has been taught. Indeed, the things I learn now are the things I learn from young people. I may speak as a minister, but this applies to the lawyer and the business man as well.

Youth has much to teach us. We miss much that we should hear if we are not listening to our sons and daughters and the sons and daughters of our neighbors.

Also this attitude has a tendency to inspire them to listen to us.

THE RECIPROCAL TREATIES

What do you think of the trade agreements the State Department of the United States is making with foreign countries—I mean the reciprocal agreements for which Cordell Hull is responsible?

I THINK well of them—extremely well. I have said so repeatedly that the United States in these tragic times is, in my opinion, fortunate in having so great an American and so wise a statesman as Cordell Hull at the head of the State Department.

There can be no peace, no peace that

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

Copyright 1938 by Christian Herald Association, Inc. Republication of any part of Contents without permission is forbidden. Subscription Price \$2.00 a year; \$2.50 for two years. Foreign Postage: Canada add 50 cents a year; elsewhere add \$1.00 a year. Notify us immediately of any change of address, as it requires a month for a change to become effective. Entered as Second Class Matter January 25, 1909 at Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in the Act of February 29, 1925, embodied in paragraph 4, Section 538, Postal Laws and Regulations and authorized on September 13, 1928. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.



YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

will endure, and no peace worth enduring, without appreciation of the fact that no nation can live unto itself alone and that all peoples must find the common denominator for all international affairs.

"NORMAL" VICES

In connection with the announcement of the appointment of a prominent Philadelphia attorney to a special legal and political assignment, the newspaper said, "He has the normal vices—he smokes and drinks." In other words, is it normal to smoke and drink, particularly drink?

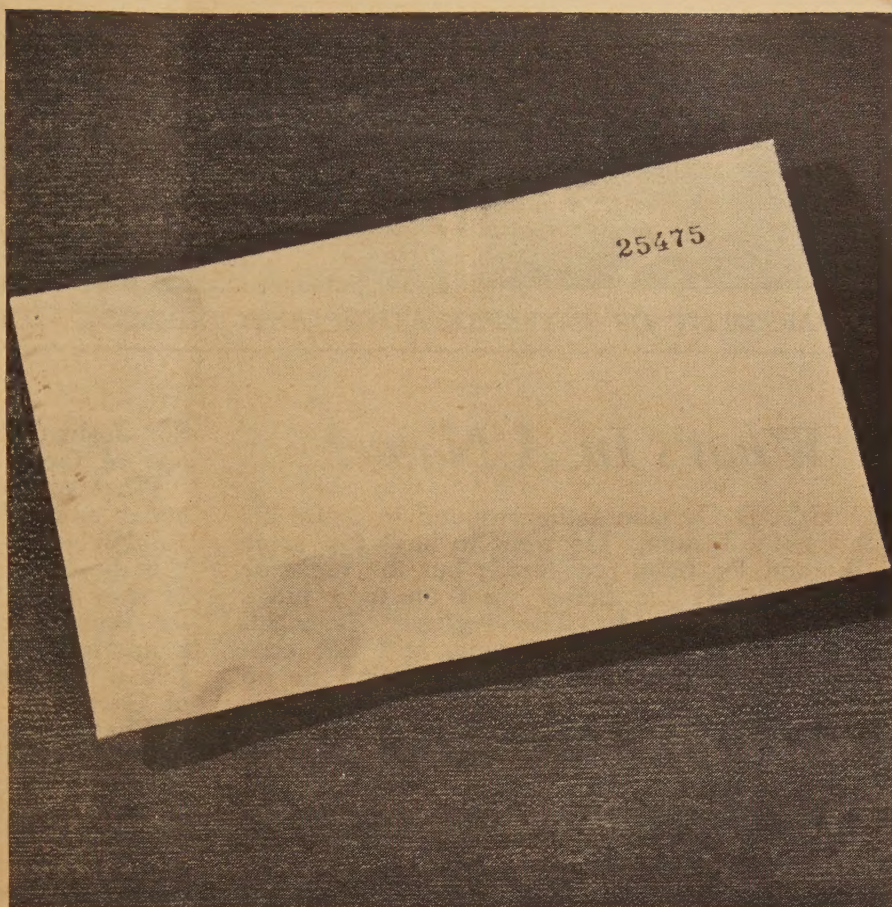
WELL, it would be very abnormal for the pastor to smoke and drink! There are some matters even the pastor cannot settle and some questions he cannot answer—some problems he is very glad he does not have to solve. I know many men who smoke, very manly men, but if he takes a pipe to make you feel like a man, then you have an inferiority complex that even tobacco won't cure. The other day, walking through the Pennsylvania station with my two daughters, I saw a woman puffing on a cigar. I suppose she had an inferiority complex and to demonstrate to herself that she was a woman, she took to the cigar!

As to liquor: We come upon a pretty bad situation. A little while ago, I stood at the entrance to a hotel when a gentleman about seventy years of age came tottering up. Tottered is the only word to describe it. And presently two young people approached him—a young girl of about twenty and a young man of perhaps the same age. He put his arms around the two young people, not to help them, but to support himself, and then said, "Before we have dinner, children, we shall have a cocktail!"

What do I think about it? I am concerned beyond words for the influences of strong drink upon boys and girls, young men and young women. We did not have armadas in other days and we now have tens of thousands of them—and against their wills. Serve liquor they must—and may be your daughter or my daughter or the other man's daughter, and the attendant circumstances are utterly regrettable. We shall not agree certainly—not I of us—on a proposed solution for the liquor problem. But I am quite convinced that something more needs to be done than is at present being done.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
OCTOBER, 1938 Vol. 61, No. 10

Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . Daniel A. Poling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.



The most important piece of paper in the world

THIS IS A Pay Envelope.

It contains the necessities of life—and that is all most men get out of it. But it also holds the home or farm you've dreamed of—a college education for your child—the means to let you say someday: "I'm through working. I can take life easy."

Do these sound like dreams that only a man of large income can realize? Then let an Investors Syndicate representative demonstrate this fact to you: *Any man with 10 or 15 years of earning power left—even a modest earning power—can make a financial success of his life.*

Ask him to explain the *Living Protection plan*—and how, by means of it, you can accumulate \$5,000, \$10,000, \$25,000, or more. Let him show you how this plan encourages the persistence which makes

success possible. He can show you how this plan is helping over 250,000 people to success right now—and how it is backed by an institution nearly half a century old, *with a record of having met every obligation on time, when due, throughout its business life.*

Look up your local Investors Syndicate agency office in the phone book and ask a representative to call.

And by all means do this: write today to Investors Syndicate, Dept. CH-108, Minneapolis, Minn., for a booklet which points the way to future security for all who care to take it—*A New Plan of Life.*

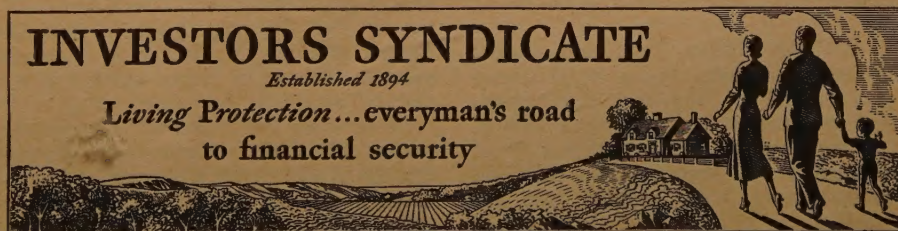
There are Investors Syndicate agency offices in over 200 leading cities

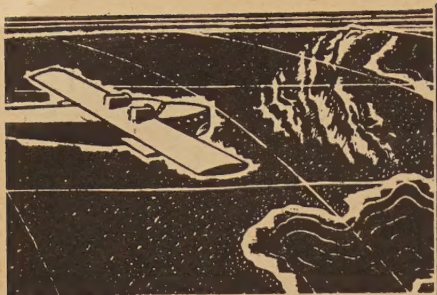
INVESTORS SYNDICATE TITLE AND GUARANTY CO., NEW YORK • INVESTORS SYNDICATE LIMITED, CANADA • THESE COMPANIES ARE AFFILIATES OF INVESTORS SYNDICATE

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Established 1894

Living Protection...everyman's road to financial security





NEWS DIGEST

of the month



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

What's In A Name?

A GOOD German father wanted to name his baby Joshua. He went to have the name and the baby registered; but the registrar wouldn't do it; the father went on to a judge and the judge said, "The registrar is right. That's an Old Testament name, and not consistent with the National Socialist spirit." So no good Nazi can go back of Matthew for a name.

Next day the Reich decreed that half a million German Jews must—*must*—add Israel or Sarah to their names. Jewish infants must be given only Jewish first names.

The Reich may be right; at least it flatters the Jew. Old Testament names mean something. David Livingston. Elihu Root. Benjamin Franklin. Michel Angelo. Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Gabrielle D'Annunzio. Daniel Webster.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. Abraham Lincoln. (Not one of them Jews, but bearing Jewish names.)

What we need in this world right now is not better names but better characters. A boy named Adolph and a boy named Ezekiel may conceivably become cell-mates in a prison death-house, or they may become great public benefactors in the same town; either could be a murderer or a missionary; there was Bruno Hauptmann and Bruno the Great, the brother of Otho I, Emperor of Germany!

What's in a name? Not so much, after all. What's in character? Everything. If by changing names a Reich can produce a better man or race of men, then let's have a Reich over here. But I have a sneaking suspicion that Abraham Lincoln would have been the great soul that he was even if he had been named Bruno Lincoln.

Why change names? Why not change men?

AT HOME

NEW YORK: On the stand is Jimmy Hines; slashing at him is "Tom" Dewey, a nationally-known figure. Smart politician and smarter District Attorney. A battle of wits—and evidence.

Neither has won as we go to press; Dewey is careful, and quite misunderstood. What New York will eventually realize in this trial, is the demonstration of the power of the District Attorney to elevate or lower the whole political and moral status of a city of seven million people.

We used to teach the Boy Scouts that it was the President of the Board of Health and not the Mayor who was the most powerful municipal officer; the President regulated the physical—and sometimes the moral—health of the community. But it is the District Attorney who really gives the town its tone of either high or low morals, spirit, law and ethics. He isn't just a man paid to put other men in jail; he is an officer paid to make your town a clean, safe town to live in. He paints us all either white or black.

WASHINGTON: Testifying before the Dies Committee, Mr. J. B. Matthews has been telling how the Communists crept into the American League Against War and Fascism. He says that a lot of prominent men ("Innocents," to the Communists) have been beguiled into the League never knowing that they were at

the same time being drawn under the influence of Communism.

Among the innocents is William Allen White, Dr. Henry Noble McCracken, a Methodist bishop, an ex-Governor of New Jersey—and this poor editor, who has been reading the League's releases for years, never knowing. . . .

It is highly probable that while the Communists may have stolen into the League, that they do not dominate it. Yet the fact that they have tried to enter it, sub rosa, is the fact to remember. Communism has changed its tactics. It is not a soap-box attack now, but a subtle creeping into non-Communist organizations like the League and the C.I.O. If the C.I.O. wins many political seats next year, Communism will be closer to power than we like to think. The fact that their membership-roll is laughably small means nothing at all. They have turned from membership drives to sub-rosa penetration.

PRO AND ANTI: Seven hundred thousand young Americans received war-training in the Citizen's Military Training Camps during the last few summer months. This is the largest number in our history, except in war time.

Meeting at the "tail end" of summer, just as the CMTC Camps were closing, was the World Youth Congress, at Poughkeepsie. Fifty-five nations sent 500 delegates to a conference labeled "a Com-

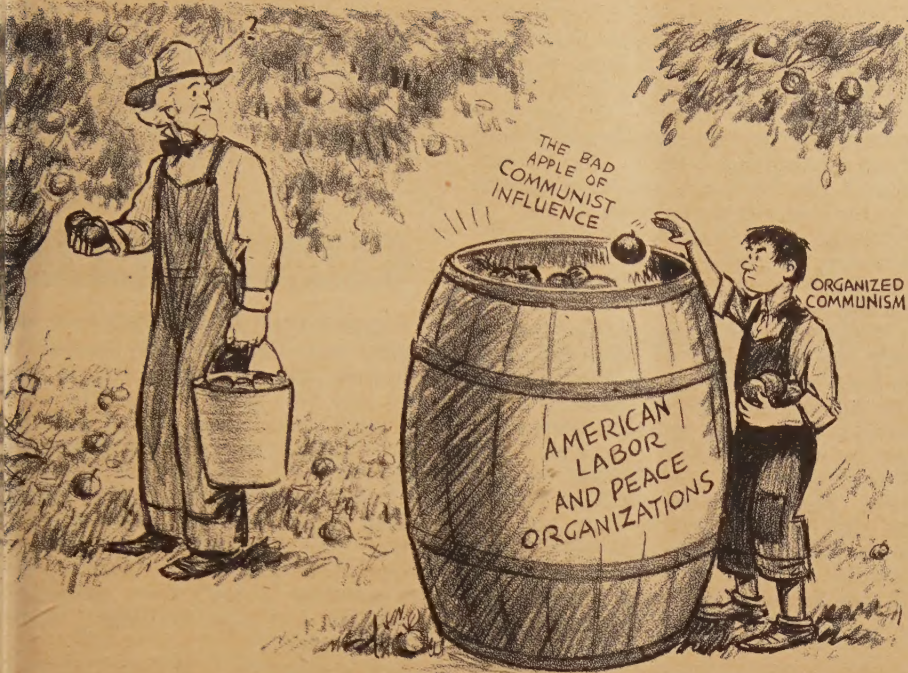
munist front" in some quarters, a religious gathering in others. Unprejudiced reporters say they doubt that it was in any way a Red front, and doubt, too, that there was any particular religious idealism present.

They hoped to form a force for peace, but they couldn't seem to agree. Most dramatic of their actions was the signing of an anti-war statement by both Japanese and Chinese delegates, the statement of Arab and Jewish delegates from Palestine that their people had no basic quarrel with each other.

CMTC and the World Youth Congress! Miles apart in their approach to the problem of peace, could they both have met at the same time in many countries on this earth?

TEXAS: W. Lee O'Daniel, Fort Worth flour merchant, has won the Democratic nomination for governor which is equivalent to election. He won with a hill-billy band, with the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule for a platform, and with a ready wit turned scorchingly on the old-line politicians who have promised everything up to the moon and given nothing.

The people of Texas, say O'Daniel's critics, fell for the band. There is more to it than that. The people of Texas are rather fed up with pork-barrel politics and over-suave politicians. They probably like the record of the man O'Daniel



DON'T LET HIS SIZE MISLEAD YOU—ONE BAD APPLE CAN SPOIL A WHOLE BARREL

more than his music. He is a highly respected, successful business man; Governor James V. Allred calls him a "fine, clean Christian gentleman." It is hard to say that, in politics: not only Texas but the whole country will watch the career of the most spectacular governor the Lone Star State has ever had. Something tells us that he will be a great Governor.

MAINE: Not for the pages of *Christian Herald* is a recital of Maine's most sordid court case, the Carroll affair. But here are two lessons in it, aside from the old one of "Crime Doesn't Pay."

One is that sending a man to prison on circumstantial evidence is dangerous business, a business few judges and juries relish. One fine lawyer told this writer some years ago that he turned down a highly remunerative judgeship on the criminal bench because he rebelled in his soul against the responsibility of sending an innocent man to jail or execution. Either one of the convicted men in Maine's state prison may be guilty; perhaps both of them are, perhaps only one. We shall see. Meanwhile it is good to tell ourselves that there are a good many things that never come out in court.

The second lesson lies in the announcement of Boston authorities that any night club in The Hub contracting for the services of Barbara Carroll would be summarily closed. In other words, while the morbidly curious thronged the court room and read the daily splurges in the tabloids, the better-mannered majority is resolved to push the disgusting spectacle off the front pages as soon as possible, and to guard American youth against the soiled morals and greed of the avaricious disreputables whose hands are too dirty to be soiled by any filthy lucre.

FORT WAYNE, IND.: Troubled because there were slums and palaces in Fort Wayne, William B. Hall plans to get

rid of the slums with a novel new housing plan. It goes like this:

He will set up a Fort Wayne Housing Authority, finance it with \$1,500,000, buy out-lying land from tax-bothered owners, at \$1 a lot with an option to rebuy. On each lot FWHA will build a four-room prefabricated house, to cost \$900 and rent to the poor for \$2.50 a week; the State will cooperate by making these houses tax-free. WPA will put up the houses, move them to another \$1 lot if the owner rebuys.

It looks good, at least for the taxpayer: it costs him nothing. It may not be a day dream; we've been hearing a lot about revolution in the building trade with these prefabricated houses, and this may be a valuable experiment to tell us a little more about it. There are thousands of families in this country who would certainly welcome a good, cheap house—with no taxes to pay! It's worth trying, anyway.

CARDINAL HAYES PASSES: Patrick Cardinal Hayes, of New York, died September 3d, at Monticello, New York, where he had been spending a few days vacation. Like so many of our famous men in recent years, he passed away peacefully in his sleep. He was seventy-one years old.

Patrick Joseph Hayes was born on New York's lower East Side, in 1867. The son of poor Irish immigrants, he had few advantages. His rise, however, after his ordination by his Church, was rapid and constant. He was Catholic Chaplain of the American overseas forces; after his return to the United States, he was made Archbishop of New York, and became Cardinal in 1924. Cardinal Hayes had the respect and esteem of all denominations, Protestants, Jews and non-church members, as well as his own people. As organizer of the Catholic Charities of the metropolis, he won the love of the poor

and lowly regardless of sect. He was always proud of his American citizenship; many non-Catholics regarded him as one of New York's most useful and eminent personages. Messages of regret for his passing poured in from practically every prominent person in this country, as well as many from other countries.

MR. BERLE SPEAKS: Realist of the realists is Mr. A. A. Berle Jr., Assistant Secretary of State and White House confidant. Reporting on monopolies in the U. S., Mr. Berle has told the President: Bigness (big business) is not necessarily bad, smallness not necessarily good; efficiency is not determined by size; monopoly is natural, understandable; legislating competition doesn't work out; government regulation is dangerous; New Deal has engaged in shotgun imposition without adequate definition of standards; some labor policies need reexamination; small business may have to be furnished with capital. . . .

Mr. Berle is a liberal and not a conservative; not an apologist for the status quo. He is scientific, unemotional, unpolitical. And about the sanest air-cleerer in years.

A B R O A D

HUNGARY: For twelve hours last month Hungarian Admiral Horthy talked in secret on the naval yacht *Grille* with Adolf Hitler. About what? If you have the answer to that, you might sell it for a million dollars to Czechoslovakia.

We can only guess against a background of past events. The events are: Hungary lost heavily of her territory in the World War; part of that territory is now Czechoslovakia; Hungary and Germany have always been good friends, chips off the same old royal-family block; Hungary today is desperately poor, eager to get back what she lost in 1918, almost dependent on her heavily-armed neighbor, Germany.

While they talked, Sir John Simon told Berlin to go slow; that Britain might and probably would fight if Germany started anything in Czechoslovakia. Germany wouldn't have to start it. Hungary might. Hungary might seize on some little border incident (there are so many of them these days), rush in to defend "her honor," and thus become the aggressor in Germany's stead. Germany then could just come in to protect her nationals in the Sudeten area, and

Was that what they talked about, on the *Grille*? You start it, we'll finish it? Hungary hasn't much to lose; Germany has everything to win—for fifty years she has wanted to dominate eastern Europe to the Black Sea, and Hungary is right in her path.

FRANCE: An American firm wanted to buy 15,000,000 francs' worth of silk spun at Lyons, France; the order couldn't be filled because of the refusal of the silk workers' labor delegates to permit overtime. The order went to Milan. In Calais an order for tulle suffered the same fate; it went to Crefeld, Germany.

It has happened many times; so many that Premier Edouard Daladier now pro-

poses to stop it. French national income, says the Premier, has dropped from 49,000,000 million francs to 22,000,000 million in 1937 just because in France they have a forty-hour week, and French workers have refused to work longer unless paid fifty percent more for overtime. There just hasn't been any overtime, at that rate; the merchants have lost the orders and France has lost the income and Italy and Germany have gained income, and that's bad, and it must stop.

Daladier has many sympathizers; the workmen themselves sympathize; they'd rather have a little overtime at less money than no overtime at all. Most of his own party are backing him, and a good many leaders of other political groups see his wisdom. Opposing him are certain politicians out of office who see a chance of getting back by making this an issue; and certain labor leaders who think the law more important than the reasons for getting rid of it. It looks now as if the Premier would win, for the workman's bread and butter depend on the national income; but you can't tell. Anything can happen in France before the end of October, when the country's Parliament meets. Until then, the question will keep France in a furore.

CHINA: Just two miles from Peiping's main gate, bandits killed five policemen and two Japanese soldiers. Twenty-six miles from Nanking a guerilla band of Chinese captured a town. In Shantung—"captured" three months ago—42,000 guerillas recaptured the capital, Tsinan.

Some correspondents are saying that Japan has conquered not one inch of Chinese soil; she has just marched through. Now she is faced with the necessity of capturing Hankow before winter sets in, or facing another year of war which may fatally undermine Japan's tottering economic system. But can she hold Hankow after she—marches through?

Ten per cent of the Japanese troops in the Yangtze Valley, an inferno, are ill with malaria, cholera, dysentery. Floods still hamper them and aid the guerilla bands. It may take longer than a year to win or lose this war; a missionary told me last night that it would take "five years, maybe ten, maybe fifteen. . . ."

CUBA: Fulgencio Batista, Cuban Czar, may be a tyrant to some, but to the poor of Cuba he is a benevolent despot, and they like him. He copies the methods of Mexican Cardenas in visiting the homes of the poor to find out how things are. He is not satisfied with the status quo, and last week he moved to remedy it.

His remedy is unique. He plans no new bond issue, no new taxes. He plans to slice the salaries of certain highly-paid state officials and give it to the hungry; the total he plans on getting this way is \$6,000,000. That's chicken feed, compared with the money the U. S. is pouring into relief, but it is almost eight per cent of Cuba's revenues. It is the equivalent of \$425,000,000 to the U. S. Treasury.

That is a good suggestion. It may make us wonder whether there are any U. S. officials—great and small—whom we could get along very well—without!

SPAIN: The best laid plans o' mice and men have gone bad again: the months of effort to formulate a scheme whereby foreign volunteers might be taken out of Spain have been wasted. To the suggestion that they come out General Franco roars an emphatic "No!" The General added: that his Spain will never consent "to the slightest mortgage on its soil" by a foreign power, that it will defend "its territory, its protectorates and its colonies, if any one dares to make an attempt against them."

Diplomats say Franco, saying that, is only the mouthpiece of Mussolini; that Il Duce told him to say it. What Mussolini will say when peace comes to Spain again is more important than whether or not he said this. Is it conceivable that Franco then will say, "Thanks for the help. Now I suppose you'll be leaving us alone?" And that Il Duce will answer, "Goodbye. We want nothing for our aid. . . ." Can that happen there? Or will Mussolini find some way of stay-



Photo by Parlavacchio

The monument, designed by Emil Siebert, which was commissioned by the boys and girls of Ashland, Pennsylvania, in memory of their mothers. The statue, twice life size, was dedicated September 4th

ing on in some Spanish territory, protectorate or colony?

MEXICO: President Cardenas of Mexico is a miracle-worker; his superhuman labors in behalf of his countrymen have lifted them higher in the last six years than they have been lifted in sixty. Now he is called upon to do another miracle. It may be impossible.

Recently he has been trying to give back to the Mexicans the vast oil lands owned by U. S. citizens; since 1927, some \$100,000,000 worth of oil lands have been taken out of U. S. hands. Secretary Hull has demanded payment for that, from Mexico; Cardenas replies for Mexico that payment will depend upon "economic ability"—which means that Mexico may pay, some day, if and when . . . Secretary Hull refuses to accept that; he says it violates the accepted international principle of just compensation; he also calls it "bald confiscation." He asks for prompt payment.

The Mexican press calls the Hull stand an instrument of oppression of the strong

over the weak. In between them stands Cardenas, faced with the dilemma of losing prestige among his own people by giving in to the United States, or losing friendship he sorely needs with us by defying the United States. It will take a miracle, indeed, to straighten that out.

TEMPERANCE

RIGHT-WAY CORRIGAN: That now famous Mr. Corrigan who started for California and landed in Ireland may (and may not) have been a little off in his aerial calculations, but there's another direction in which his compass is true. Offered a glass of Irish whisky by the Dublin welcomers, he replied "Thanks, I don't drink; just give me a drink of water." His Baptist-preacher uncle says of him: "I've heard him say on more than one occasion, 'Water's good enough for me. Liquor and flying don't mix.'" Right-way Corrigan!

Just to offset the fiction that pilots are all heavy drinkers, look at the testimony of these famous air men: Says Roscoe Turner: "Personally, I never touch a drink of any kind except water when I am about to fly. I would never have alcohol on my breath." Captain C. Scott: "I do not believe in the use of alcohol whilst in training—not only preparing for a flight, but for any athletic achievement—and especially not whilst in control of a plane." G. C. D. Parmentier: "I personally never drink alcohol before or during a flight, nor does any member of my crew."

DRUNKEN STATISTICS: Repeal Associates is a "boozem" friend of liquor; for years the organization has been trying to get in a good word for beer, wines and hard stuff. The latest attempt turned out rather sadly.

The attempt came in the form of publicity issued to the newspapers, etc., stating that "drunken" driver fatalities have shown a decrease since repeal." By an odd chance, the publicity landed the same day that another interesting item landed: the report that forty per cent of New York's auto fatalities in 1937 were due to drinking! Two nice reports, to appear on the same day!

But there was something worse than this. The Repeal Associates' statistics and figures appear to be a little drunk. They compare the number of highway deaths in 1936 with the figures for 1933, calling 1933 a *prohibition* year! Beer and wine became legal throughout the country on April 6, 1933, and beer and wine make up ninety per cent of the liquor traffic in point of gallonage.

The Associates reported a drop from 22 to 21 deaths per ten thousand gallons of liquor about 1933; it was ten million gallons, please; and they forgot to add that 1933 was the year when a determined highway safety campaign got under way!

The *United States News* of Washington, after a thorough-going survey, stated in July of 1937 that "the number of persons killed or injured in the United States in automobile accidents involving drivers who had been drinking, doubled between 1933 and 1936."

Where did you get *your* information, associates?

IMMORTALITY: Marion, Ohio, gave us a President. It now gives us a police chief with a great idea.

Disturbed over the fact that a drunken repeater" had landed in one of his police station cells for the eighteenth time in the last three years, Chief Marks is considering naming the cell for the drunk. Like naming a bed in the hospital for some fine public-minded citizen.

It strikes us as a good idea. Only we'd much prefer to have our name on a bed.

SALES FALL OFF: For the first time since it put on the robes of legality in 1933, the beer business has suffered an actual decline in consumption in no less than four out of the nine months to date, of the fiscal year ending June 30.

Beer sales rocketed skyward at the rate of 644,831 barrels of increased consumption per month for thirty-six months to June 30, 1937; they have recorded but 1,049 barrels a month average increase or the first nine months of the present fiscal year.

The tables seem to be turning wherever people have a chance to choose their own drinks. Milk bars and orange lounges are increasing.

We're almost sorry for the brewers. Think of all the millions they've spent on advertising, to make us beer-conscious.

WHAT TO ADVERTISE? Frank E. Gannett owns some eighteen newspapers. On them all he firmly imposes a policy: no liquor ads. That's unusual, in journalism. This is unusual, too: the 1937 profit of the Gannett newspapers, in seven figures, was ten per cent better than in 1936; the papers retired half-a-million dollars in mortgaged debt. These are small-town papers; only one is in a city of over 200,000 population.

BEWILDERED YOUTH: Judge Cornelius J. Harrington of Chicago sentenced seventeen-year-old Walter Pijanowski (guilty of manslaughter, stabbing a schoolmate to death) with the sage advice: "Something should be done to tavern-keepers who sell to sixteen-year-old boys. They are important factors in juvenile crime." The judge knows; Walter was only one of seven youths taken to court the same day in Chicago, on charges of violent crime.

Walter doesn't just know. . . . He's bewildered. . . . He is like the other Chicago youngster-criminal who cried, "If they don't want us to drink liquor, why did they bring it back?" He's got something there.

AMMUNITION: Alive with factual ammunition and inspired by a great fighting leader, we recommend highly the pamphlet containing the annual address of Ida B. Wise Smith before the recent convention of the W. C. T. U. Get it from W. C. T. U. Headquarters. There has been nothing better in print since Repeal.

NEW CAMPAIGN: Not dead, not even sleeping, is the old Anti-Saloon League. From a conference of League leaders held in Shelby, Michigan, comes news of a new campaign against the old foe.

Superintendents of the League in Michigan, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kansas, Tennessee and Pennsylvania will promote a program calling for energetic support of local option movements, reporting on the attitudes of legislative candidates toward the enforcement of liquor laws, and a new educational campaign.

In Pennsylvania, Supt. Scott McBride says he will push movements to suppress liquor advertising, to set up compulsory dry zones around churches, schools, colleges and hospitals, and to get out the church vote on election days.

Good luck—and lots of support!

CHURCH NEWS

PRESBYTERIANS: The per capita giving of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. increased by \$1.04 to a total of \$21.24 during the last year. Contributions increased more than \$1,500,000; total paid in, \$40,551,108. Only the gifts to the Board of Foreign Missions showed a decrease, and that was less than three per cent.

Membership, 1,953,734, or 21,112 less than the year before. (A book-keeping loss, says Dr. Lewis Seymour Mudge, who makes the report.) These are only members *in full standing*; the broader membership of the church is estimated at 5,000,000. So much for honest reporting of church memberships. Attention, Mr. Babson.

SOUTHERN METHODISTS: In spite of the summer doldrums, during which church news is harder to find than the needle in the haystack, the Southern Methodists are very much alive. They are in the midst of an energetic campaign against present-day children's radio programs, condemning the glorification of murder, crime, terror, war. In this they join hands with a Conference of their Northern brethren, the California Methodists. Union in spirit, before union in organization.

Southern bishops are busy holding Unification meetings in opposition centers, hoping thereby to overcome the disaffected areas of the Church. Next meeting of the Joint Commission on Church Union will be held in Jackson, Mississippi, where there are many outspoken critics of the unification of the three Methodist bodies.

That little booklet, "The Upper Room," published by the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, South, has sold two million copies *this year*. It may be the largest-selling church publication of its kind in American history. The press run for the summer alone has exceeded one million copies.

PRISON PREACHING: The Churches of South Carolina take quite seriously that line in the Scriptures: . . . "I was in prison and ye visited me not." They are planning statewide broadcasts of Sunday religious services, with the cooperation of Oscar Pitts, state penal system supervisor.

There are ninety prison units in the state; every one of them will hear a weekly broadcast from station WPTF. The station is to be congratulated, and so is the awareness of the church in South Carolina.

RELIGION IN THE PAPERS: The press has long been criticized for its haphazard reporting of religious news—or for its complete neglect of it. Two items come to our attention this month that tend to make us believe this will be corrected.

The National Committee for Religion and Welfare Recovery is boosting the Loyalty Days program for 1938 (Loyalty Days this year fall on October 1st and 2nd). A recent luncheon of this Committee found itself involved in the question as to why there wasn't more press



Photo by S. D. Hunter, Edinburgh

At Ambleside, Westmorland, England, men, women and children once a year gather rushes and wild flowers and march to St. Mary's Church where they deposit them, in celebration of the time when the church had an earthen floor, covered once a year with fresh rushes

space given to religion, and a strange development occurred. Church publicists present insisted that the papers *did* give space to real news when there was real news; the trouble was that so little of our current church publicity concerned itself with anything but financial reports or membership statistics. We shouldn't be angry with that, for it is all too true. Sit down and think it over: what is your own local church doing that is honestly worth first page attention?

We join enthusiastically with the Committee in their Loyalty Days endeavor: their slogan, "Every member present or accounted for," is a gem. And we thank them for facing up to the religious news situation.

The second item is this: The National Conference of Jews and Christians is sponsoring a "Go-To-Church-Page" on a national scale. The page is headed, "Attend your Church. Religion is the foundation of civilization," carries "New flashes in the World of Religion," and a religious cartoon. Initial publication has begun with the Santa Rosa (Cal.) *Press-Democrat*.

LUTHERANS: There will be a great Lutheran World Convention in Philadelphia in October of 1940; Lutheran leaders all over the world are laying plans for it now, two years in advance, in October 1938.

The general theme will be "The Lutheran Church Today." That will be broken up into separate related topics, one of which will be "The Church, The World and the Sacraments." Eight leading Lutherans in America have just been appointed to talk that over with eight Lutheran leaders from abroad. Three other commissions of eight each have already been appointed, to discuss different phases of the questions; the European appointments have not yet been announced.

This is intelligent planning. We get much more done with this round-table method than in the old stereotyped convention. We wait with interest to hear what these leaders will have to say, after two years' time to think about it.

BAPTISTS: This month's issue of *The Baptist Minister*, Baptist preachers' journal edited and published by Mike Elliott, carries the results of a poll among the ministers on the following questions: 1. Would you be opposed to any form of Protestant Church Union? 2. Would you favor some form of Protestant federated union? 3. Would you favor Protestant organic union? We haven't seen the results (for we are reporting this in August) but we take a chance and predict for our readers that it will be a vote overwhelmingly *against* Protestant union. You can now decide for yourself, when you find us right or wrong, just how good an editor we are.

WORLD C. E. CONVENTION: With Dr. Daniel A. Poling, World President, presiding, the great World Christian Endeavor Convention met in Melbourne, Australia, on August 3d. Owing to political conditions, the representation from Europe was small; but twenty other countries in all sent delegations, including twenty-one from the United States. Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, of course,

made up the larger part of the assemblage, with two thousand delegates. More than 12,000 people packed the great convention Hall for the opening and succeeding meetings. Enthusiasm was great, especially at the immense missionary meeting. Besides Dr. Poling, delegates from the United States included Dr. Harry N. Holmes, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, Dr. Jesse Bader, and Dr. Stanley B. Vandersall. The excellent local arrangements, requiring two and a half years to perfect, were in the capable hands of Mr. George H. Nelson, a Brisbane layman and Australasian President of Christian Endeavor.

PREACHERS' PELLETS

Wherever the Christian religion is truly preached and practiced, wherever human beings are regarded as of infinite value, the dangers of violent strife, cruel exploitation and racial animosities depart.—Dr. Charles J. Turck.

Man's jealousy, superstition and rebellious spirit are responsible for our economic and political unrest.—Dr. Frederick W. Norwood.

If he could have spoken, the dinosaur might have said to the pterodactyl that "The age in which we live is unique in the history of the world."—Rev. John T. Golding.

To want things that belong to others is covetousness; just to want things that are desirable is day-dreaming; to want something so that one will go after it is purpose; to want anything that is so good that it ought to be wanted and to meditate upon that good desire is prayer.—Dr. Theodore Gerald Soares.

Today we find religion offering certainty, peace of mind, clear and distinct ideas, while science, especially social sciences, is tentative, speculative, free from definiteness and yet being held up by the people as being the "great virtue."—Dr. Charles Leslie Glenn.

All the romance and adventure is not overseas. It may take as much courage to tackle a parochial council about missions as a band of Brahmins in Bangalore.—Dr. Stacy Waddey.

The (Lutheran) Church represents the very heart and soul of the Swedish contribution to American civilization.—The Crown Prince of Sweden.

PEACE—OR WAR?: As we go to press, the papers of the country, both religious and secular, exhibit a tense anxiety over the European situation. The tensivity between Germany and Czechoslovakia has apparently reached very near the breaking point. Both England and Germany are massing their fleets in the North Sea—Britain's off her own East Coast, Germany's not far from Helgoland, fateful spot in the World War—or, it may be, the other World War. France has assem-

bled her immense army at her Maginot Line. War may yet be averted, though the situation is remarkably like that in 1914.

ART: St. Louis is in a dither over a cat. It is a most unusual cat: 2400 years old, Egyptian, bronze, it has been purchased by the Art Museum as an *objet d'art* for \$14,400.

Newspapers have been deluged with protests; in the streets have been banners reading: "Fourteen thousand for a cat—Nothing for Labor." The unemployed carried the banner and the museum hid the cat. Unemployment is increasing in St. Louis; relief funds are at low ebb. To spend all that money for a Pharaoh's pussy cat seems a shame when men are hungry and widows are being evicted.

What St. Louis doesn't realize is that this money couldn't be spent for relief even if the museum wanted to spend it that way. The fund is for specific purpose which has nothing to do with relief or unemployment; it is a fund established through a mill tax which brings a revenue of \$200,000 to \$250,000 a year.

If we lived in St. Louis we think we'd be against the protesters, on general principles. It all smacks too much of the question of that disciple who asked, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" The poor are always here, and there is enough money to be had, from other sources, to care for them. Why penalize the few beauty spots we have?

The art gallery and the museum are reservoirs of beauty; they are part of our educational system; they demonstrate to all of us that life is not all drabness and ugliness and frustration; they are visual evidence that man can and does rise to the heights of creative beauty now and then. It doesn't hurt anyone to go from a dingy tenement room to spend an hour with Raphael, Michelangelo or Romney. It gives more of a lift, sometimes, than a trip to the relief office.

LABOR

BLOODY HARLAN: Two weeks ago both labor men and capitalists were saying that "Bloody Harlan County," in Kentucky, scene of a recent famous trial, was due for more and more trouble and labor war. All this may have been stalled off and even ended by an agreement just signed, as we go to press, between attorneys for the United Mine Workers of America and the Harlan County Coal Operators, at Cincinnati.

The agreement provides for a seven-hour day, a five-day week, a basic rate of \$5.60 a day, improvement of working conditions and the standard check-off. As a result of the signing, the National Labor Relations Board, it is reported, has consented to "dismiss finally" all charges of violation of the Wagner Act against sixteen coal companies.

Thus endeth a bloody chapter. There will be a seven-months trial period, and of course the agreement can be scrapped at the end of it, but the probabilities are that, inasmuch as most of us want wages and peace and not war and starvation, it will stick. It is a great forward step in labor relations.

Why Some Men Grow Rich So Fast

What's the REAL secret of those who make fortunes? Let's toss aside the old "success-story" fairy tales—and the wall-mottos about "Work Hard" and "Strive and Succeed." They're bunk; and you know it!

YOU'VE seen men work till they were ready to drop—and get nowhere. You've seen fellows with as much brains as anyone else—ruttin' in miserable jobs; waiting year after year for "dead men's shoes," for the man above to pass out of the picture, or move up a peg!

You've seen these things. They're *real* to you. And you've puzzled time and time again over what is the *TRUE* reason some men grow rich so fast—while others stand still. This question once puzzled another man who has since become famous. Years ago Napoleon Hill determined to find the answer to it. **AND HE HAS!**

How He Analyzed Henry Ford Once Each Year for Over 20 Years

Over a period of 25 years Napoleon Hill went personally to the men who had *made* fortunes. Asked them how the *AVERAGE MAN* could get rich. Got close to men like Ford, Edison, Wrigley, Schwab, Woolworth, Eastman, Gillette, Firestone, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Armour, Marshall Field—to over 500 rich men, most of whom *had* been poor. He spent hour after hour with them; eliminated theories; extracted and recorded their real secrets. Then he saw them again and again as they checked the truth of his findings, and personally approved them.

For example, Andrew Carnegie was one of the first men Hill talked with years ago. Carnegie gave him hours of time; then said: "Go see this man Ford. Study him. You will learn how a man can start at scratch, without money or great schooling, and become wealthy. Ford will one day dominate the motor industry." So Hill

saw Ford. And he got to know him well. (In fact, Mr. Hill's first automobile was delivered to him by Mr. Ford, who drove it around the block and showed him how to run it.) Then Hill made his first personal analysis of Ford—and *has done so once each year for over 20 years*. He has carefully made note of every principle used by Ford in his miraculous rise from poverty to power.

The 13 Steps to Riches

Out of this research has come an amazing new book which tells the **THIRTEEN** definite, practical ways for **ANY AVERAGE MAN OR WOMAN** to grow rich. "**THINK AND GROW RICH**" does not give you mental tricks, exercises, or copy-book notions about "sticking at it," "strive hard," or any claptrap. It tells **CLEARLY** the 13 specific steps to riches **YOU** can easily start to take the minute you begin reading the book—the actual steps that have led to thousands and millions of dollars for other men and women who had **NO MORE TO START WITH THAN YOU HAVE AT THIS VERY MOMENT!**

This book will give you a **SUCCESS MIND**—bring you into immediate contact with a new irresistible **POWER** which will automatically remove the obstacles that get in your way. It will cause you to think in bigger ideas—banish self-consciousness and an "inferiority complex"—give you a dynamic, magnetic personality that will draw people to you, gain their hearty co-operation. It will tell you how to put back into yourself even greater power, courage, and faith than the depression took out of you. It will start new ideas flowing through your mind. And it can bring you **RICHES**—in money, friendships, family and business associations, and in harmony within your own mind!

His Income Tripled

"A great deal of my success for the month of August, is due to **THINK AND GROW RICH**. My production and income was tripled the first month."
H. C. P., Davenport, Iowa

"Has Changed His Life"

"A friend of mine for whom I obtained **Think and Grow Rich** has patented an idea which has very unusual possibilities. He gives credit to this book and affirms it has changed his whole life."
R. J. T., Massachusetts

From a Congressman

"Mr. Hill has had rare contacts with wealthy men—opportunities to learn secrets accorded to few men living today. I can best demonstrate my faith in this book by asking you to send me fifty copies."—Hon. Jennings Randolph, U. S. House of Representatives.

"Thank God for Mr. Hill"

"Thank God for a man like Mr. Hill to write such a book. Where I have thought myself a failure in life, I am beginning to take courage."—M. L. P., Dayton, Ohio.

"Arouses One Into Action"

"Arouses into action all that lies dormant, enables one to live life more fully and receive benefits which ordinarily would be passed by."—B. F. Madole, Attorney, Danville, Ark.

"Finest Book I Ever Had"

"It is the finest book I have ever had the good fortune to own. Daily it is bringing me closer to that which I want and must possess."
R. M. J., Oakland, Cal.

What These 13 Steps to Riches Will Do For You

Describe the inside secret of Ford's stupendous achievements.

Bring you the secret formula which was the basis of Carnegie's fortune.

Give you the "courage" to demand more of life and get it.

Show you how to convert ideas into cash.

Show you how to sell your services for more than you ever got before.

Show you how to master the 6 basic fears.

Show you how men start at scratch, without pull, great education or money, and accumulate fortunes.

Give you a practical knowledge of the mysterious "sixth sense" now being discussed all over the world.

Describe the astounding principle of the "Master Mind," used by all who accumulate great riches.

Explain the 5 major methods by which sex energy may be used to improve personality.

Explain the 5 steps to complete self-confidence.

Outline the 5 best ways to procure a position.

Show how to master procrastination.

Tell how to induce others to co-operate with you in business and social relationships.

SEND NO MONEY

This book is **GUARANTEED** to prove its own case! The partial list of contents tells but a fraction of the things it will **DO** for you. But if for any reason whatever it does not more than live up to every claim, it **COSTS YOU NOTHING**. Send no money with this coupon, unless you want to. When the book reaches you, deposit with postman only \$2 plus few cents postage. Then, unless within 5 days you agree that **YOUR KEY TO RICHES IS DEFINITELY IN THIS VOLUME**—return it and your money will be refunded. Mail coupon—with or without money—**NOW. The Ralston Society, Dept. C.H. 10, Meriden, Conn.**

THE RALSTON SOCIETY
Dept. C.H. 10, Meriden, Conn.

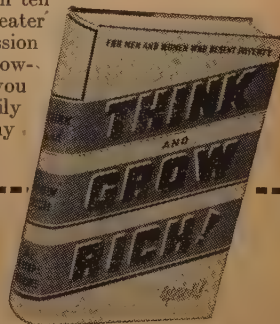
Send me "**THINK AND GROW RICH**!" I will pay postman only \$2 plus few cents postage, with the definite understanding that within 5 days after receiving this book I may return it, if I so decide, and you will refund my \$2 without delay.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if enclosing \$2 WITH this coupon. In that case we pay postage—you save. The same 5-day return privilege applies, of course.





The Golden Trumpet

(A POEM WRITTEN FOR THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD)

Across the golden mist of years now flown,
It is as if a trumpeter had stood
Upon some mountain peak, and clearly blown
An eternal challenge, heralding the Good.
'Tis thus we see The Christian Herald stand
Outlined against the stress and storm of years,
A golden trumpet in an upraised hand,
A voice of hope, a quieter of fears.

And still its radiant music cleaves the sky:
A call to men and women of our day
To nobler living. Like an earnest cry
It bids them climb a white and holy way.
God grant, though other heralders grow dumb,
This golden voice may sound for years to come.

By Grace
Noll
Crowell



October

1938



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



Let's look at AMERICA

by

FRANK S. MEAD

EVERY age has its slogan.

Every mile of the march of America has for its illuminating milestone some typical expression of the American people which tells a great deal of how they felt, thought, behaved or misbehaved while they were stepping off that particular mile. No Taxation Without Representation. America for the Americans. Go West, Young Man, Go West. Remember the Maine. Too Proud to Fight. Make The World Safe for Democracy. The Forgotten Man!

This mile? Our age? Sometimes I think we might write on our milestone the words: "There Ought to Be A Law Against That." For in one way or another, we have all fallen into the habit of saying that, or thinking that even when we don't say it. It may be some phase of the social system that we want corrected, or some phase of church or business or political life. Roughly, we're not satisfied with America, and we are doing a lot of wild talking about changing this and changing that. We are criticizing the

little things and missing the bigger meaning of America; we are in the position of the man who couldn't see the forest for the trees.

Maybe there are a lot of things here that should be changed. Perhaps there is a lot wrong with us. But personally, I've come to feel that because a system has made a few mistakes and failed to draw infallibly correct plans for Utopia, that is no reason why it should be eternally damned.

I'm a little fed up with all this, for imperfect as the American Way certainly is, it has proved better than any other that has ever been devised. There's so much good in it that we ought to begin to talk a little less about what's wrong with America and a little more about what's right. That goes for the government, too.

In its development across the last three hundred years America has produced a standard of living unmatched anywhere on the face of the earth; in the last sixty, as the system has improved, it has put America miles ahead in the march of progress. Someone has said that while the nations of Europe look back to a thousand years of war and bloodshed and trouble, of setback and sorrow, America looks back to three hundred years of uninterrupted progress. That may be putting it a little strong, but there's more than a germ of truth in it. It is particularly true of the last half-century.

For instance, my grandfather, in the "good old days" back there, came downstairs in the cold grey dawn in a house cold as a butcher's icebox, to poke up the fire in the kitchen stove and the old living room pot-stove; he caught many a cold doing that; in fact somebody in the family had a cold all winter long, due to that poor heating and ventilating arrangement. Grandmother got up then (yes, granddad got up first) and came down to

the kitchen to get breakfast ready; breakfast consisted of heavy oatmeal, or pancakes, coffee that she had to grind herself in the little mill on the wall. If there was any fruit on the table it was an apple taken out of the barrel on the dirt-floor cellar, a spotted apple, sometimes a wormy apple. Grandmother never heard of "planned breakfasts"; Diets? Scientific feeding? Calories? Not in her day.

She packed the boys off to school; they walked two miles to a shack they called the "district school": a draughty, overheated, disgraceful affair with all eight grades in one room. After they were gone she swept—with a broom, leaving as much dust behind her as she got out. She cooled her meat and milk and potatoes by hanging them down the well in a tin pail (more colds came out of those trips out of the warm kitchen, to hoist the pail.)

Monday was washday. All day Monday; it was the weekly agony. She spent the whole day over an old wooden washtub, rubbing her knuckles raw up and down an old-fashioned scrubbing-board; she had the hands of an old woman at forty. She ironed with a heavy old flatiron heated over that redhot kitchen stove; I honestly believe it took ten years off her life. At night she was exhausted. So much for her day.

Grandfather wrote his letters and his sermons with a scratch steel pen in a well-chewed wooden penholder. When he wanted to go anywhere he hitched Old Dobbin to the sleigh or the shay and drove slow, interminable miles over unspeakable roads. A fifteen-mile drive into the nearest city was an all-day jaunt. When the boys got sick in the middle of the night, he drove five miles to the nearest doctor, five miles back. One night he drove it, through a blizzard; the doctor didn't—couldn't—get there soon enough. They operated on the kitchen table, by the light of a kerosene lamp; my Dad carried a bad limp all his life because of that.

Now Granddad wasn't poor; he was typical of the middle-class citizen who got along quite well; most of America was just like him. Yet Dad and his brothers were under-fed, under-nourished; his parents just didn't know. They were poorly housed, poorly dressed. The boys lived to be almost seventy not because of that "hardy background of the good old days," but in spite of it. Go into any country graveyard and read the names and ages on the tombstones; the death rate of babies and children was fearfully high.

Of course, that was in the country, and in the small town. But take a good look at the city. No telephones. No automobiles. No central heating. No fire-proof office buildings. No fountain pens or typewriters. No playgrounds on the roof. Horsecars in the streets, that crawled in summer and gave up against the drifts in winter and let everybody walk. The trains, bringing in the "commuters," ran on wooden rails (I can still remember them); trains that ran down and killed we'll never know how many good men, women and children on grade crossings. Finish the rest of the picture for yourself.

But what have we got today, after

sixty years? Well, I have a thermostat in my house that shoots up the heat before I get out of bed. The country is full of oil burners; we turn it on when the cold weather starts and turn it off in the spring, and our wives pay no attention to it whatever. How many gas ranges, or electric ranges, do you suppose there are in the United States? There are few wives left who hang their food down the well; we have electric refrigerators now.

The food scientists of the world put our food in front of us at breakfast, lunch and dinner; the doctors tell us what we need to eat more of, and the result is that there is a terrific drop in rickets in babies, and I for one have been amazed at the number of children I pass in the street with fine, strong, snow-white teeth. Feeding does it.

There aren't very many district schools left; all eight grades in one room would raise a howl almost anywhere except in the deepest backwoods. Our children in the country go to a modern Consolidated School, in a bus, over paved state highways smooth as glass. The city youngster has the benefit of the finest educational system in the world; he doesn't have to ride a bus. Both city and country youngsters are trained for either country or city life. The grades are separated.

The sound of the vacuum cleaner is loud in the land; brooms are for sweeping the cellar or the garage. The housewife is through with her sweeping and her cooking early in the day; that accounts for the growth of Women's Clubs, Reading Circles, and all the rest of outside-the-home women's activities. Maybe there are too many of them; perhaps some homes are neglected. But the fact remains that woman's sphere is a lot bigger and finer than it ever was before. And woman is entitled to something in this life besides sweeping and scrubbing; and thanks to vacuum cleaners, washing machines, gas stoves, toasters, oil burners and a million and one other domestic comforts and gadgets, she is getting that chance.

Today even a schoolboy has a fountain pen, and even a schoolboy can own a typewriter for ten cents a day; it is an American invention made cheap by the American system of mass production. Today even the working man has his car; thanks to the American system he has

been taken off his heels and given the privilege of riding sitting down. He has electric lights in his home, and gas. Think that over for awhile. His electric lights shine just as brightly and cost no more than the lights in the home of J. P. Morgan. The housewife has all her creature comforts, at little more expense than it cost grandmother to do without them. Mrs. John Q. Citizen lives far better, just as cheaply.



EWING GALLOWAY

I commute over the same fifteen-mile route grandfather drove into the city. Only I do it in thirty minutes where it took him hours. The youngsters in the neighborhood are better dressed than his children ever were, and considering the fluctuation in the value of the American dollar, they spend not much more for their clothes. Today, even those foreign "observers" who rush from coast to coast in ten days and then fly home to Europe to write their "Impressions of America"—even these critics can't get over the fact that you can't tell the American shop girl from her Fifth Avenue customer, at least so far as clothes and poise and spirit are concerned, or the head waiter from the lawyer, he serves every noon. It's a poor American who hasn't a spare Sunday suit.

You can't get away from it. We are the best dressed, best housed, best fed people in the world. The typical modern Ameri-



RADIO

can home, says the U. S. Department of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, has five rooms, either shower-bath or tub, electric lights and gas. Fifty-one per cent of these homes use hot-air furnaces for heat, and 48.8% of the 29,914,603 families living in such houses own them.

Now let's get out of this modern house. Let's go out to the garage and get in the car. Most of us have cars, and not horses. This coun-

try, with only six per cent of the world's population, owns seventy-one per cent of the world's automobiles; that six per cent also owns, according to Mr. W. J. Cameron, fifty-two per cent of the world's telephones, forty-four per cent of the world's radios, thirty per cent of the railroads and double the insurance of the rest of the world. We can criticize the system all we want, but we should at least be fair enough to compare it with some of the other systems the world boasts of.

All right: we're in the family car. We drive down a well-paved street. When Charles Dickens came to visit us in 1842, he found pigs wallowing in the mud-holes of the streets of New York. Try to find a pig in New York now; or a street full of mud-holes. Try to find streets like that in any good-sized town anywhere in the country. We skim over roads flatter than flat, smoother than smooth. There are

(Continued on page 57)



AUTOMOBILES



EWING GALLOWAY

THESE THREE THINGS—Electricity, Radio, the Automobile—have so affected the American Way of Life in the past sixty years that America has a standard of living unmatched anywhere on the face of the earth, and have put this country miles ahead of any other in the march of progress. And that progress has been possible because these inventions have developed in the American atmosphere of freedom

MODEL T

An American Saga

The only workable means of getting "off center" was to jump up and down on the running board



By Elizabeth Dickens

SOME of these days—a hundred years from now perhaps—the old Ford Model T is going to become a saga, the epic of a mechanical Beowulf, a tale worthy of an ancient Norseman's telling. It will be a complicated saga, for every family that had a Model T will have a story to hand down. Today we are reminiscing to our children and tomorrow they will be passing the story on to our grandchildren. By and by these stories all will blend into the one Gargantuan folk-tale. It will be, I imagine, the most universal tradition any nation ever has had.

What car but Model T ever had enough individuality to give its owner the urge to name it? The owner of a Hispano-Suiza might explain that oldtime Fords were christened because to refer to that odd little bug of a thing as a motor or even as "my car" was to invite ribald laughter. But I stick to my story that Model T Fords were named because they had personalities that demanded a christening. We called our old Ford Cleo, for we had bought her on the assumption that she was fast.

Even when we bought her, secondhand, Cleo's paint job was nothing to brag about. Her top leaked, too, but fortunately we

lived in a dry country and that rarely mattered. I say "fortunately" because we didn't believe in trying to fix up old Fords. We never pampered Cleo so long as she would run. We thought she should consider herself lucky to get a good greasing now and then. As a matter of fact the previous owner carried the theory even farther for he claimed that he had driven Cleo for two years without such lubrication. It was true that Cleo didn't run very well for two or three weeks after a greasing, but eventually she became rather resigned to the process and would just cough gently and go on.

Even though we did grease Cleo occasionally we never even considered having her painted or having her top mended. We gloried in Cleo's disreputability—we thought that shiny Fords were much too bourgeois—and it wasn't long until we had plenty of disreputability to glory in. Cleo's paint, such as it was when we bought her, rapidly deteriorated. This was natural enough, for we never kept her in a garage. We lived in an apartment house where the rent for garages was five dollars a month, and it seemed to us manifestly poor economics to pay five dollars a month to house a car which had cost us a hundred and fifty and which we

couldn't sell for seventy five without spending a lot of money on repairs.

The janitor of our apartment never was reconciled to our Ford. It wasn't that he minded our keeping it in the back yard. He didn't have to worry about that; and if the landlord thought that our Cleo added little to the prestige of his apartment house he evidently decided that getting the rent with reasonable promptness overbalanced the indignity, for he never protested. But the janitor had a Ford that was about the same age as Cleo—only how she had kept her looks! If you had seen Cleo and the janitor's Ford side by side you never would have guessed that they had been born the same year. When Cleo was not only paintless but a little rusty, the janitor's Ford was still as black as black and it looked as though it were waxed every week.

The janitor was always hinting that for a few dollars he could fix our Cleo so she would look, if not so nice as his Ford, at least a lot better than she *was* looking. We never even considered his offer but we used to worry a little for fear he would fix the Ford up some time, as a surprise for us. We knew that if he ever did we should have to sell Cleo; for we never could have countenanced an old Model T that was *shiny*.

We did have to buy a new tire for Cleo once, for one night someone sneaked into the back yard, jacked Cleo up and stripped off one of her tires. I suppose he must have been frightened away or he would have taken them all. Certainly anyone so dastardly as to deflower a poor little paintless Model T with a leaky top would stoop to anything.

We felt pretty depressed over the loss of the tire, and there was a good deal of talk about it around the apartment house. Cleo always was quite a prominent topic of conversation there. Privately we consoled ourselves with the thought that the thief had been not only criminal but stupid; the remaining tires were definitely superior to the stolen one.

We didn't change our custom of keep-

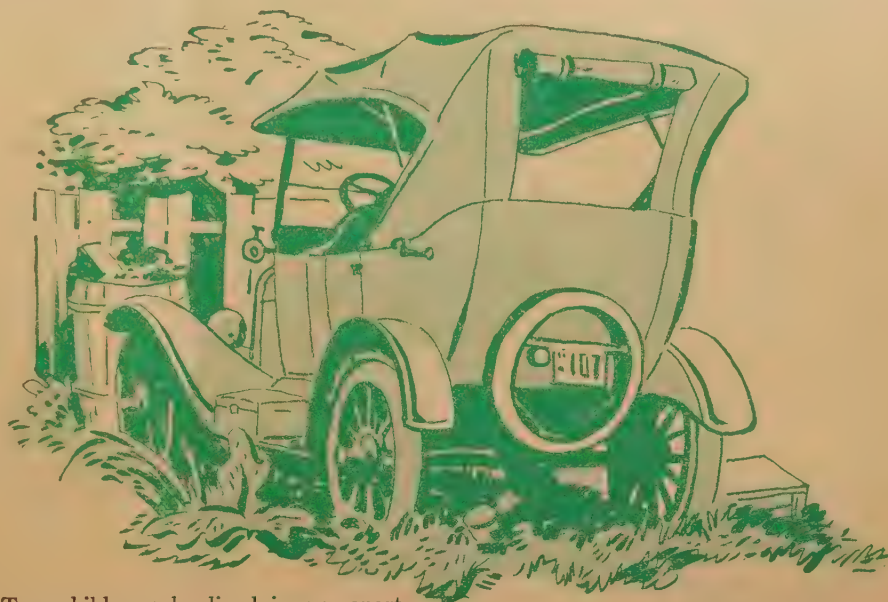
Cleo in the back yard on account of theft, though for a while we thought might have to; for we didn't sleep for quite a long time. Every little at night would disturb us and we would rush to the window to see if someone were tampering with Cleo.

Cleo had lots of little idiosyncracies. One thing the front door (of course I remember that the old Fords had one front door) wouldn't stay shut as you knew, just how to manipulate I never quite mastered the technique consequently I did most of my driving with the door open. I used to feel a little conspicuous riding that way the more populous part of our town I used to try very hard to keep the door closed while negotiating the few blocks that constitute our town's business portion. It wasn't easy and the effort usually meant that I would go down the street swinging with one hand while the other more or less effectually slammed the door. It was bad enough when the front door wouldn't shut, but when the top wouldn't come up it was a good deal worse. The door would come down at the most unexpected and inopportune moments. If you were quick enough and saw it loosening you could reach up and fix it so that it would stay for a while, but often you were taken by surprise.

My worst experience with Cleo's irrational top was when I was coming over the viaduct which led down into one of our quieter streets. The viaduct was very narrow and you really needed both hands to keep a car on the right side of it. Even when you were almost thrown from your seat. But this time I had to hold up the top with one hand and guide the car with the other. Cleo and I finally jolted safely to the street, but I was far too busy to notice that the front door was swinging wildly to and fro the whole while. Finally the top got so bad that we had to stop trying to drive with it up. Folded down in back it gave Cleo a most inoffensive appearance, for it sagged quite evenly to one side. I am sure that never

on this earth again shall I see anything quite so incredibly jaunty as Cleo looked as she ambled down the street, her front door swinging to and fro and her top sagging.

With all our fondness for disreputability in Fords we had never gone so far as to want to have Cleo's windshield broken, but broken it became. One afternoon I went out to the back yard to get Cleo and there she was with her windshield badly shattered and the front seat covered with stones and glass.



Two children who lived in our apartment house and were noted for their lovely manners were standing by. They readily admitted breaking the glass and it was easy to see that they didn't understand how one more thing the matter with our Ford could possibly matter to anyone.

We really thought the children's parents should know of the destructive tendencies of their little darlings but we didn't like to mention it for fear they would think we wanted damages. We didn't, of course. Fond as we were of Cleo we realized that

to ask damages for her would be ridiculous.

Eventually we had our wish about the parents' learning of the manner in which the windshield had been broken. One afternoon I picked up the little boy involved

in the windshield breaking, and his mother and drove them home from downtown. The little boy kept pointing at the windshield and saying, "See that, Mother?" and the mother kept hushing him; I suppose she didn't want to embarrass me by having the condition of the car called to her attention. Finally the little boy, angered, shouted at his mother, "See that windshield, Mother? I broke that!"

He really wasn't altogether straightforward about it, as a matter of fact. There was a sweet little girl at the apartment

We had to buy a new tire because some one sneaked into the back yard and stripped off one of them

house who was quite as guilty as he.

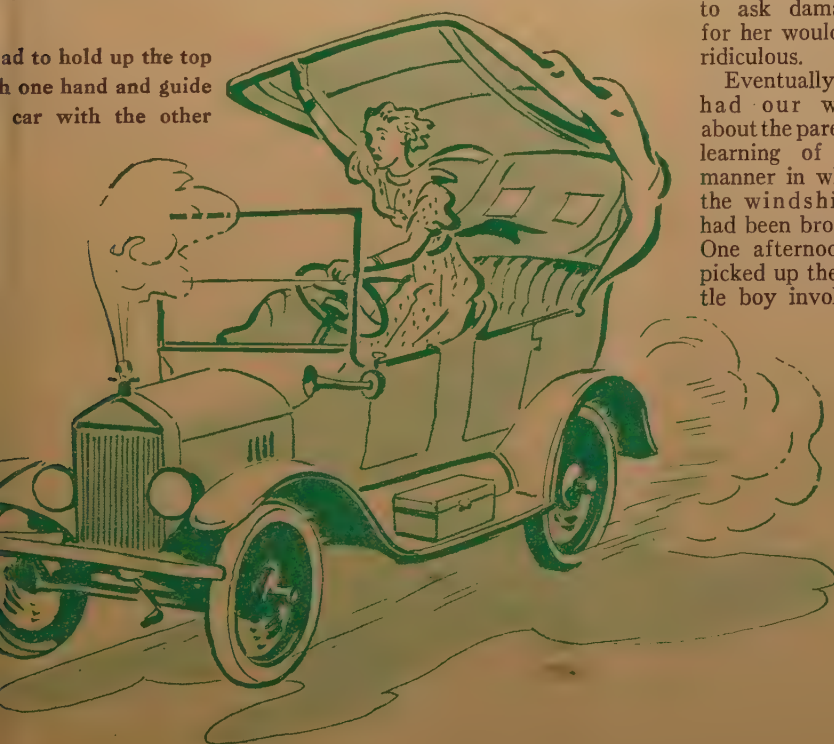
We really intended to have the windshield replaced, but somehow we never did. After all it was just as well, for we never had spent so little for clothes as we did while we owned Cleo with a broken windshield. It was too patently ridiculous, people would have laughed at us openly, if we had gone down the street, dressed up, and riding in a car that had a sagging top, a flapping door and a broken windshield.

One reads a lot nowadays about the tendency of sports and radio to make of the mob onlookers rather than participants. We listen to this and look at that and ride instead of walking. But if there ever was any form of riding that required the rider to participate actively it was the Model T method. In the old days when one must crank them this was, of course, especially true; but all the hazards were not done away with when Henry Ford installed the self starter.

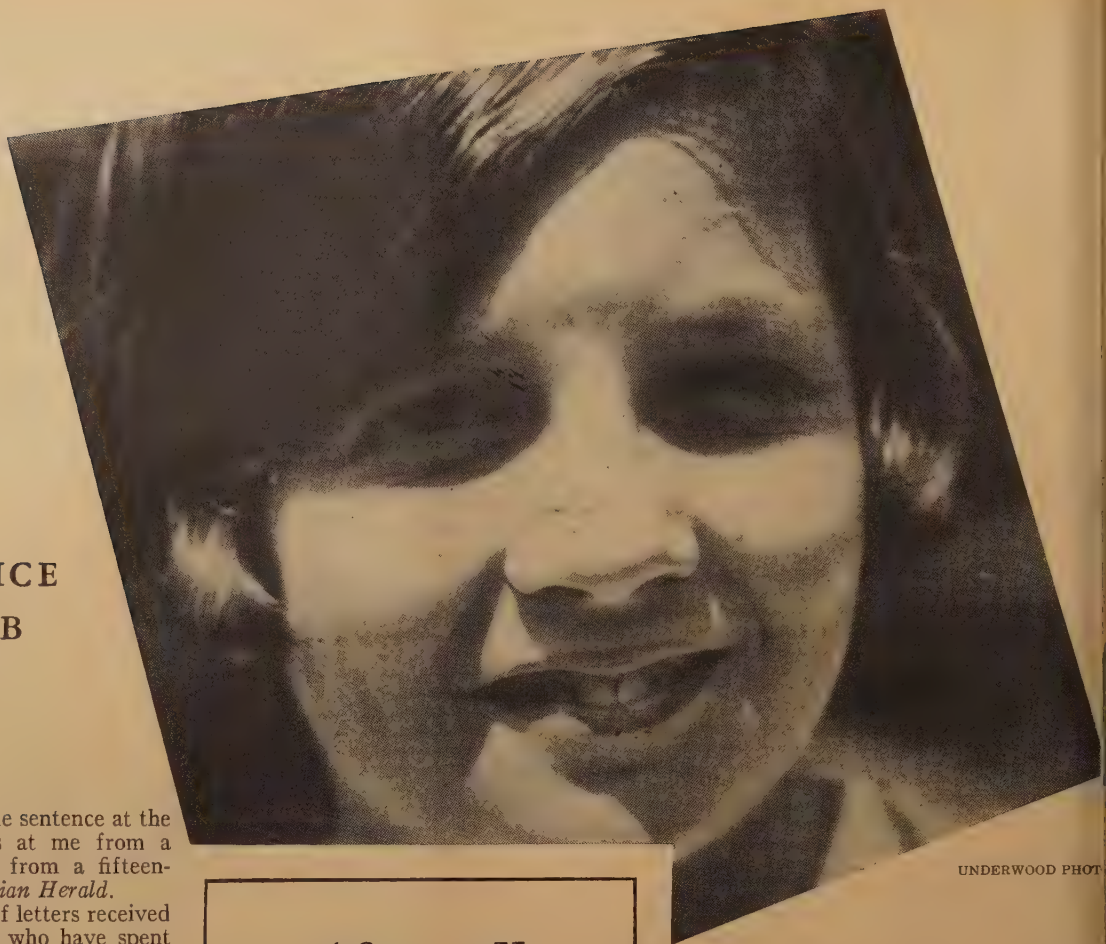
Did you ever help to get a Ford "off center"? I never had heard the expression until we bought Cleo, but how well I came to recognize the immovable condition the phrase described. Getting "on center" usually occurred, with us, in the most conspicuous position possible, and as the only workable means of getting "off center" that we ever discovered was to jump up and down on the running board, meanwhile shaking the car from side to side, we seldom failed to attract attention. We got "on center" once in front of our

(Continued on page 80)

had to hold up the top with one hand and guide the car with the other



By

BEATRICE
PLUMB

UNDERWOOD PHOTO

THAT sage little sentence at the right twinkles at me from a letter I received from a fifteen-year old reader of *Christian Herald*.

Because I write often of letters received from faithful subscribers who have spent a lifetime in the Master's service, don't think for a minute that the writing of fan mail begins at forty! To my letter box in the old grey wall come letters from youngsters of fourteen and up.

One, at least, came from an eighth-grader. It was written on composition paper in anything but his best handwriting, and said in part:

"I inherited *Christian Herald*, like my freckles and frankness—which Mother calls rudeness—from my Father, who is my favorite parent. He inherited the *Herald* from Grandpa. I read all your articles. I intend to be a great author later on. I want your *honest opinion* on whether I said anything so terrible to my English teacher, when—"

He got it!

Many of my youthful fans represent the third generation of *Christian Herald* subscribers. Others have become readers in recent years through finding in its pages the guidance and inspiration they sought.

Perhaps the most appealing of all my youthful fans was "Peggy," who in spite of constant illness, operations, clinics and hospitals, decided that "after all, life is very pleasant at fifteen." Her letters, which came to my desk for years, were full of girlish charm, sprinkled with ingenuous little sentences that reminded one, somehow, of solemn tots masquerading in Granny's shawl and spectacles. As when, at seventeen she wrote me, "Just now I have one great ambition—to cultivate serenity. . . ."

When Peggy decided to adopt me as her "pen-mother," she was away in boarding school. Her father, an important big city minister, "with scant time to devote to affairs outside of church activities," sent his little daughter *Christian Herald*

*After all,
Life is very
Pleasant at
FIFTEEN*

every month. It was a grand idea.

Her first letter to me, written on academic stationery embossed with a dull gold etching of vine-clad scholastic walls, confided: "I haven't been at boarding school so very long, but in those few months I have found it very hard to have religion or high ideals of any kind. Modern girls just don't seem to be made that way."

She tells of the frail little mother she idolized, whose death had left her "lonely and unhappy—and at times bitter." But my Easter article had helped dispel the bitterness. "It just struck an answering chord in my own heart, and I shall always love you for it. . . . *Christian Herald* helps me to remember the things I must not forget—"

Then comes the little-girl outburst that would make any woman want to take the motherless youngster in her arms and hold her close: "Perhaps some day someone will care a great deal for me, and I shall not have to stay in a boarding school

where your life is managed for you—"

I did not know then that my face was looking down at her as she wrote those lines. Years later she told me about it.

"I've grown up a lot now, but years ago—I was *quite* young then—I clipped your picture, the one that appeared with your article about the President. That picture traveled with me, occupying a place of honor with that of my Mom and those of Dad. I talked to it. One would have thought if I had talked to any it would have been Mom's, but she was dead and seemed so far away. You also were far away but, at least, somewhere you were alive, going about your daily tasks, having pleasures and sorrows—"

Remembering my own motherless youth I could understand her loneliness. The letter hurries on:

"I didn't know you from the man-in-the-moon when I picked the picture, but the face appealed, somehow. It's old and worn now from much crying over and handling. I even said my prayers to it in the dark, like I used to say them to Mom—"

It was "The Poet Prays" which appeared in *Christian Herald* the summer of 1933, that influenced Peggy's life so marvelously. It brought to her the inspiring story of Grace Noll Crowell. In a round school-girl hand, on blue-bordered and initialed note paper, she tells me about it:

"I had spent many weary weeks lying in bed in the sanitarium. The youngster in the next room had died that morning and it left me feeling very blue and discouraged. Then came *Christian Herald* with your article about that wonderful poet who had fought a worse handicap than mine—and (Continued on page 56)

I AM my brothers keeper

By Albert Linn Lawson

"MAINLY he preached with bread; he prayed with human kindness; he blessed with wheat and corn. His missionaries were blessed ships; his happiness was in mitigated pain. His weekday was as holy as Sabbath, his office as consecrated as church, his business as sacred as his religion."

Thus a prominent author has characterized Dr. Louis Klopsch, long-time owner and publisher of *The Christian Herald*. The "The" was not dropped until long after Dr. Klopsch's death) and founder of this magazine's benevolences—not charities; he hated that word.

In 1889, Dr. Klopsch, who had become associated with Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, syndicator of Talmage's sermons, was in England, and there met Rev. Michael Carter, owner of both the English and the American editions of *The Christian Herald*. Klopsch arranged to buy the American edition; and upon his return to New York, he announced that his purpose in making the purchase was two-fold; "to make *The Christian Herald* the most successful religious magazine in the world, and to make a medium of American bounty throughout the world." Out of that second, deeper purpose have grown all those benevolent enterprises with which our readers have become familiar; especially Mont Lawn, Bowery Mission, and the Foochow Mission and Industrial School.

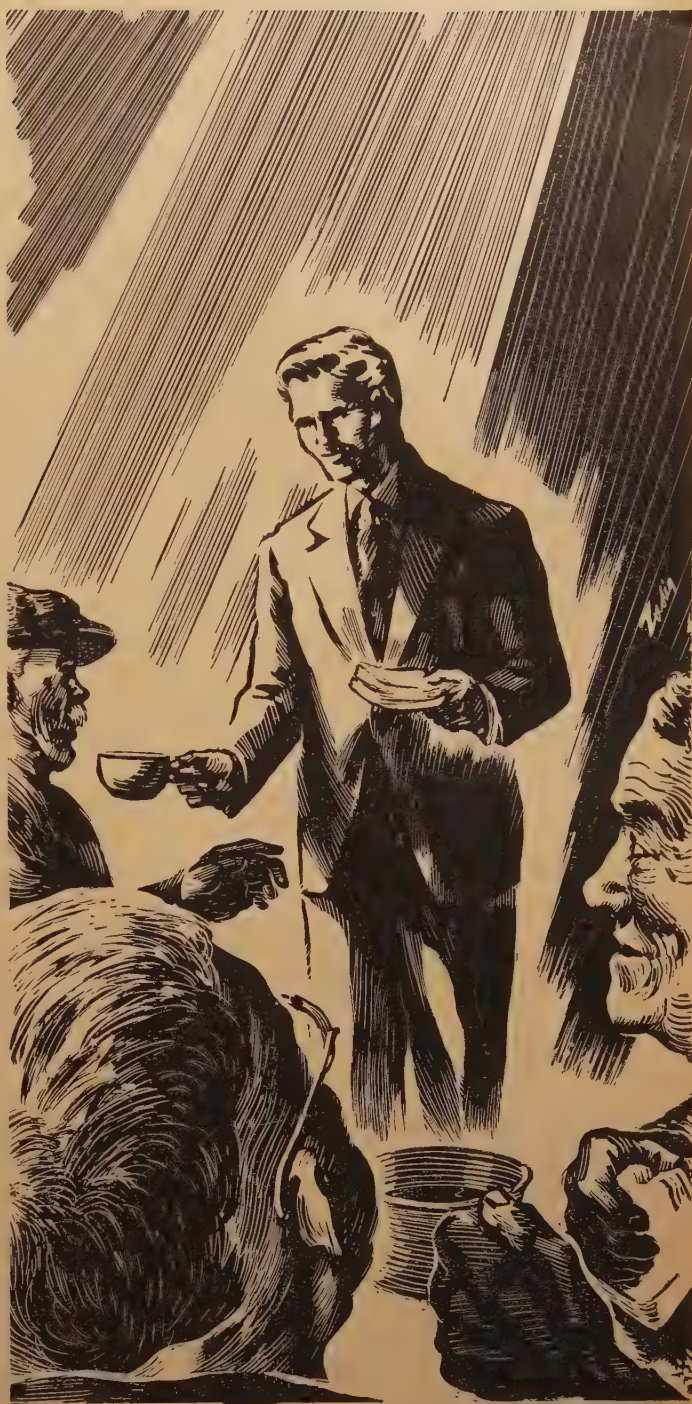
Dr. Klopsch began immediately to put his purpose into effect—and to evince those traits of character described in the opening of this story. There was great want and suffering in many parts of the world. Many thousands, perhaps even millions of dollars were raised through his efforts, and used to buy food for starving millions in China, in India, in Armenia, in Cuba—wherever human need existed. We have not space to tell of those magnificent

efforts here, in detail.

In 1893, however, his energies and talents were needed for the relief of suffering in his own land. The terrible panic and business crash of that year left thousands in his own New York in absolute want. In the great city's poor "slum" districts conditions had always been deplorable; now they became appalling. Always a little below the line of bare subsistence, thousands were now wholly without food. Little children, especially, suffering habitually from under-nourishment, now had no nourishment at all. Even New York, accustomed to seeing poverty in its slums, had never seen anything to equal this.

To relieve this suffering, at least in part, *The Christian Herald* inaugurated a Food Fund, and solicited subscriptions for that Fund from its readers. The response was immediate and generous—(it always is, where *Christian Herald* readers are concerned); and, with a well organized staff, the Fund was continued until the emergency had passed.

That was in 1894; and when Klopsch took stock of the results, he found that there was a balance in the Fund of nearly \$5,000. At once his active mind resolved to use that balance to inaugurate a plan he had long had in view, that is to found a Fresh Air Home for the poor, needy children of New York's wretched



slums. At that moment, as if Providence was intervening, Dr. Klopsch met Dr. A. D. Lawrence Jewett, of Nyack, about thirty miles up the Hudson from New York. Dr. Jewett had a beautiful country home, with commodious grounds, in the hills above Nyack; and to Dr. Klopsch's delight, Dr. Jewett offered him the use of Mont Lawn—the country home—for a merely nominal rental. The offer was instantly accepted. And thus Mont Lawn began its existence as *The Christian Herald* Children's Home.

No Fresh Air Home in the world can compare with Mont Lawn for beauty of location. It is situated in one of the loveliest spots along that glorious river. On the heights, 500 feet above the Hudson, it overlooks the wide expanse of that river which the Dutch explorers named the Tappan Zee; beyond are Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow—Washington Irving's country. The air is always clear and pure.

On the grounds are splendid shade trees, flowers, a brook, green grass—everything which the poor little children of the poor have lacked but longed for. No wonder the papers at once gave it the name it has borne ever since. The Children's Paradise.

When *The Christian Herald* took charge of Mont Lawn, the buildings consisted of the homestead—a large, comfortable two-story house; another small cottage; a little chapel, and a stable. These the management proceeded to furnish adequately but not extravagantly—clean, white beds, kept fresh and comfortable, long tables at which the children ate, a roomy kitchen, a playground. At first a large tent served as dining hall. A staff was organized, and the first contingent of children arrived, by steamer, from New York.

The daily papers gave generous space to the event—in fact, it was a newspaper man who first used the term, "Children's Paradise." The arrival, the day's activities, the beauty of the surroundings were well described in an article in the *New York World*; and that article closed with this touching bit of writing:

"Then supper comes, and the little chapel service, where loving caretakers tell them about their friend, Jesus. Then the cool, clean dormitories are filled again with sleepy little folk. . . black heads and brown heads lie quiet on white pillows; through the open windows sweep breezes from the Rockland hills on one side, and the Hudson on the other; moon and stars shine down like a benediction on placid river and solemn hills. Even the busy caretakers at last may rest. Silence falls upon Mont Lawn."

Of the physical growth of that beautiful plant there is no need to tell again—how the children bathe now in charming little swimming pools, fed by the clear clean brook and not in the river, as at first; how they eat, not in a tent, but in the great dining hall, appropriately dubbed Fort Plenty; how the one little cottage has grown to six, including the fifty thousand dollar brick dormitory donated by Edwin Gould; how the little wooden chapel has been replaced by the attractive Children's Temple; how on rainy days they no longer have to huddle in the dormitories, bored and fretful, but may read in the nice little library, or play and work in commodious Rainy Day House, the large stone structure whose erection in 1929 was made possible by the generosity of you, our readers; how the playground has been enlarged and equipped with swings, teeter boards, ball ground, slides, and all the appliances needed for the development of active little bodies; how the little hospital has been built, and supplied with a competent nurse and doctor—most of you have been made familiar with this progress, through the articles in this magazine. It is hoped, too, that our circulation grows, and the number of contributors correspondingly increases. We can not only fill all the beds during the summer, but also maintain Mont Lawn as an all-the-year home for undernourished, under-privileged children.

But there is something else, much harder to put into words—something that makes Mont Lawn different from any other children's summer home. Perhaps it is best expressed in the beautiful motto which Dr. Klopsch had placed over the

Dear Dr. Poling:

May I extend to *Christian Herald* my heartfelt congratulations on its Sixtieth Birthday? I cannot tell you how much satisfaction it gives me to know that the work so dear to the heart of Dr. Klopsch is being ably and aggressively continued. Not long ago I visited Mont Lawn and found it more beautiful than ever.

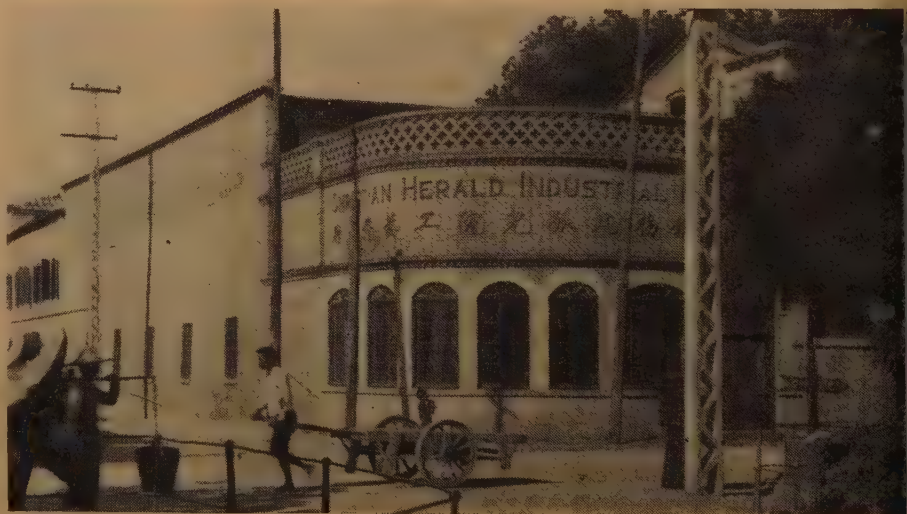
And Charles St. John is doing such splendid work at the Bowery Mission. I'm sure if Dr. Klopsch were alive today he would say "well done!"

Of course, I read the *Christian Herald* regularly and find it increasingly up to date and stimulating. May God bless the efforts of you and your associates.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Mary M. Klopsch



Above, the Christian Herald Industrial Mission, at Foochow, China. This is only part of the great plant, which includes also the Orphanage, and the farm at Sharp's Peak. Top, the famous bread line in front of the Bowery Mission, where this scene is repeated every night of the year. Facing page, a glimpse of a small part of the "Children's Paradise" at Mont Lawn

entrance gate: "I Love God and Little Children." Yes, that is the distinctive thing about Mont Lawn—love. Its staff does not stop with merely giving the children a fresh air outing, clean beds and good food, important as those things are. But all fresh air camps aim at these things. Mont Lawn equals, if it does not

even surpass other summer homes in those material respects. But it goes much further. Just as its buildings excel all other summer homes in beauty, permanence and suitability, so its efforts to better the moral condition of its wards surpass any other with which I am acquainted. Those who manage Mont Lawn know what life in the slums means. Yet they know, too, that the children who live in those slums are not different from any others. They know how likely it is that on the East Side today there is some boy who may turn out a Dillinger, but who might be Lincoln; and that is not his fault, for there is no such thing as a hereditary criminal—it is that boy's environment which will make him a criminal. He has

no chance; he has never even heard of the things that Mont Lawn tries to teach its little wards. Religion, character, morality, honesty—those words have seldom come to his ears. I am by no means exaggerating; there are thousands of children in the slums today whose future is as surely pointed toward a life of crime

f they were predestined. No wonder poor woman, worn out with the never-ending struggle merely to stay alive, exclaimed "Thank God I have no children!" To reach such children, to bring to them upon them while they are at Mont Lawn that influence which they have never known, yet to which many of them respond—that is the distinctive thing that Mont Lawn management tries to accomplish. Feed the half-starved little ones, of course; give them sunshine and wholesome food and happy play and sound sleep; build up their emaciated little bodies—of course. But add to that kindness and gentleness and love; let them learn from daily example, how sweet and beautiful life rightly lived can be; teach

little children.

In all, more than a hundred thousand children have been given vacations at Mont Lawn, in the forty-four years of its existence. How many of those have been sufficiently influenced for it to affect their after-lives materially, there is no way of knowing. But we do know of many such cases, and there must be thousands more of which we do not know. And that is why.

There are many Fresh Air camps, but only one Mont Lawn.

Bowery Mission.

The Bowery is the most notorious street in America, if not in the whole world.



men about Jesus, who loved little children; teach them how much better it is to keep clean in body—but teach them how much happier and safer it is to be clean in mind and heart—that is what Mont Lawn tries to do. Throughout all these years that purpose has remained the same, and it is unchanged today. Of course two weeks is a very short time; and no one expects Mont Lawn to make a complete transformation of character in that brief period. But we know from many well-attested experiences that the measure of success does attend that effort. Children do learn there something—maybe only a little, but something—of a better life than they have ever known. They do take home with them some lessons in cleanliness and duty and kindness and love of God that Mont Lawn has taught. "That is the first prayer that was ever said in my life," exclaimed one poor over-worked mother, when her little daughter knelt at her bedside and repeated a prayer Mont Lawn had taught her. Her lies and minds are improved; little children do retain some of the lessons they have been taught there; characters are changed by those teachings. We know this to be true, for many of them come back when grown up—some to work as attendants, others to see dear Mont Lawn again. It is thus that *Christian Herald* through the Children's Home, has endeavored to carry out the purpose of its noble founder and show the purpose of Him who also loved

Its name is synonymous with evil—it is literally the main street of Sheol. Formerly it was a cheaply glittering, garish, mile-long lane of man-traps—cheap dance halls from whose doors rouged sirens beckoned sailors and other unsophisticates to come in—and be "gypped," they might properly have added, although they did not mention that. Other painted sirens infested the garish, noisy saloons; and the "sucker" who fell for one of them, usually waked up out in the alley with nothing left but a headache, the result of a "Mickey Finn" which his lady friend had slipped into his drink. There flourished pawn shops and second hand clothing stores, gambling houses; and every known variety of "Gyp joint," all catering to the worst in men; there was nothing good along the whole infamous street; everything was designed to attract foolish men—then "trim" them.

The garishness, the noise, the painted women, the dance halls, the gambling houses, are gone now. What is left on the Bowery is even worse, for now hope, too, is gone. To the Bowery come men no longer for cheap amusement, but because they have reached the end, have given up. It is the last stop before the East River and the Potter's Field. Too often, the derelict does not last till he reaches the River; many times frozen bodies are found in alleys, or hidden corners—men who had no home, no money, no friends, nothing. It is a street of despair, the last resort of the hopeless; its

motto might well be the well known "All hope abandon ye who enter here." On this dreary street is located Bowery Mission.

Back in 1879, Jerry Macauley, founder of the famous Water street Mission of earlier days, became able to put into effect a plan he had long cherished—to open a mission on the Bowery. A building was secured at 36 Bowery. J. Ward Childs was put in charge, and the work was begun. The work was a success from the start—God knows there was plenty of room for Mission work in that neighborhood, in the heart of the notorious Chatham Square, "Five Points" district, where hoodlums and crooks resorted, to prey upon such comparatively innocent men as should fall into their clutches. Too, it was not far from the East River docks, and sailors, very many of them, drifted into the Mission; others—derelicts, wanderers, men homeless, men out of jobs and discouraged—all the flotsam and jetsam of that sordid district, came to know that at Bowery Mission one found a friend, and help of the kind he needed.

It did reach and redeem some of them. Dr. Klopsch and Dr. Talmage became convinced of that in far-off Smyrna, where, returning from a trip to the Holy Land, they attended a service at a Seamen's Mission conducted by one Parkinson, who told his audience that the Bowery Mission, back in New York, had taken an interest in him, redeemed him from drunkenness, and taught him the Way of Life which he had since followed. Klopsch was interested, and must have kept Bowery Mission in mind; for five years later, after he had bought *The Christian Herald*, he heard that Superintendent Childs had died, and with no suitable man to take his place, the Mission might have to close. After investigating, Klopsch decided that this was a suitable undertaking for *The Christian Herald*—and a Christian Herald enterprise it has been ever since.

Klopsch went down to look at the building. One look was enough, for to call it a "dump" would have been an undeserved compliment. "We'll move," he said—and they did, to a much better building at 105 Bowery. Superintendent Hallimond was installed, and the great growth and influence of Bowery Mission began from that hour. Of that, more later.

Only four years after the building at 105 Bowery was taken over, there occurred there a disastrous fire which caused the loss of several lives, and such damage to the building that it was decided to remove the Mission. A larger and better building was selected located at 55 Bowery, and the work continued after a very short interval. The *Christian Herald* people were especially interested in keeping the Mission going without interruption, for those were the days when the Spanish-American War was beginning, the Maine had been blown up, and men in unusual numbers, even for New York, were flocking into the city. The Mission was crowded, and its facilities taxed to meet all the calls upon it. It is a recorded fact that a large number of men who had come to the Mission, enlisted for service in the War. And, in passing, we may also note that many soldiers, convalescing from illness contracted in the military camps were cared for during the next winter at Mont Lawn, (Continued on page 61)



Mrs. Kingsley



Mrs. Sangster



Dr. Talmage



Dr. Klopsch



Eleanor Porter

PROCESSIONAL

By Margaret E. Sangster

THEY come back to me across the years—a long line of them. They are walking slowly in single file, but although most of them have been Called Higher, they are not dim, as ghosts are, and they are not vague, like dreams. The people who were responsible for the literary side of the early *Christian Herald*—and I mean literary in its broadest sense—will never die. Through the magic of their shining thoughts, which they translated so aptly into words, they are alive and they will always be alive.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, the publisher of *The Christian Herald*, (it had not dropped the "The" in those days), was not essentially a writer. He was an executive of the best type—a sturdy, forthright business man. He was a philanthropist, and a practical visionary, but even so his printed messages deserve their place in the history of this magazine. His editorials built enthusiasm for a new project and laid the cornerstone of an edifice that, through the years, has housed the vast group of readers that we call the *Christian Herald* Family. If he never wrote anything save that glowing line—"I love God and Little Children—" which he hung above the gates of Mont Lawn, the literary side of his life would be justified.

Dr. Klopsch was a vital person. There was something dynamic about him, from his crisp curly hair to the trim, well polished shoes that he always wore. As a child I remember seeing him stride down a tree-shaded avenue on the way to my grandmother's home. It was August, and other people sauntered—but not Dr. Klopsch! There was purpose in every step that he took and the heat did not cause him to wilt.

My grandmother, in her gracious home on the tree-shaded avenue! No wonder Dr. Klopsch was eager to reach that home with its broad veranda and its air of tranquillity. Grandmother, whose name I proudly bear, was a writer, first of all, but her abilities as a hostess played

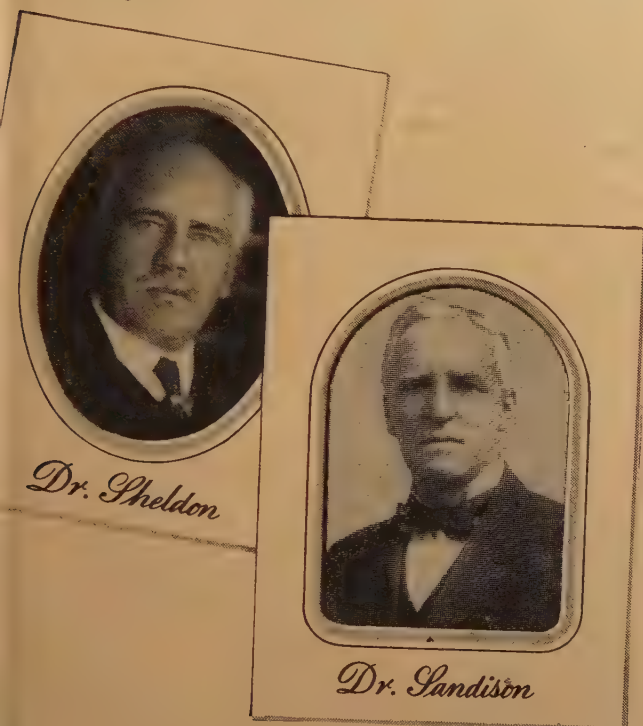
the career a close second. She had a grand manner—she was tall and carried her silver head regally. But the grand manner never caused discomfort to the lowly or awed little children—rather it made the lowly feel important and the children like grown-ups!

Grandmother's page in the *Christian Herald* held much of this hostess quality. At her invitation casual folk became warm friends. To her they poured out confidences—with her they shared sorrows and joys. She received so many letters, and she wrote so many! During her later years she was blind, but the fact never made her work grow careless or faulty, and she never left a single note unanswered. Indeed, she finished an article just a short hour before she slipped into her final deep rest . . .

Marion Harland was another tireless worker . . . I did not, of course, know her as a young woman—she was already old when I was a tot. But I took tea with her once when she was well over eighty, and two secretaries—to whom she had been alternately dictating, waited impatiently in her study until the tea hour was done . . . For Marion Harland—at an age when other folk let down—was starting a new novel and was doing a daily series of syndicated recipes.

With memories they wander back
 Across the hills of time—
 They come with precious gifts of song,
 With brave hopes set in rhyme.
 Their shining thoughts are like the light
 Of sunrise on the sea;
 Across the drifting, lonely years
 They come again to me!

They were my patterns long ago
 Of everything worth while—
 Their gentle fingers pressed my own,
 They gave me smile for smile.
 They lent new meaning to my life,
 They made ambition seem
 As tangible as bread, and yet
 As fragrant as a dream!



DR. FERDINAND C. IGLEHARDT—does the name conjure up his personality for you? It is a sonorous name and it fitted well with his white hair—worn in what is now called a “page boy” cut—and his china blue eyes. Dr. Iglehardt wrote that curious and popular department, “The Bible and Newspaper,” in which linked Scripture with current events.

I think Dr. Iglehardt got more fun out of life than most writers. His department was tricky; it was an exercise in ingenuity. Perhaps that is why his smile held an elfin quality—why his features were so spontaneous, and why his black clothes and broad-brimmed hat were tinged with the theatrical.

Marietta Holley—who created “Josiah Allen’s Wife”—was a small, Dresden China person. Unlike good little girls, she was not made of sugar and spice; she was made of real lace and perfume and chiffon and curls and soft, tiny gloves. Although she was a humorist, she looked like a doll. Her wit was worn under the most feminine surface that I have ever known. As a tall, coltish youngster I was instantly afraid that some sudden movement of mine might jar her so severely that her slight loveliness would shatter like Venetian glass. A bonnet—with pansies and tulle upon it—tied be-

neath a dimpled chin. Lashes that were demurely long over faded eyes. The odor of violets and clematis. That was Marietta Holley!

Eleanor Porter—whose favorite brain child was the immortal “Pollyanna”—was not fragile. She was younger than the others, she was large and wholesome and her hair invariably looked as if it were wind-tossed. She wrote as easily as she breathed, and as joyously. Pollyanna’s “glad game” was as much a part of Mrs. Porter as life itself. Eleanor Porter didn’t give birth to a story and then forget it—no, indeed! She wanted to know the artist who would illustrate it, and the models who posed for that artist, and the printer who set the story into type. . . . She followed every stage of the story’s presentation with an intense eagerness. Why, you ask? Because her stories were *herself*!

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY was a novelist, and a good one. Her fiction was a bright feature of the *Christian Herald* at a time when the magazine might easily have grown a trifle heavy with fact. . . . I saw her more rarely than I saw the others, for she seldom entered the *Christian Herald* office. At the time I laid her reticence to the rush of work—now, with more perception, I tell myself that she was shy. The figures of her imagination were often more real to her than the folk she met. She produced with a rather slow, meticulous phrasing of sentence and paragraph and her finished stories were as perfectly turned out as her slender elegant self. I felt that her words were selected as carefully as her clothing and accessories—which were chosen very carefully, indeed!

Captain Jack Crawford was just what he called himself—a poet-scout. He looked like portraits of Buffalo Bill and he actually conversed in rhyme. Often I talked with him; there was a stimulation, a zest in his keen, hawk-like face, framed by hair that was white partly from age and partly from exposure to the elements.

Usually Captain Jack Crawford dressed as a conventional poet then dressed—with frock coat and flowing Windsor tie. But sometimes he delighted my heart by appearing in fringed buckskins and a plainsman’s wide brimmed Stetson—just the costume to appeal to a romantic child.

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON was editor of the *Christian Herald* when I joined the staff. An old newspaper man, who combined the canny caution of the Scot with the enthusiasm of a cub reporter, he seemed to me the last word in everything erudite. As a matter of fact he *was* the last word! Never—even when he was an octogenarian, ready for retirement, did I find him at a loss. He could answer any question readily and accurately, and though—with the brashness of youth, I sometimes tried to catch him in a mistake—I never succeeded. Those comprehensive reference books on “Difficult Bible Questions Answered” owe much of their value to his boundless knowledge.

THERE is one writing person, beside myself, who bridges the gap between the Yesterday and the Now. . . . That person is Dr. Charles M. Sheldon—famous author of the century’s most widely published book, “In His Steps.” Dr. Sheldon is the dearest of men, and he writes authoritatively on how Christ would walk upon this modern earth because he is *sure*. Dr. Sheldon has more of the Saviour’s grace than anyone I have ever been privileged to know. He, thank God, is still an active member of the literary circle of the *Christian Herald*. His article on “Horizons Seen and Unseen,” is a feature of the current issue.

YOU will notice that I have written this piece almost entirely in the past tense. For I have tried to tell you something of those authors who were a part of the magazine’s beginnings—and who were still on the scene when I first sat at an office desk and wrote my faulty little essays and my wispish verse. If I have omitted any important names—Talmadge, Moody, Sankey, Hillis—it is because they already belonged to the ages when I entered the editorial scene.

And if I have failed to mention the brilliant younger group who are making the *Christian Herald* a thrilling factor in this changing modern world, it is because they can—and do—speak for themselves!

What has happened—

Bruce Hardy, just graduated from Seminary, is called to the pastorate of a large church at Millvale, a factory town. He boards at Mrs. Caleb's, a vigorous warmhearted old lady. Supporting him in the church are Deacon Silas Hart, Col. Knowles, and most of the others. The only active opponent is Squire Clouse. Col. Knowles has a pretty daughter, Mary, in whom Bruce takes immediate interest. Among his members are the Spigers, a poor family, the father a drunkard. Going out to call on that family, Bruce meets Mary Knowles, and tells her he is going to try to get Squire Clouse, the owner of the tumble-down Spiger home, to put in water for them and make the place more sanitary. He accompanies Mary to the home of Aunt Mandy Peel, a wealthy old eccentric, then goes on to see Samuel Darnley, political boss of Millvale. Now go on with the story:

[PART TWO]

TAKING the chair indicated, Bruce waited while the man called in his clerk and gave a few orders. He was a man of massive figure, about equal to Bruce in height but outweighing him by many pounds. His large feet were planted solidly on the floor and square-fingered, strong hands rested on the chair arms. His face was clean shaven, heavy jawed, with cold gray eyes under bushy eyebrows, the face of a fighter and an executive. This was the man, Bruce realized, who was the boss. He had the final say in the organization that managed the town's politics. He was square, the Colonel had said, and he had a nice family. Such a man might go far. Already he was a power in the county and was recognized by State leaders.

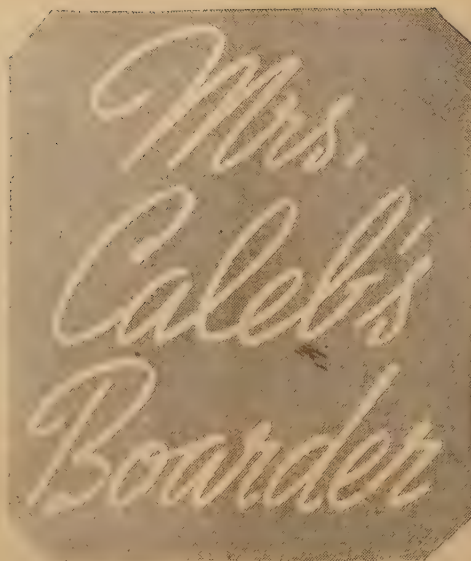
His clerk dismissed, Sam turned to his caller.

"I understand your family is in my church," Bruce ventured after the first moments of verbal sparring.

The boss eyed his visitor for a moment, his face without expression. "That's right," he said laconically. "I let my wife and Kathryn look after that end of things."

"In the church's field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
You will find the politician
Represented by his wife."

A little alarmed at his temerity, Bruce waited for Sam's reaction. A glimmer of



By

Arthur C. Baldwin



a smile had come over the mask that was his face.

"Not so bad," he remarked. "Guess it's true of the most of 'em. Every man to his job. You get folks into heaven, Domine. It's the job of some of the rest of us to look after 'em here."

Bruce crossed his knees comfortably. "That's what I came to see you about."

Briefly, as clearly as he could, he pictured the house he had just left and the conditions of life the Spiger family was facing. "I want to get after that situation just as hard as I can," he concluded. "And I thought water and proper sanitation might be a good place to begin."

Sam Darnley listened without moving a muscle, although his eyes never left the speaker's face. "It ain't so bad to live without a tap," he said finally. "That's the way everyone lives in the country."

Bruce nodded, "I'd hate to drink out of a village well, just the same, and so would you. It's no way to live in town. Perhaps Mrs. Spiger might do a bit of washing, then, though the Lord knows she has enough to do; but it would help out. They ought to have gas, too. Of course, I'm going after Bill and Dan for something more, but I would like to see some de-

cent conditions around them."

"Why don't you go up to the water works?" Sam asked, his cold eyes studying the young minister.

"Because I know better," Bruce laughed. "I have not been here long but I know that much. You can tell them. He nodded confidently.

"Don't know as it will make any differ-



ence if they do lay 'em," Sam pondered. "If they did put the mains in, that wouldn't put water in the house. Guess the Squire might have something to say about that."

"If the water is there, he'll put it in," Bruce declared confidently. "We can condemn the well."

Their eyes were meeting now in a long, silent clash. It was the boss who first looked away.

"I'll see what I can do," he muttered.

"That's fine," Bruce applauded, rising. It was time to go. Nothing more need be said. He had gotten what he had come for. As he was going to the door, Sam called him back.

"Take this," he said gruffly putting some bills in his hand. "You'll be needing it for poor folks."

It was with mingled feelings that Bruce went back to his rooms. He was surprised, grateful, indignant as he recalled the interview. It was evident that Sam was a man he must take into account in all his plans. The man's standards were different but such as they were, he lived up to them. Moreover, he had power and there was nothing to be gained by opposing him, at least not now. And yet, there was something in Bruce that sharply rebelled. Why should he knuckle down to such a man? What right had he to have so much

say? He had money and was generous but, and the question kept recurring, where did he get it?

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Bruce solemnly repeated the familiar ritual as a tiny casket was lowered into the grave. A little group of mourners, the family and a few friends were waiting quietly. Close to the grave was the father, a roughly dressed, bleary-eyed individual and the mother, tearless and listless with red, ungloved hands and tired shoulders. Emma, looking very well in her new dress, was paying solicitous attention to four little brothers and sisters, tow heads all, whose ill fitting but clean clothes indicated the success of Mrs. Caleb and the Ladies Aid in securing an outfit.

Back in the undertaker's parlors, Bruce had read the tender words of Scriptural assurance and in phrases that halted, had tried to show their meaning. He was oppressed, however, with a sense of futility. There was a lifelessness or listlessness in the little company. Bill and his wife had been stolid, apparently unmoved. The children big eyed, staring, had watched him in the dim light. Mary Knowles had come in and sat with Emma. Mrs. Caleb, also was there.

And now they were in the cemetery

and Bruce stood, bareheaded in the warm June sun, while the coffin was lowered into its place. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The afternoon sunshine was reflected from his red hair as the minister stood, quietly, reverently waiting for the bearers to finish their task. Beyond the mourners, the cemetery stretched away, green and beautiful, its marble symbols of love and hope rising above the irregularly placed mounds. Coming in, the funeral cortege had passed two marble pillars, one marked "Darnley," the other "Knowles," with bronze doors that closed great vaults. Above them, high elms and maples had been outlined against the sky. Bright flowers had smiled up from everywhere. Nature and man had long been partners in this place to make the abode of the dead, glow with peace and beauty.

But where the little group stood, there was little but their own friendliness to soften the grim reality of death. This was the Potter's Field. Here, those who could not pay were given room by the village largess, the few feet of soil needed for a final resting place. Close by was a mound of loose earth waiting to be shoveled back and patted down into a mound like all the other mounds. At its head would be placed a wooden marker like all the other markers, row on row. The ground was bare, save that there were patches of wild grass here and there, long and unkempt, as though Nature had made an effort to cover up the ravages which man had made.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Slowly the little group dissolved and went away.

Bruce Hardy came home from the funeral with the clear determination to do something for the Spigers. Sam Darnley's promise was only a beginning. More things must be done to give that sodden family an awakening and provide something of the joy of living.

It was clear that he would have to see Phineas Clouse without delay. The idea was not unwelcome. Already, after only two Sundays in Millvale, he had found the man's heavy hostility getting under his skin. Last Sunday morning as he was preaching the Squire's face had been contorted with grimaces. Lips pursed, the protruding eyes saying he was startled and alarmed by what he was hearing, his head now and then shaking ponderously, he was a picture of a carefully discriminating hearer who was not going to be carried away by wrong doctrine.

At first Bruce had tried to laugh. The Squire was making a monkey out of himself. Then he became annoyed. He knew he would have to go to the mat with him (in a decorous, clerical fashion, of course). He grinned over the conceit. But such unfriendliness was a challenge. Bruce was not used to enemies or being unpopular. Friendliness had been one of

In the stands the people were yelling. Joe Wallace was pounding John Dale on the back. Silas Hart was on his feet, redfaced and beaming

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS



his outstanding characteristics.

"Hah, it's you is it?" The Squire's tone was surly as Bruce entered, and he did not rise. "Take a chair."

Bowing, smiling as though he had been received in chesterfieldian style, Bruce took a small, wooden seated chair and drew it up to the flat topped desk. Amid the bleak furnishings of the small room, the man opposite him seemed more misshapen than ever. Jackknifed into his swivel chair, short legs barely touching the floor, his head abnormally large and pear shaped rising with almost no neck from a heavy torso, with a bulging forehead, heavy, thick lips, and eyes set well apart he seemed like a grotesque gargoyle that had come down from some cathedral eminence.

Bruce was too full of his purpose to smile. He wanted to understand this strange man and be friends with him. Silas Hart had advised, "Get on his good side if you can. The church gets \$200 a year from him and we need the money," but he was not there on that account. As a landlord, Phineas had power to help or harm the Spigers. For their sake and his own he must win the man.

In a frowning silence the Squire listened while he told of his visit to Sam Darnley and what had been promised. Pudgy fingers drummed impatiently, and large eyeballs protruded. Then, as the full import of what the Pastor meant dawned upon him, surprise gave way to anger. His face grew dark and a heavy fist banged. The usual rasp became a bellow as he roared, "It's nonsense, sir, just claptrap. You are cleansing the outside of the platter. Bill Spiger needs more than a bathroom. You can't save men that way."

"Of course," Bruce agreed hastily, "I understand that but—"

The Squire's torrent of words was not to be stopped. A heavy finger pointed accusingly. "I'm not surprised, sir. I'm not surprised at all, knowing where you came from. I would expect that kind of a gospel from Berean. Water pipes and sewers,—pshaw! That's what grows out of evolution, materialism, externalism, atheism." He pointed to a low shelf where a number of books with ancient covers were reposing. "You can't fool me. I read. I have read much theology. I keep informed about religious doctrine. We are facing apostasy, sir, apostasy in the church. Unfaithful shepherds are leading the people astray and deceiving the very elect."

Again the heavy fist banged and big eyes glared accusingly. Bruce felt himself included in a host of apostates. To

this infantile mind he was a menace, judged without a hearing. How could he get him to face realities? The books were an indication of where the trouble was. Matthew Henry's Commentaries, Cruden's Concordance, a volume of Spurgeon's sermons,—the man was living on the thoughts of a past generation and knew nothing of the effort to put the eternal Word in the tongue in which the modern man was born. The pity of it was his sincerity and inability to see how the Changeless must be interpreted in ever changing thought forms as the race goes on.

"I'm glad to have you tell me what is on your mind,"

Bruce said earnestly seizing a moment when the Squire paused for breath. "I've had an idea that something was troubling you and I wanted to talk it over with you straight, man fashion." His smile was meant to be disarming but the other refused to smile. Perhaps he did not hear what was said. His thoughts were still occupied with the picture of disaster. Much moved by his own eloquence, pleased that he had so much material at his tongue's end, he went on as though Bruce had not spoken.

Bruce watched him with astonishment. Just what the connection was between all this and putting water into the Spiger home was not apparent. On what reasonable basis could he and this man hope to get together?

As he groped over the problem an inner door opened and a young man, dark, slender, with sleek black hair, small eyes, and a receding chin came out quickly, glanced at the Squire whose fulminations did not pause, smiled satirically to Bruce, and went out. The incident passed so quickly that it was only after the door closed that Bruce realized that this must be Blair Clouse. He did not look like his father, but only a son could have been so completely indifferent to Phineas Clouse's eloquence.

His mind diverted for the moment, he wondered vaguely. Blair had not been in church. Only Mary had spoken of him. Again he tried to listen to what was being said. The Squire had not stopped but it was evident he had been very conscious of his son's brief appearance and was irritated by it. The two did not get along well together, he surmised.



Bob threw the ball to first just in time for Bruce's eager fingers to clutch it and hold it as he crossed first a step ahead of the runner

There was the sound of a heavy step, the outer door swung wide, and a thick set young man entered briskly. At sight of him, the Squire's tirade quickly stopped and his frown gave way to a broad smile.

"Hah, Mr. Gregory. How do you do, sir. Did you want to see me?"

Mr. Gregory advanced to the desk and produced a thick wallet. "Didn't know but what you might want to see me," he grinned, with a side glance at Bruce.

"Ha-ha! Very good. Yes, perhaps I did want to see you." The Squire was interestedly watching the wallet. "Har-rumph, this is our new minister, Mr. Gregory." His gesture toward the minister was one of smiling good-will. "You must come and hear him. Ha-ha! Mr. Gregory,—ah," he turned to Bruce, "and his father owns one of our-er stores."

"It's a saloon and a good one," remarked Mr. Gregory nonchalantly, as he threw down some bills. "Pleased to meetcher, Dominie." He removed a cigar from his mouth and cheerfully extended his hand. "They call me Spike."

For a moment the two young men eyed each other, each impressed by the novelty of the meeting.

"I'm sure we would be glad to see you at the church," Bruce grinned.

"That goes both ways," replied the saloon keeper. "I may drop in on you sometime. You've got my girl down there and mebbe, you can do some business for us."

Squire Clouse looked up from the receipt he was writing. "Spike is one of our useful citizens," he rasped. "He is a member of our fire department, and a deputy sheriff and one of Sam's right hand men. There's your receipt."

Spike took it and looked it over carefully. "It's too much money," he growled. "I'm going to talk to Sam about it."

"Ha-ha, why Sam?" the Squire demanded in rare good humor.

"Huh, don't you suppose I know?" The young man carefully put away the receipt. "You're just a dummy, that's all you are. A precious pair, you two make. He gets the money and you do the dirty work."

The door slammed and for a few moments sheer amazement kept Bruce Hardy silent.

"I suppose you wonder why I do business with Mr. Gregory." The Squire looked up and the rasping voice was apologetic, "Sometimes I do myself." He fumbled with his papers, plainly embarrassed. "You see Sam owns the block, although a corporation holds the deed. He has the stock. I'm telling you this in confidence, sir." Bruce bowed. "But he has so many interests that he needs to have me manage some of them."

"Do the dirty work for him," Bruce thought.

"It's just another instance, sir, of how we business men are caught in the great meshes of the world machine. It shows you again how when we go to the church we need to be shown the heavenly things, our eyes turned away from the base and mundane to see the bush that flames with fire that will carry us on its pinions to the heavenly—"

The Squire's eloquent word-picture was here interrupted by a light knock that preceded the entrance of Emma Spiger. She looked (Continued on page 64)

Meet Your Neighbors

by Seth Parker



YOU know, t'other day Sam Jordan's sister, who works for a big newspaper in New York, was ter Jonesport on a visit and she was tellin' me about some of the folks she knows all over the country—and you know, the more she told me about them the more I realized they had the same sorrows and joys as us folks here in Jonesport—only they was living in different places. Some of the stories Nellie told me sort of stuck in my crop and I wanted to know them, so I asked her fer the names and addresses of these folks and after some letter-writin' back and forth, we become real good friends. They tell me about themselves and I tell them about Jonesport—and it's lots of fun.

Now it come ter me maybe you'd like knowin' these folks, too, so I thought I'd kinda introduce you and you and them could become neighbors.

Take Donald Feiden from Latham, New York ferinstance. He's only eight years old, but he's a real smart little feller.

Donald told me he *knows* there's a Santa Claus and I reckon he's got the best proof in the world, too, cause he actually seen Santa Claus last Christmas.

You see, right up ter last Christmas, when Santa-Claus would come, Donald would be fast asleep. But last year, Donald writ his family doctor and asked if he couldn't git a pill that'd keep him awake so he could see Santa Claus. And the doctor, who was a mighty good friend to Donald, thought it over real careful and finally sent Donald the pill he asked fer—a pill to keep him awake so's he could see Santa Claus.

Donald could hardly wait for Christmas Eve, when he took that pill. It worked jest fine. He didn't feel a might sleepy, even when it got to be 9:30, way past his bed time.

Then, around 11 o'clock, the door opened, and in walked Santa Claus. Santa Claus was jest like you see him in the books—fat and jolly. Donald scooted upstairs and woke everybody in the house, but he couldn't seem ter find his Dad. Then Donald ran downstairs and back to the Christmas tree and watched Santa Claus trim the tree and put all the presents around. Donald told Santa all about the pill he had took to keep awake—and

Seth Parker

Thousands of our readers will be thrilled to find Seth Parker back in *Christian Herald*. His homely Jonesport stories and philosophy strike a much needed note in this troubled world.

Now that Seth is on the air, (starting Sunday Evening, September 25th at 7:30,) you may also have the pleasure of hearing his voice.



old Santa Claus laughed and laughed till he near busted. Finally he left.

Next year, Donald is goin' to ask the Doc fer a pill for his little sister. Donald figures it's about time she met the feller who is responsible for all those wonderful Christmas presents. Ma and me has always thought you got ter know young folks to understand them.

Now, I'd like you ter meet another young neighbor of yours. This young man is only 84 years old. Bill Bailey of Underhill, Vermont.

For twenty years, Bill sat around in a wheel chair, gettin' worse and worse. Then one day, a young feller whizzed past on a bicycle. That set Bill to thinking—and he decided he was goin' to git a bicycle for himself. Of course the doctor and Bill's kinfolks didn't cotton to the idea. Fact is, they didn't see how a dying man in a wheel chair was goin to learn to ride a bicycle, but they let him have his way.

Bill called up the store and he had a bicycle sent around. He'd get out of his wheel chair and try to set on the bicycle seat, and then he'd set back in the wheel chair and rest up till he finally got strength enough to try again. It took a lot of patience—but that was five years

ago, and since then, Bill has taught himself to ride. He has ridden 11,000 miles all over the State of Vermont. A few months ago, Bill bicycled out to Chicago, 1200 miles away. His folks kicked up an awful rumpus about it, but Bill jest went ahead. He didn't have no trouble gettin' there or gettin' back to Underhill. He told me, it made him feel like a kid of sixteen again.

It proves one thing, that if yer want ter do a thing bad enough, you can—but you must have courage and determination.

Now up in Taunton, Massachusetts, are a fine bunch of men that make you proud yer an American. They're the boys of the Taunton American Legion Post, and their Commander is Edmund F. Gregg.

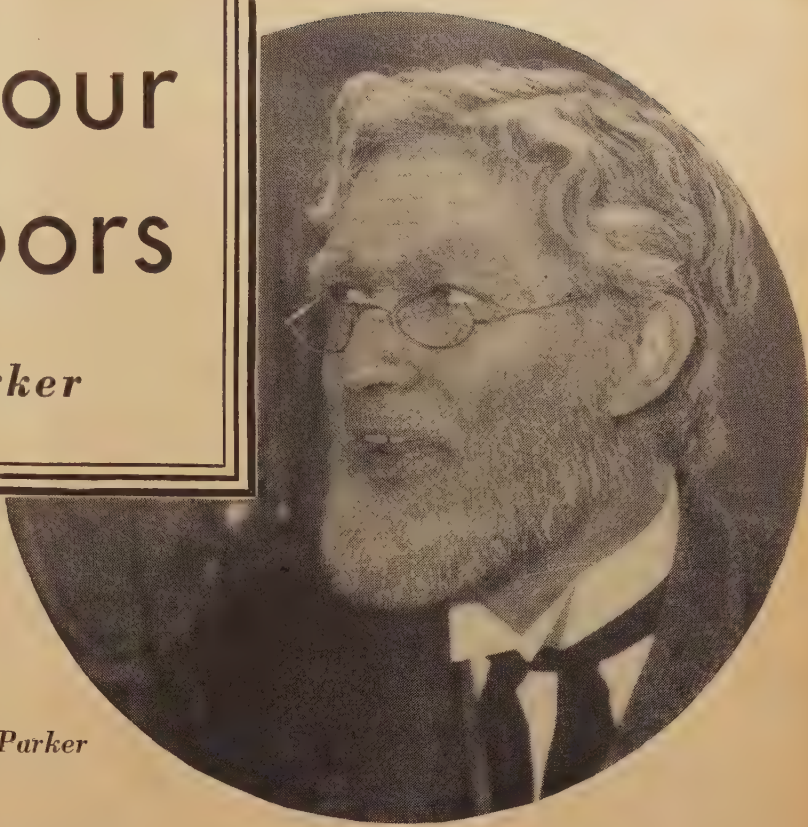
A coupla years ago, the boys in the Post decided ter enter their team in the "Best-drilled Bugle and Drum Corps" competition which was goin' ter be given at the American Legion Convention in Cleveland. It was a big event fer all of them and they made up their minds they wouldn't leave a stone unturned until they was in Cleveland.

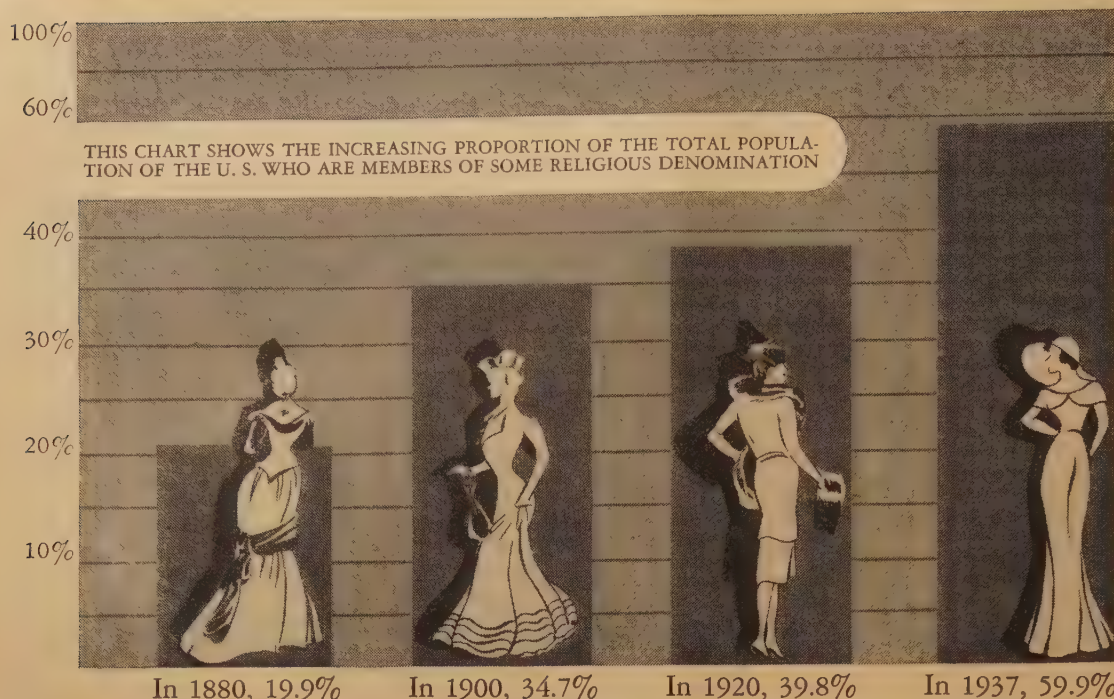
First, they had ter raise \$2,500 ter pay the fares and buy the uniforms and then, since they was all workin' men, it meant drilling every night till early in the mornin' jest so they'd be perfect. But they figured it was worth it.

Raising the \$2,500 was a big job in itself. It meant goin' without things they needed and wanted, but somehow or t'other they managed to do it.

Then one night a week before the convention in Cleveland, one of the men walked in the Clubhouse looking mighty down-hearted. The others wanted ter know what the trouble was. Well, he told them the story of Henrietta Giroux.

(Continued on page 70)





RELIGIOUS AMERICA

through Sixty Years

By

H. C. Weber, D.D.

SINCE 1878 the membership in organized religion has increased approximately 282 per cent, while the population in that same time has increased 169 per cent. The increase in membership in organized religious bodies since the last tables were published in the *Christian Herald* a year ago, appears to have been 754,138 of persons thirteen years of age and over. That is to say, the reports show that a trifle over three-quarters of a million people have been added to the membership in religious bodies, conservatively figured, during the past ecclesiastical year.

Since 1878, a solid stream of American citizens has been moving annually towards better and higher things. These citizens are the reported members of the churches and synagogues of the land. Many of them, of course, have faltered, and large numbers perhaps have perished along the way of faith. There have always been observers who have called attention to the weaklings and have scoffed and sneered at the whole procession. They have dwelt on the fact that there have been Judases and doubting Thomases and Pharisees and hypocrites under the flying banners.

Back in 1878, when the first issue of the *Christian Herald* appeared, there were many observers who predicted that the days of organized religion were about done. Materialism, industrialism (the first sharp labor conflict came in 1877) and political corruption seemed to threaten irresistibly the higher and better life for which organized religion in all its phases stood.

In 1878, there were approximately 17,000,000 members reported in churches

and synagogues. The tables herewith reveal that today at least 63,500,000 members are reported, these figures not taking into account some of the curious religious developments of today, such as Father Divine's Peace Mission, the Unity Movement, the Self Realization Fellowship, and the many varieties of so-called New Thought.

Statistics are of course—statistics. To some they are meaningless, to others irritating. Every interested person will translate them into meaning according to his own bent, preoccupation or prejudice. Mr. Babson, for example, was irritated a year ago by the tabulations which did not seem to support some of his impressions as Moderator of the Congregational and Christian Church, and publicly charged that the tables contained "millions of dead people." His meaning was, of course, that the reports of responsible church officials were thoroughly unreliable. The charge was very seriously considered by the Association of Statisticians of American Religious Bodies, checked with the

methods used in compiling figures, and declared to be without foundation.

There are many critics of church membership figures who set up their personal definitions of what constitutes membership. They are inclined to reject any totals as given in tabulations such as these, because Roman Catholic, Jewish, Christian Science and other church membership reports mean something quite different from their own. It must be remembered that these tabulations are not records of "saved" persons, or of "converted" persons, or of "saints." They are the statistical record of persons who have in practically every connexion, gone through some initiatory rite which has included a vow or a promise or a wish to lead a better life, and at least to strive for a faith in God under which character may be developed and bettered.

With this conception of the tables in mind, it is very difficult not to be profoundly impressed with the totals here presented. The number of people committed to a better life is very close to 50 per cent of the total population of the United States: the remaining 50 per cent includes the 24 million infants under ten who obviously should not be counted. There are about 87 million people over thirteen years of age. Of these, 52 million are reported to be members of organized religion. That is to say, about 60 per cent of our people, thirteen years of age and up, are reported to be in regular standing in membership in organized religious bodies.

Let us think about this extraordinary situation for a moment. There are 246,-

• THE CHART •

Year by year, as shown in the illustration, growth in church membership has outstripped that of population. As recently as 1880 only 19.9 per cent of our population belonged to any religious denomination. In 1937 the proportion had grown to 59 per cent

000 meeting places where these people gather from Sabbath to Sabbath, and where they can be stimulated to exert themselves for the good, the noble and the true. Some time ago the writer estimated that about twenty million people assembled in their places of worship on Saturday and Sunday in connection with their relationship in religion. This is an enormous potential asset to the nation. It may surprise some readers to know that this estimate was severely criticized by some eminent church statisticians as being an understatement. The Roman Catholic authority was especially critical because in his Body membership depends, he said, upon attendance.

The statistician can see nothing else but impressive power pictured by these figures. He knows very clearly that the figures do not represent wealth, social standing, political power or prestige. They represent only a trend toward higher and better things; in the case of some, explicit vows with disciplinary penalties for disobedience;

in others, only attitudes or aspirations.

But however these figures may be defined or interpreted in details, as a whole they are impressive indices of the presence in the American commonwealth of faith and hope and love.

The processional of the phalanxes of faith continues, it would seem, without interruption or dispersement. It has augmented, certainly, this past annual period. What is its future? Voices everywhere lament the supremacy of the material. Cannot the churches and synagogues bringing the spiritual into focus within their own walls of worship, bring, before the processional goes much further, the spiritual element of life into the national focus?

The persecutions, the paganisms and the avarices of great national groups beyond the seas require under the providence of God, that there shall be somewhere a revival of spirituality on the scale which is suggested by the tabulations herewith.

COMMENTS ON TABLE I

The table presents the latest reports from the religious bodies in the U. S. which report 50,000 members or more. The reports have been obtained from the officials concerned with the collection of statistics. They are as nearly authoritative as is possible in view of the peculiarities of organization which characterize some of these groups.

A number of larger bodies provide compilations infrequently or at long intervals, sometimes in ten, four, three or two-year periods. These bodies are starred in the table.

The third and fourth columns present memberships for last year and the current year as officially reported under the definitions of membership in use in the respective bodies. Some bodies report "baptized persons" which would include infants. Some have very strict definitions which in some cases greatly understate constituency. Some are forced to resort to estimates because no connexional machinery for reporting is available or permitted.

The fifth and sixth columns, therefore, "membership 13 years of age and over," are the more significant. They eliminate the infants' and children's element and give a fairer and comparable measure of size. The government census of 1926 established the percentage of under-thirteen membership for all of the larger bodies ranging from zero in the case of the Christian Scientists, to as high as 28.2 for the Roman Catholic, and 32.2 for the Christian Reformed.

The *Christian Herald* tabulations, until 1936, included all of the smaller bodies, about 175. The tables were very extensive and confusing. Research has shown that 97.5 per cent of the membership in organized religion is included in the 50 bodies reported in table I. In the 175 smaller bodies, only 1,333,007 are reported this year. For all statistical purposes the reports of the 50 larger bodies provide a fair and sufficient picture of organized religion in the United States.

It must be understood that some of these smaller bodies are just as important for various reasons (not statistical) as the larger bodies, but there are some which are simply schismatical groupings, protest centers or transitional interest groups.

As to the totals presented above, it may be said that they are understatements of statistical membership. If they are criticized for their impressive size (certainly a phenomenon in the world today) attention should be called to the fact that many of the figures are of previous reportings and do not exhibit the gains of recent years. More than this, it was discovered in 1926 when the last federal census was taken, that the church statisticians had not reported about 2,000,000 people. There is no substance to the charge that is frequently made that tabulations like the above greatly overestimate the statistical situation in organized religion.

Corrections in the reports of the last *Christian Herald* tables have been carefully made. The *Herald* has had most intent and helpful cooperation from the officials of all these religious bodies and gratefully acknowledges it.

TABLE I
MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS OF
RELIGIOUS BODIES IN THE UNITED STATES

Religious Body	Congregations	Clergy	Inclusive Membership as Reported		Comparable Membership (13 Years of Age and Over)	
			1936-7	1937-8	1936-7	1937-8
1. Southern Baptist	24,844	(21,689)	4,482,078	4,595,602	4,208,671	4,315,270
2. Methodist Episcopal	24,295	(15,293)	4,349,244	4,364,342	3,966,511	3,980,280
3. National Baptist (Col.)	24,000	(27,232)	3,746,590	3,796,645	3,428,130	3,473,930
4. Methodist Episcopal, South	16,320	(7,742)	2,787,217	2,822,516	2,463,900	2,495,100
5. Presbyterian, U. S. A.	8,700	(9,452)	1,912,584	1,903,747	1,836,084	1,827,597
6. Disciples	8,056	(7,236)	1,602,052	1,597,779	1,488,307	1,484,337
7. Northern Baptist	7,569	(7,970)	1,454,269	1,471,788	1,391,736	1,408,501
8. Protestant Episcopal	7,364	(5,923)	1,924,519	1,942,322	1,348,244c	1,361,167
9. United Lutheran	3,713	(3,344)	1,523,022	1,541,841	1,127,036	1,140,962
10. Synodical Lutheran Conf... ..	5,153	(4,438)	1,495,495	1,538,148	1,054,160	1,073,173
11. American Lutheran Conf... ..	6,001	(4,021)	1,441,615	1,441,348	1,024,858	1,024,774
12. Congregational & Christian	6,109	(5,847)	1,010,776	1,030,914	983,485	1,003,079
13. Evangelical and Reformed	2,915	(2,460)	849,205	833,790	642,149	651,467
14. African M. E.	7,115	(6,500)	650,000	650,000*	581,750	581,750*
15. Latter-Day Saints	1,519	(4,576)	678,203	690,401	521,538	578,267
16. African M. E. Zion	4,205	(4,803)	597,785	597,785*	520,671	520,671*
17. Presbyterian, U. S. (S.)	3,493	(2,463)	482,178	497,816	446,015	460,480
18. Churches of Christ	6,226	(2,507)	433,714	433,714*	433,714	433,714*
19. United Brethren	2,823	(1,706)	410,897	411,674	373,094	374,024
20. Colored M. E.	4,258	(3,490)	379,436	379,436*	340,354	340,354*
21. American Baptist Asso....	2,662	(1,734)	263,484c	263,484*	260,876	260,876*
22. Four-Square Gospel	367	(2,250)	257,635	257,635*	219,050	219,050*
23. Evangelical	1,890	(1,891)	223,183c	224,457	211,354c	212,560
24. Christian Scientist	2,130	(4,260)	202,098	202,098*	202,098	202,098*
25. Church of God in Christ... ..	1,200	(1,500)	200,470	200,470*	190,470	190,470*
26. Methodist Protestant	2,111	(1,116)	198,480	198,780	182,530	184,667
27. Assemblies of God	3,580	(3,388)	173,349	197,228	155,495	176,914
28. United Presbyterian	861	(894)	179,115	180,065	170,876	171,782
29. Reformed in America	724	(870)	159,560c	159,343	157,007c	156,794
30. Brethren (Conservative Dunkers)	1,025	(3,022)	161,503	164,784	151,005	154,073
31. Seventh-Day Adventists ...	2,362	(992)	152,961	156,205	148,831	151,987
32. Nazarene	2,341	(4,033)	133,516	140,291	127,054	132,996
33. Salvation Army	1,646	(4,419)	255,765	240,258	102,306	104,820
34. Primitive Baptist	2,700	(1,525)	103,125	103,125*	102,919	102,919*
35. Reorganized Latter-Day Saints	575	(2,185)	99,492	101,122	93,300	93,740
36. Christian Reformed	290	(270)	117,972	118,973	79,985	80,664
37. Church of God	1,351	(1,973)	82,893	82,990	79,329	79,416
38. Free Will Baptist	397	(412)	79,650	79,650*	78,227	78,227*
39. Friends	678	(1,048)	85,257	85,257*	71,190	71,190*
40. Cumberland Presbyterian... ..	1,096	(790)	70,215	70,539	66,353	66,452
41. Unitarian	353	(461)	63,545c	58,951	62,909c	58,361
42. Universalist	536	(522)	51,159	51,998	50,494	51,322
TOTAL PROTESTANT, ETC.	205,553	(188,247)	35,523,306	35,879,311	31,144,065	31,530,275
43. Roman Catholic	18,428	(32,668)	20,831,139	21,322,688	14,956,758	15,492,016
44. Polish National Catholic... ..	146	(138)	186,000	189,620	136,000	130,838
45. Greek Orthodox	260	(280)	289,000	305,000	279,000	290,000
46. Russian Orthodox	238	(283)	526,000	325,000	377,142	233,025
47. Syrian Orthodox	69	(65)	125,000	61,043	99,000	45,783
48. Serbian Orthodox	35	(32)	100,000	100,000*	75,000	75,000*
49. Armenian Apostolic	52	(29)	105,250	108,000	94,196	95,950
50. Jewish Congregations	4,150	(2,200)	4,081,242	4,081,242*	2,930,332	2,930,332*
THE MAJOR BODIES as above	228,931	(223,942)	61,306,937c	62,371,904	50,091,493c	50,823,219
OTHER MINOR BODIES.....	17,487	(22,498)	1,455,959	1,476,190	1,310,595	1,333,007
TOTAL REPORTED	246,418	(246,440)	63,221,996c	63,848,094	51,402,088c	52,156,226

(c: corrected; * last year's (or older) report)
Increase in "adult" membership (13 years of age and over)
754,138

TABLE No. II

SIXTY YEAR COMPARISON OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

1878 AND 1938

RELIGIOUS BODY	1878 Approximately	1938 Latest Reports
Baptist, Regular; North	608,556	1,471,788
South	1,026,413	4,595,602
Colored	661,358	3,796,645
Others; Free-will	78,012	79,650
Other Free-will	25,000	
Anti-mission	40,000	103,125
Seventh-day	8,539	6,793
Seventh-day (German)	3,000	500
Six-Principle	2,000	800
Total All Baptists	2,452,878	10,332,005
Congregational (Orthodox)	384,332	1,030,914
Disciples	591,821	1,597,779
Dunkers	60,000	192,588
Episcopal, Protestant	338,333	1,942,322
Reformed	9,448	8,900
Evangelical Association	112,197	234,257
Friends, Evangelical, (est.)	60,000	105,917
Lutheran, General Council	184,974	
General Synod, S.	18,223	
Independent	69,353	
General Synod, N.	123,813	
Synodical Conference	554,505	
Total all Lutherans	950,868	4,589,660
Methodist Episcopal	1,755,018	4,364,342
South	832,189	2,822,516
African	387,566	650,000
African Zion	300,000	597,785
Colored	112,938	379,436
Methodist Congregational	13,750	15,428
Free	12,318	47,480
Primitive	3,369	12,081
Protestant	135,000	198,780
Reformed (est.)	3,000	400
Union American	2,250	20,101
Wesleyan	17,087	26,751
Total All Methodists	3,574,485	9,109,359
Mennonites (est.)	50,000	116,655
Moravian	9,491	43,361
Presbyterian, General Assembly	578,671	1,903,747
South	120,028	497,816
United	82,119	180,065
Cumberland	111,863	70,539
Synod, Reformed	10,473	6,430
General Synod, Reformed	6,800	1,943
Welsh Calvinistic	11,000	
Associate Synod of the South	6,686	21,585
Other Bodies (est.)	10,000	
Total Presbyterians	937,640	2,687,772
Reformed Church (late Dutch)	80,208	159,343
Reformed Church (late German)	155,857	469,205
Second Advent	70,000	42,592
Seventh-day	15,570	151,987
United Brethren	157,835	411,674
Church of God, Winebrenarian	30,000	29,000
German Evangelical Church Union, Bible Christians, Schwenkfelders, Bible Union, River Brethren, Little known, (est.)	25,000	
Aggregate "Evangelical"	10,065,963	35,879,311
Miscellaneous non-evangelical bodies (est.)	250,000	6,646,095
Roman Catholic Population	6,367,330	21,322,688
GRAND TOTALS	16,683,293	63,848,094
Population (census)	47,932,945	129,377,000

TABLE III

PERCENTAGES OF INCREASE

1878 TO 1938

SOME LARGER BODIES AND GROUPINGS

Episcopalians	474.
Colored Baptists	474.
Lutherans	382.6
Southern Baptists	347.8
Southern Methodists	239.1
Presbyterians, U.S.A.	228.9
Disciples	169.9
Congregationalists	168.2
Methodist Episcopal	148.6
Northern Baptists	141.8
All Baptists	321.2
All Presbyterians	256.4
All Methodists	154.
All Evangelical Bodies	256.4
Roman Catholics	234.8
All Bodies Reported	282.
Population (census)	169.9

AUTHENTIC STATISTICS

Dr. George Linn Kieffer, who formerly prepared the Christian Herald reports on Church Statistics, died April 25, 1937. Most of his material for the report of that year, however, was on hand, and Mrs. Kieffer was able to complete the report. As successor to Dr. Kieffer, we have been fortunate in securing Dr. Herman Carl Weber, of New York. Dr. Weber is editor of *The Year Book of American Churches*, and author of *Presbyterian Statistics Through One Hundred Years*. Statistics, therefore, are his field. We are sure our readers will appreciate the clarity of his report, and the skill with which he has made up the statistical tables.

Our readers may rely upon these *Christian Herald* reports. The figures are painstakingly gathered from official sources, are checked with the greatest care, and are the most reliable statistics obtainable.

—THE EDITOR.

COMMENTS ON TABLE II

The first column of table II is abstracted from Dr. Daniel Dorchester's *Problems of Religious Progress*, published in 1881. The appendix of this volume contains an extensive statistical exhibit from which the figures above are in part taken. The quaint designations are preserved.

The statistics were collected with great pains by Dr. Dorchester and are approximately for the period in which the *Christian Herald* was produced and its first number issued.

Contrasted with these 1878 figures are the reports as displayed in table I. Dr. Dorchester's figures were probably more approximate than the 1938 reports, so that the comparison of the two sets of figures must not be pressed too far.

If reasonable deductions need to be made, however, there is plenty of leeway and the final scale remains impressive.

As between the religious bodies it may be that the Episcopal figures in 1878 were of communicants while those of 1938 are of "baptized persons." It must be remembered that the Methodist Church furnished many members for the various Holiness groups which have been a phenomenon of the past half century.

WE CONGRATULATE Our "Old Time" Advertisers

There are today many fine old companies who, for many decades, have dealt so fairly and honestly with the public—that they are still counted among the great institutions of this country.

We should like to be able to name the scores of manufacturers who have, through the years, given splendid support to *CHRISTIAN HERALD* and are still advertising in other months of the year, but we have room to mention only those whose copy is carried in this Anniversary issue and who advertised more than twenty-five years ago.

The names of these companies are given below, together with the date of their first advertisement in *Christian Herald*:

Biglow-Main-Excell Co.	November	1891
Philo Burt Mfg. Co.	August	1909
David C. Cook Pub. Co.	June	1885
Ferry Seed Co.	January	1888
Gold Medal Flour	April	1903
H. J. Heinz	April	1904
Olson Rug Co.	April	1911
Pillsbury Flour	February	1905
Procter & Gamble	July	1891
R. C. A. Victor	December	1901
Royal Baking Powder	January	1886

We know that you will join with us in thanking the companies which have contributed so much to the charm of this 60th Anniversary issue by repeating in the following pages, their copy carried in the early issues of *Christian Herald*.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fennix and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—A Sermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by Clergymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes, etc.—Also, once a month, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Price, Single Copies, Four Cents.
Subscription, \$1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878.

12th Year. No. 1—New Series.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

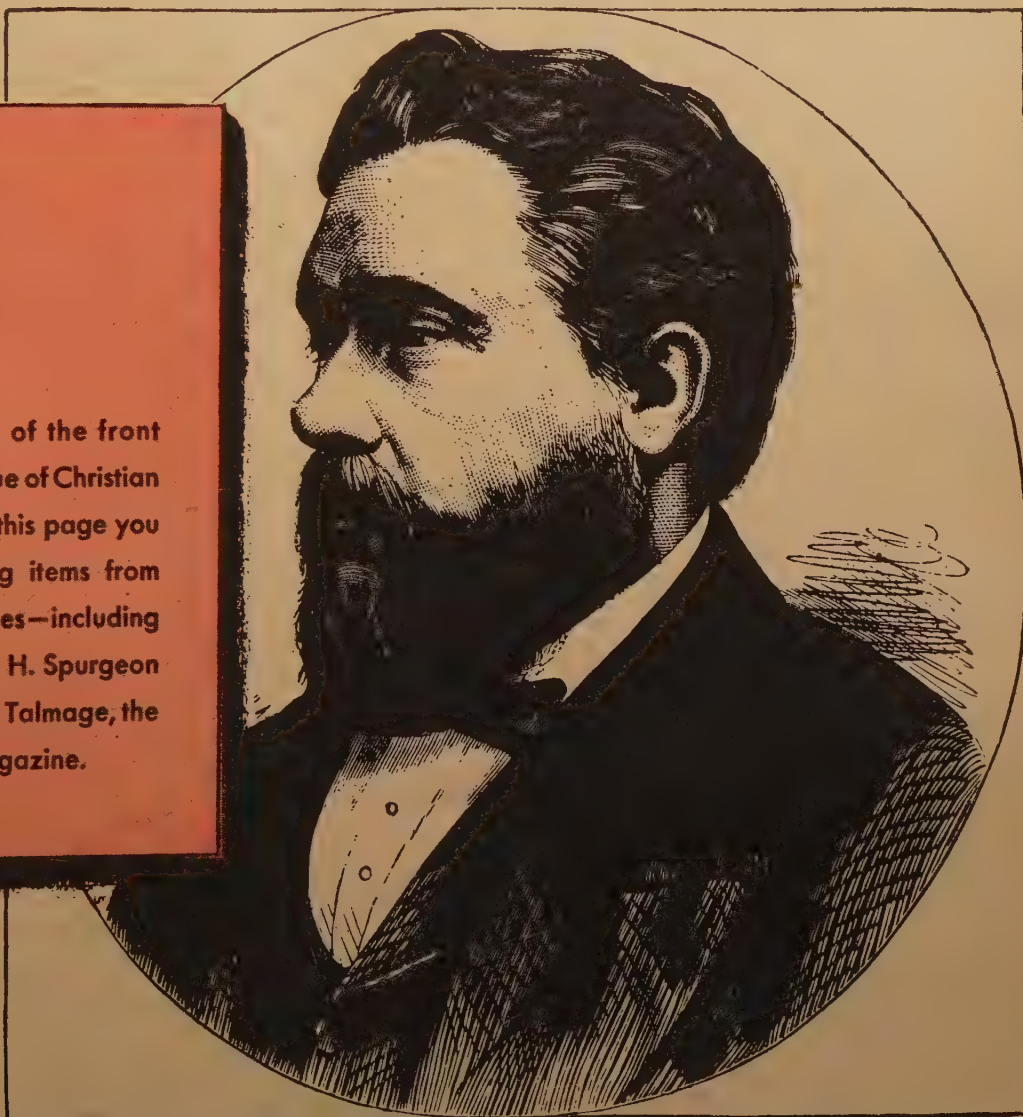
Portrait of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, and Sketch of his Life.
The Night Side of New York, a Discourse by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.
Prophetic Signs in the East, by Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Political Situation—Cipher Telegrams—England and Afghanistan—The Yellow Fever—A London Haunt of Vice—Curious Memento—Mr. Gladstone's Position.
The Prophetic Conference.
Take no Thought, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

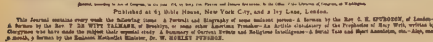
Brian Gallagher's Son and Daughter An Irish Story
A London Child's Conversion.
Sunday-school Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Incidents of the Princess Alice Disaster.
Evangelical Work at the Paris Exhibition.
The Rough Diamond, by Mrs. Rieg.

This
page

is a reproduction of the front cover of the first issue of Christian Herald. Following this page you will find interesting items from the first year's issues—including sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the founders of the magazine.



REV. C. H. SPURGEON, Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.



A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

1. This Precept forbids anxious Thought, but does not encourage Idleness or Prodigality—The Pious Monk—The White Ones—Slaves by Work and Worry—Mary at the Wedding Feast—Our Crosses—Avoid Hoarding. 2. This Precept commands Thought—Our Father's Banner—Christ's Forethought for His People—The Hen and Her Chickens—What we should Care for—Eruption of Vesuvius upon Pompeii, etc.

LOOK AT HIS LIFE

First, then, we have a precept forbidding thought: "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for after all these things do the Gentiles seek." How are we to understand this? Certainly not in the sense of the idler, who says, "God will provide, and therefore there is no need to labor. God's province is mine inheritance, and therefore I will fold my arms and sit still." The inheritance of the man who says this will be,

and ruin to his character. Holy Scripture says, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat;" and it would, perhaps, be the best way of treating some men if they were never allowed to eat except when they had earned—of course excusing those incapacitated by old age or sickness—work being the duty of all, and work being a benefit to all. You have, perhaps, heard of the very pious man who entered a monastery, that he might spend his life in devotion; and when the brethren went into the fields to

Neither did our Lord intend here prodigality, when He used the words, "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" That is too often what a young man does when

HE COMES INTO HIS ESTATE

What, then, did He mean by "Take no thought"? He meant, first, let no provision for your temporal wants be the great aim of life; for this is what the heathen Gentiles do. They live to eat, and drink, and clothe themselves. This is what the savage does. Give him food to eat, shelter from the storm, and a covering from the inclement weather, and he cares for nothing beyond. "After all these things do the heathen seek." But you are not to make this the end of life. You are made for something better. For this the ox may live, for this the ass may live and die, but not the Christian; it is utterly beneath the dignity of an immortal spirit to be living alone, or chiefly for the satisfying of their earthly appetites.

SLAVES BY WORK AND WORRY

The Christian should not be worried and wearied so as not to have time for devotion. God should not have the mere scraps, the odds and ends, the cheese-parings and candle-ends of life, as I have known to be

A PIG IN A STY,

When Mount Vesuvius began to pour its lava upon Pompeii, many of the people were in the theater enjoying themselves. I don't know what the play was, but this I know—there was not a man who saw the danger who did not run as hard as he could to the fields in order to make his escape. A few remained in their houses, and there they are to this day, just as the lava found them; and they have only lately been exhumed. Ah! if men were wise, the richest gains, and the choicest pleasures which have ever tempted the human mind would never rest till they had "escaped from the wrath to come." Oh! if you knew your danger, you would cry for mercy, and would not wait till you reach your chamber, but would fall now on your knees and ask, "Lord, what must I do to be saved?"

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Trust Him whose teaching I have tried to explain; trust Him who did more than teach, for He lived out his precepts; trust Him who did more than live, for He died; trust Him who did more than die, for He rose again.

The Lord bless you! Amen.

(NOTE—This sermon was printed in the first issue of The Christian Herald, October 24, 1878.)

NEWS ITEMS

Of Sixty Years Ago

POLITICS

The Presidential Campaign. Although outwardly there is a political calm, yet in the private gathering of our leading politicians there is quite a ferment. The Presidential campaign of 1880 at this early day is being mapped out. Already steps have been taken to secure the Southern delegations to the next National Republican Convention by the friends of the three prominent Republican candidates, General Grant, Senator Conkling, and Mr. Blaine. Notwithstanding many shrewd politicians deny the possibility of General Grant receiving the nomination, it is a fact that he is a great favorite with a large number of the party. At every convention during the fall campaign the mention of his name was greeted with most enthusiastic cheering. Many prominent leaders have declared him to be their first choice, and it may be confidently asserted that if Senator Conkling finds he cannot secure the nomination himself he will throw the whole weight of his influence for General Grant. Some of the leading Republicans do not hesitate to say that Mr. Blaine's day has passed, and that the nomination lies between General Grant and Senator Conkling. (James A. Garfield was later nominated and elected. Ed.)

A Belief was widely spread before the last election that England under Mr. Gladstone's government, was adverse to war, and would submit to any insult rather than draw the sword. That she would suffer ancient allies, and the newer friends to be attacked and overcome without rendering them any assistance. In short, that she would give herself over to the pursuit of money-making, and minding her own business. Englishmen deplored the loss of prestige incidental to a policy of this character, and at the election placed in power a party who promised "a spirited foreign policy." Now that it has become difficult for business men to live, and every class of trade is suffering, the people are said to be desirous of trying the effect of a change of ministry.

The Political Horizon is so overcast that any prediction as to the future of the two great leading parties, Republican and Democratic, would just now seem presumptuous. Party lines are broken with impunity, and thoughtful men on either side seem to be in a kind of incertitude—a half-expectant looking for of something better. It would not be very surprising if in the near future a general defection in both parties would result in the birth of a new organization. Something of the kind was shadowed forth in the opening days of the administration of President Hayes, but the little cloud failed to assume due proportions, and soon passed from view. Lately, the Greenback element seemed likely to obtain a very large following, but recent elections have demonstrated its inability to meet the present need.

"Kin Beyond the Sea" the able article by Mr. Gladstone in the *North American Review*, has brought a perfect torrent of abuse on his devoted head. Mr. Gladstone sees farther ahead than most of his contemporaries; he recognizes the manifest destiny of the United States, and he has had the moral courage to tell the English public some very unpalatable truths, and the English public, like an animal frequently mentioned in Scripture, has turned upon him to rend him. He compared the position and prospects of this country with those of England, not at all to the advantage

of the latter; and he has in consequence been accused of a want of patriotism, and of rejoicing in the prospect of England's decline and fall. . . . Time will show who is right, and John Bull will, in the meantime, be none the worse for hearing a little plain speaking on his position.

The Grandest Petition Ever Presented to a legislative body was laid before the Legislature of the State of Illinois on Wednesday, March 5th, (1879) by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was 1800 feet long and contained 107,000 names of which about 50,000 were the names of voters. Four hundred and thirty-seven towns were represented. The petition was for the enactment of a law by which the question of licensing liquor saloons in any precinct shall be determined by ballot, in which women of lawful age shall take part. It is claimed by the liquor interests that such a law can only be enacted as an amendment to the Constitution.

GENERAL NEWS

The Tide of Emigration is Flowing with increased force in a westerly direction. In a single day, last week, over 3,000 home-seekers passed through Kansas City, Missouri. And now, to a larger extent than heretofore, the better classes are moving. Fathers who have sons and daughters to provide with homes are selling out, and going with all their goods to plant themselves with their children around them, in the rich lands which are still available in the Southwest. It will not be long before the population will fill every available part of the West as full as Illinois now is. The agricultural resources of those vast states are not developed to one-fourth of their capacity. There is something sublime in their growth of the Western country under the industry and enterprise of our busy millions.

The Panama Canal Project, which has been debated in the Congress at Paris, has issued in the selection of the route known as the Wyse Route. The outlet is fifteen hundred miles farther, from the United States than the route advocated by the American representatives. It is known as the tide-level project, and according to it the canal will run from the Gulf of Limon to the Bay of Panama.

The Pope Has Bestowed His Blessing On M. de Lessep's Panama Canal scheme. He would have shown more prudence if he had withheld his blessing till he saw how it would go.

The natural obstacles to the scheme are thought by American engineers who know most about it to be almost insurmountable, and there are financial difficulties in the way.

The Yellow Fever, though somewhat abated in the larger cities, such as New Orleans, Memphis, and Vicksburg, still rages with great intensity, considering its duration—now about three months.

The deaths in New Orleans last week averaged nearly fifty a day. In Memphis the mortality last week reached a total of one hundred and fifty-seven, making the whole number of deaths in that city, since the commencement of the epidemic in August, close on to three thousand. In Vicksburg the abatement is most noticeable, the death-list for the week being but thirty-three.

The American Arctic Expedition which is expected to set sail in search of the North Pole this week is the subject of general interest at home and abroad. The expedition is a private enterprise, but by special acts of Congress the vessel (which

is named the *Jeannette*) is manned by officers of the United States Navy, and allowed all the rights and privileges of a government ship. Her course, too, will be different from that hitherto taken by any vessel designed for a voyage of scientific exploration. All other expeditions in search of the open Polar Sea have been by way of Baffin's Bay. The *Jeannette* will be the first vessel to pass Behring Strait on a purely explorative voyage toward the North Pole. There have been several previous voyages to the Arctic by this route, but the object in these instances was the discovery of Sir John Franklin and not the exploration of an unknown portion of the globe.

A Ship Canal for Florida is again under consideration, and this time with better prospects of realization. It is asserted that M. de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, is ready to undertake the work, providing the Federal Government will grant him a charter securing his rights in times of peace and of war.

The line of the canal is to run from a point on the St. John's River on the Atlantic side to a point on the Suwannee on the Gulf, and the intervening space to be dug out is said to be only sixty miles long. This is a shorter distance than the Suez Canal, which is eighty miles in length and the soil of Florida presents no difficulties in the way of construction. M. Lesseps will not ask pecuniary assistance from the Government, as he considers the canal will be a commercial success. The journey from New York to New Orleans by this route would be reduced to four days, and the most dangerous point in the passage would be avoided. It is believed that the work including the harbor accommodations might be concluded in three and a half years.

The Author of "Home Sweet Home," John Howard Payne, a genial-hearted, kind little man, was walking with a friend in the great city of London, and pointing to one of the aristocratic streets in Mayfair, where wealth and luxury had the windows closed and curtained lest the least warmth and light should go out, or the smallest air of cold winter come in, where isolated exclusive English comfort was guarded by a practical dragon of gold, he, this tiny man with a big heart, said: "under those windows I composed the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I wandered about without food, or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote those words that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home have I passed and repassed in this locality, and heard a sweet voice coming from within these gilded, fur-lined, comfortable walls in the depth of a dim, cold London winter warbling 'Home, Sweet Home,' while I, the author of them, knew no bed to call my own."

LABOR

Capital and Labor, which are really natural allies and efficient co-workers, but which, through a want of candor and sympathy, are often jealous and angry foes, are once more in conflict in New York. This time the dispute is between the horse-car drivers and their employers. Some soreness and irritability has been apparent for some time on the part of the drivers, owing to a proposed reduction in the rate of pay, which has averaged \$1.75 per day. Some wholesale dismissals of men who were recognized as the leaders of the discontent brought matters to a head. A committee of the drivers waited on the presidents of the tracks and demanded that the dismissed men be reinstated, and upon a refusal promptly

(Continued on page 38)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The First of a Series of Articles by Dr. Talmage on "Our American Cities," published January 5th, 1879.

"The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—ZECHARIAH 8:5.

Court Plaster will not Cure Moral Disease—The Only Certain Cure—The Influence of the Cities on the Provinces—God Gives Every City a Mission—The Capital of a Country is its heart—Washington a City of Palaces—The Morals of The City Worse While Congress is Sitting—The Lessons of the City—A Shameful Record—The Lost Chord—The World's Lost Chord Found in Christ.

EVERY city comes to be known for certain characteristics: Babylon for pride, Sparta for military prowess, Dresden for pictures, Rome for pontifical rule, Venice for architecture in ruins, Glasgow for shipbuilding, Edinburgh for learning, and London for being the mightiest metropolis of the world. Our American cities of course, are younger, and therefore their characteristics are not so easily defined; but I think I have struck the right word in designation of each.

Wrapped up and interlocked with the welfare and the very existence of this nation stands the City of Washington, on the Potomac—planted there by way of compromise. At the dining table of Alexander Hamilton it was decided that if the South would agree that the national government should assume the State debts, then the North would agree to have the capital on the Potomac instead of on the Delaware. So the capital went from Annapolis to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Trenton, and from Trenton to New York, and then passed from New York to the Potomac, where it will stay until within a century it shall be planted on the banks of the Mississippi, or the Missouri—just as soon as the nation shall find out from the law of national growth that it is better to have the hub of a wheel at the center rather than at the rim of the tire.

"Well," you say, "What's all that to me?" You have just as much to do with the city of Washington as your heart has to do with your body. Washington is the heart of the nation. If it sends out good blood, good national health. If it sends out bad blood, bad national sickness. It is to me one of the most fascinating cities in the world, and I believe, I shall show you before I get through that it has come to a higher condition of morality than it has ever before reached.

It is a city of palaces. He who has seen the Treasury buildings, and the National Post Office, and the Capitol, and the Departments of State, has seen the grandest triumphs of masonry, architecture, painting, and sculpture. I put the eight panels of the bronze door of the Capitol against the door of the Church of the Madeleine at Paris. You talk so much about the works of the old masters. Go to Washington and see the works of the new masters: Leutz's "Westward Ho," Brumidis' frescoes; Greenough's Washington, Crawford's statue of Freedom. I put the white marble mountain of magnificence in which our Congress assembles against the Tuileries and the Parliament Houses of London. It is a city laid out more grandly than any other city in the land, Mr. Ellicott, by astronomical observations, running the great boulevards from north to south, and from east to west. Every inch of its Pennsylvania Avenue is historical with the footsteps of Webster, and Clay and Jackson, and Calhoun, and Washington. Hundreds of thousands of people along those streets vocifer-

IN SIXTY YEARS

Washington has naturally undergone numerous changes. Its population has practically quadrupled for one thing, bringing it into the big city class; at the same time it has retained not a few of its small town ways. Dr. Talmage speaks of 2000 places where liquor could be secured. That is just about the number that exists today—which perhaps speaks for an improvement in conditions, considering the growth in population. However modern methods of advertising and purveying intoxicants seem to be vastly more alluring and seductive. Certain it is that young people in far greater numbers are acquiring the habit today than was the case half a century ago.

Gambling is probably more prevalent today. Through all classes of society the mania seems to have permeated. One hundred thousand dollars a day is the harvest the "Numbers Racketeers" are estimated to have been gathering through this popular form of trying to get something for nothing. When it is remembered that most of this huge intake is in nickels, dimes and quarters, the number of those who play the game may be realized. Laws have recently been passed by Congress to eliminate this evil in the District, but it still thrives.

The picture drawn by the distinguished New York preacher of Congressional misbehavior sixty years ago, certainly is not here today, except for an occasional playboy freak who finds his way into the halls of Congress and forthwith proceeds to disgrace his constituents and the nation with his antics. Members of the Senate and the House of Representatives today are an exceptionally well behaved set of men. It probably is still true that the presence of a woman exercises a wholesome moral influence. Possibly the higher moral level discernible in 1938 over 1888 is due to the fact that an ever-increasing number of the nations lawmakers are bringing their families to Washington and establishing homes during the Congressional season. Certain it is that no such disgraceful scenes as Dr. Talmage pictures are noticeable today. If the nations lawmakers are to be criticized on the basis of morals, it is not in the evil they do so much as the good they fail to do. If men in high position who are active participants in church work at home were to continue their religious interest when they came to Washington, it would gladden the heart of many a pastor. Outside of a small minority who are notable exceptions most of the members of the legislative branch of the government are notoriously neutral when it comes to church support.

Yes, Washington is bigger, wealthier, more beautiful, more cosmopolitan than when Dr. Talmage wrote. Vice still reigns, Sin in flagrant form is still rampant. More refined, less monstrous it may be, but it is still there. A few more gods erected in the market place, I dare say, and among the socially elite, but God's remnant is there and giving vivid evidence of its alertness.

WILLIAM SHATTUCK ABERNETHY, D.D.

ating at the inaugurations. Streets along which Charles Sumner moved out toward Mount Auburn, and Abraham Lincoln toward Springfield, the bells of the nation tolling at the obsequies, and the organs of the continent throbbing with the Dead March, City of huzza and requiem. City of patriotism and debauchery. City of national sacrifice and back pay. City of Senatorial dignity and corrupt lobby. City of Emancipation Proclamation and Credit Mobilier. City of the best men and the worst. City of Washington.

Now I have watched that city when Congress was in session, and when Congress was away. The morals of the city are fifty per cent better when Congress is away. Then, at that time, piety becomes more dominant. It is one of the woes of this country that so many national legislators leave their families at home. These distinguished men coming to Washington show the need of domestic supervision. A man entirely absent from elevated female society is naturally a bear. Men are better at home than they are away from home. It is said that some members of Congress, faithful to their religious duties during vacation, during term time give the vacation to their religion. There are iniquities in Washington, however, not associated with office—iniquities that stay all the year around. Plenty of drinking establishments, plenty of hells of infamy, and the police in their attempts to keep order do not get as much encouragement as they ought from the courts and church. On Christmas Day ten men in contest on Pennsylvania Avenue; one of them shot dead, another bruised and mangled; the culprits brought before the District Attorney and let go. The sins rampant in New York and Brooklyn rampant in Washington. Two thousand dramshops and grocery stores and apothecary shops where they sell strong drink—two thousand in Washington. Twelve thousand nine hundred and eighty-three arrests during last year. Over four thousand people in that city who can neither read nor write. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars of stolen property captured by the police last year. All this is suggestive to every intelligent mind. Washington wants more police. The beat of each policeman in Washington and Georgetown is on an average ten miles. Only nine mounted police in that vast city, which has rushed up in population and more than doubled in nine years—rushing up from 61,000 to 131,000. But oh! what.

AN IMPROVEMENT

since the day when the most flourishing liquor establishments were under the National Capitol and Congressmen and Senators went there to get inspiration before they made their speeches, and went there to get recuperation afterward. During the war (Civil War) there were one hundred gambling houses in the city of Washington; there were over five hundred professional gamblers there. One gambling house boasted that in one year it had cleared over half a million of dollars. During one session of Congress the keeper of a gambling house went to the Sergeant at Arms at the Capitol and presented an order for the greater part of the salary of many of the members, who had lost so heavily at the faro table that they had thus to mortgage their salaries.

If now, when there are about twenty gambling houses remaining in the city of Washington, you should go, you would find in those places clerks of departments, bookkeepers, confidential and private secretaries; and if you should go to some of the more expensive establishments, near Pennsylvania Avenue and Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, you would find in those gambling houses members of Congress, officers of the army, gentlemen distinguished

(Continued on page 36)

**SUCH WAS THE REPUTATION OF
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR IN 1904!**

Today GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, tested in kitchens like your own, brings added assurance of baking success and service.

General Mills, Inc. extends its very best anniversary wishes to a co-worker, the Christian Herald, who has also spent many years in that most pleasant job—serving the American Homemaker.

Baking day trials
turn to pleasure



When GOLD MEDAL fills the measure—a superior quality of baking and a greater quantity is always the result. GOLD MEDAL is made of the finest selected wheat, so milled that all the rich gluten is retained, giving whatever is baked from it a satisfying nourishing flavor unknown to improperly milled flour.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

(Continued from page 34)

all the land over. It seems to me that the reporters of Washington are not as wide-awake as our New York reporters, or they would give to the different states of the Union the names of the places where some of their great representatives in Congress are accustomed to spend their evenings.

But what a vast improvement in the morals of the city! Dueling abolished. No more clubbing of Senators for opposite opinion. Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, no more brandishes a weapon over the head of Barksdale of Mississippi. Grow and Heit no more take each other by the throat. Griswold no more pounds Lyon, Lyon snatching the tongs and striking back until the two members in a scuffle roll on the floor of the great American Congress. Oh! There has been a vast improvement.

It is not a matter of great congratulation that there are today more thoroughly Christian men at the heads of departments of State in Washington than at any time since the foundation of the Government; and that the queen of American society, (Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes) by her simplicity of wardrobe in the White House, has put condemnation upon that extravagance of wardrobe which well-nigh shipwrecked some other administrations, and by the banishment of the wine-cup from state dinners has shown to people in this country in high position that people may be jolly and yet be sober? Whatever may be your opinion in regard to the politics of the Presidential mansion—and I know there is a great difference of opinion among you—I have to tell you that there has never been a purer White House, less rum and tobacco, more Methodist hymn books, or a higher style of personal morality, than today.

I came back from my observations of the city of Washington impressed with two or three things.

First, while I would not have the question of a man's being a Christian or not a Christian brought into the political contest, I do demand that every man sent to Washington, or to any other place of authority, be a man of good morals. Will you send a blasphemer, as you have sometimes? Blasphemy is an indictable offense against the State. Will you send to Washington a man to make laws who breaks laws? Will you send an atheist? How can he swear to support the Constitution of the United States when there is no solemnity in an oath if there be no God? Will you send a man who indulges in games of chance, whether the amount be—\$500 or five cents? No. Gambling is denounced by the statutes of every state. Will you send a libertine? Then you insult every family in the United States?

Before you send a man to your City Hall, or your State Legislature, or to your national council, go through him with a lighted candle, and find if he swears, if he lies, if he cheats, if he dishonors the family relation, if he keeps bad company. If he does, let him stay at home. Scratch his name off your ticket with the blackest ink, and put on a blot after. How dare you send such a man to a Congress where John Quincy Adams died, or to a Senate Chamber where Theodore Frelinghuysen sat, his face illumined with charity and heaven? No religious test, but a moral test is demanded for every ballot-box in the city, State, and national elections.

Years ago some men were sent to Congress—and I am sorry to say there are some of them left—who were walking Charnelhouses. Nothing but a grave-digger's spade could free the world from their corruption. Some of them died of delirium tremens, in a brothel. After they had been dead a little while, some member, for the purpose of giving a stone-cutter a lucra-

tive job, moved that a large sum of city, State, or national funds be appropriated for building a monument. Now I have no objections to such

A MONUMENT

to such a man if you put on it the right kind of epitaph and uncover it in the right way. Let the uncovering of that monument be when an August thunderstorm is approaching. Let the blocks of marble of that monument be cut in the shape of the ivory "chips" in which the deceased patriot used to gamble. On the four corners of the pedestal of the monument cut in marble, let there be wine cup, flask, decanter, demijohn and gather around for the dedication of this monument the fragments of families whom he despoiled, and let them come, and on each block of marble let them drop a bitter tear; and then when the blackest fold of that August thunderstorm has wrapped the top of the monument in darkness, and when some man high in church or State, recreant to the truth, stands there delivering the eulogium, let the black cloud open and a blot strike into dust the monumental infamy with a thunder which shall make all our American capitals quake with the reverberation, "*The Name of the Wicked Shall Rot.*"

Again: I came back from Washington with the impression that *We Need a Great National Religion*. I do not mean a religion controlled by State officials, but I mean a religion dictated by a nation gospelized. I mean a religion mighty enough to control the morals of a nation. Old politicians will not be reformed. The undertakers must hurry up the funerals in these cases of political mortification. They will never be any better, those men. But gospelize the voters and then you will have gospelized officers of government. The pivot on which this nation turns is the ballot box. Set that pivot on the Rock of Ages. There is only one Being who can save this nation, and that is God. We talk a great deal about putting the name of God more thoroughly into the Constitution of the United States. Ah, my friends! it is not God in the Constitution that we want; it is God in the hearts of the people. That test is going to come, if not in our time, then in the time of our children.

There has been a good deal of discussion of late as to whether the battle of Lookout Mountain was really fought above the clouds. General Grant says no. General Hooker says yes. We will not go into that discussion; but I tell you that every battle in this country for ninety-eight years has been fought above the clouds, God and angels on our side. First came the war of the American Revolution. That was the birth-throe that ushered this nation into life. Then came the war of 1812. That was the infantile disease through which every child must go. Then came the war of 1861. That was the great typhoid which was to revolutionize the national system and when, last Wednesday, this nation resumed specie payments, that was the settlement of the doctor's bill! Now let the nation march on in its grand career.

Lord God of Joshua, bring down the walls of opposition to this nation, at the blast of the Gospel trumpet. Lord God of Daniel, move around about us amid the leonine despotisms that growl for our destruction. Lord God of our fathers, make us worthy descendants of a brave ancestry. Lord God of our children, bring forth from the cradles of the rising generation a race to do better than we, when our hands and voices are still. Then let all the rivers of this land flowing into the gulf, or into the Atlantic and Pacific seas, be rivers of salvation, and all the mountains Olivets of truth and Pisgahs of prospect, and the

mists rising from the lakes will be the incense of holy praise, and our cities will be so thoroughly evangelized that boys and girls, according to the teaching of my text, will be found playing in the streets thereof.

WHERE ARE THEY?

I learn once more, from my observation in the city of Washington, that worldly greatness is a very transitory and unsatisfactory thing. Great men, I noticed in Washington, are great only a little while. The majority of those men whom you saw there ten or fifteen years ago are either in the grave or in political disgrace. How rapidly the wheel turns!

What is political honor in this country? as far as I can judge, it is the privilege of being away from home amid temptations that have slain the mightiest, bored to death by office seekers assaulted of meanest acrimony, and kicked into obscurity, with your health gone when your time is out.

One of the Senators of the United States dying in Flatbush Hospital, idiotic from his dissipations. One member of Congress I saw, years ago, seated drunk on the curbstone in Philadelphia his wife trying to coax him home. A Congressman from New York, years ago, on a cold day, picked out of the Potomac, into which he had dropped through his intoxication, the only time when he ever came so near losing his life by too much cold water. Delaware had a Senator whose chief characteristic was that he was always drunk. Illinois had a Senator celebrated in the same direction. Oh! my friends—and I say this especially to the young men—there are so many temptations coming around all political honors, that before you seek them you had better see whether your morals are incorruptible. Oh young men! look not for the honors of this world; look only for the honors that come from God. They never intoxicate. They never destroy. Crowns, thrones, scepters, dominions—will you have them?

Did you ever hear Florence Rice Knox sing

"THE LOST CHORD?"

That song is founded on this beautiful idea. Some one sat at a piano or organ in reverie, fingers wandering among the keys, when she touched a chord of infinite sweetness that set all her soul vibrating with comfort and with joy. But she kept that lost chord of music only a moment. While she played she lost it, and for years she sought for that lost chord of music, but found it not. But one day bethought herself in a better country—in heaven; among the minstrelsy of the saved she would get again the lost chord. If you have heard Florence Rice Knox sing "The Lost Chord," piano on one side, organ on the other side accompanying, then you have heard something most memorable.

Our first parents in Paradise had happiness for a little while, and then missed it. Men have gone searching it through fame and applause and riches and emolument, but found it not. In all the ages it has eluded their grasp. It is the lost chord. Blessed be God, in Christ our peace we find again that which we could find nowhere else. He is the Lost Chord found. The symphony begins here amid our sorrows, which we must have comforted, and our sins, which we must leave slain; but it will come to its mightiest music in the day when the baton of the eternal orchestra shall begin to swing, and we shall, like St. John in apocalyptic vision, hear the harpers harping with their harps. That will be the Lost Chord found.

(Delivered by Dr. Talmage in Brooklyn Tabernacle, and printed in The Christian Herald, January 9, 1879.)

Always Building Character

40 Years Ago-And Today

OPPPOSITE is shown reduced facsimile of an advertisement of **YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY** which appeared in *The Christian Herald* just forty years ago this month. Much progress has been made since then. The "Weekly" has grown to a sixteen page publication (magazine size), and other papers have been issued, one for each of the younger age groups in the school.

*These papers stand solidly for the Bible.
They apply Christian principles to
everyday living. They point the way to
Christian idealism and achievement.*

*They have instant appeal!
They are stimulating!
They are challenging!*

They are truly

Christian Character Building Story

Papers That are HIGHEST in Quality, LOWEST in Price

They Build Up Sunday-school Attendance
They Encourage Sunday-school Loyalty
They Develop Christian Leadership

**TRY THEM IN YOUR SCHOOL at our
special GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER**

Regular Prices

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY for those 18 to 22

Sixteen pages of stories, features, help on life problems, hobby and class activity suggestions. (Club rate, 17c per quarter.)

THE BOYS' WORLD **THE GIRLS' COMPANION**

Eight-page papers issued weekly for teen-age boys and girls. The best in stories; inspirational articles; information about athletics, hobbies, entertainment. (Club rate for each paper, 12c per quarter.)

WHAT TO DO for children 9 to 12

Each week it answers in a Christian way the demands of boys and girls for interesting activities, good reading, and knowledge of the world around them. (Club rates, 12c per quarter.)

DEW DROPS — LITTLE LEARNER'S

Each published weekly for tiny tots, 6 to 8, and 3 to 5. Charming stories, simple activities, all with an eye to forming the best of character habits. (Club rates per quarter: Dew Drops, 6½c; Little Learner's, 3c.)

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO.

Since 1875—"The House That Serves"

23-MP LINCOLN STREET

ELGIN, ILLINOIS



**Mail Coupon
for FREE
Sample Copies**

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING COMPANY
23-MP Lincoln Street, Elgin, Illinois

Please send details of Get-acquainted Offer and Samples of Story Papers checked.

☐ THE GIRLS' COMPANION ☐ YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY
☐ THE BOYS' WORLD ☐ DEW DROPS
☐ WHAT TO DO ☐ LITTLE LEARNER'S

Name

Address

City State

..... Sunday School

(Continued from page 33)

"went on strike." Much delay and inconvenience were caused by the absence of the familiar vehicles on Monday morning. But after a short delay some cars were got on the track, driven by new men, or men who had taken what is known as the "Iron-Clad Oath" to abstain from trades unions, and not to participate in a strike. At one time rioting was apprehended, and it was deemed advisable to protect the cars, front and rear, by police. A few heavy impediments were laid across the rails at unfrequented places, but no other disorderly demonstrations were made.

RELIGION ABROAD

The German Emperor's Religious Views. At the commemoration festival of a religious society connected with the Cathedral in Berlin, the Emperor, (William I—grandfather of the Kaiser) after the service and ceremony were over, spoke to the following effect: "If there is anything capable of acting as a stay to us in the life and turmoil of the present time it is the support alone to be found in Jesus Christ. Let not yourselves, therefore, be misled, gentlemen, by the tendencies prevailing in the world, especially in our days, and do not join the great multitude who either entirely leave the Bible out of account as the only source of truth, or falsely interpret it. The ground and rock to which I and all of us must cling is the unadulterated faith as taught us by the Bible. There are many who do not pursue the same path; every one does as best he can, according to his knowledge and his conscience, shaping in conformity therewith all his acts and all his ways. I esteem, honor, and tolerate them; each one can act as his conscience dictates, but all must, nevertheless, build on the ground alone of the Bible and the Gospel."

Prince Bismarck's Religion. From Dr. Busch's book on Prince Bismarck, just published, we learn some interesting particulars of the great statesman's religious opinions. He has expressed himself as follows: "But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity; but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of Christianity, you would not have lived to see the sort of chancellor I am. Take away my faith, and you destroy my patriotism." Nay, the only thing, as he affirms, that keeps him at his post is the fact that there is no Christian to take his place as chancellor. "Find me a successor who is as firm a Christian believer as myself, and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans."

Religious Liberty in Siam. The King of Siam has proclaimed religious liberty in his dominions. This proclamation is described as all that one could wish. No obstacle to the profession or propagation of Christianity is to be tolerated. No similar proclamation in modern times, it is said, has been more complete, and in no country is there a more open door for the truth than in Siam. This is the first instance of a heathen nation proclaiming religious liberty.

The Salvation Army. A band of evangelists in England bearing the above remarkable name have been for sometime past doing a great work in London and the provincial towns of England. They are uneducated men, and their modes of expression, their hymns and the placards announcing their meetings, have excited derision among the more refined classes of English society. Even Christian people have in some cases condemned their mode of procedure.

Russians and the Bible. There is no country in the world where the people are so ready to receive the Word of God as in Russia. In the provinces, if a pedler goes to sell books, those which are not religious are not often bought, whereas any things of a religious character is greatly valued. Last winter in St. Petersburg a boy heard a New Testament read by an istvostchik who had just received it. When the istvostchik went to bed, the boy began to read it at ten at night, and read on without stopping till eight the next morning. If you give your sledgedriver a few tracts he is as grateful as if you gave him extra fare, and often if he meets you again he will tell you that he has sent them to his family in the country.

SOCIALISM

"The Infidel Attack on property" is the designation under which Mr. Joseph Cook discoursed on Socialism recently to a large audience in New York. Socialism must be tracked back to its lair in Europe, if we wished to see its legitimate manifestations. Communism is nothing but a development of Socialism, and what that is may be seen in Paris, where the Tuileries lies in ruins; in Berlin, and St. Petersburg, whose streets echo with the shots of the assassin. Fichte, he said, was the apostle of the diabolical creed; and Fichte has said, "The right to labor is property; if society cannot guard that right, then all who are injured by its weakness must make reprisals, and theft becomes a duty." Already New York contains an organized Commune led by Frenchmen stained with an Archbishop's blood and Germans holding pernicious doctrines, ready to cry "bread or lead"—only another form of the alternative offered by the highwaymen of by-gone days, "Your money or your life." There are leagues whose members dub themselves "knights of labor;" societies of Socialists, political liberals, and labor reformers. And these are all explosive elements.

Those men who plot against the stability of American society should be warned in time lest they deceive themselves. Our land is held from sea to sea by hardy agriculturists, who, if the need arose, would drive back Socialism at the cannon's mouth. American history has never yet seen a day so red with blood as that day will be on which spoliation is attempted. Property has

already caught the alarm, and has commenced to arm. The United States will be the battlefield for the world, on which the struggle between Communism and society will be fought out, and New York will be the battle-field of the United States. On all sides are heard the rumblings of the coming storm. May God save us from the maelstrom!

The German Anti-Socialist Law is being put in force with extreme severity. Since its promulgation, 102 societies, 28 newspapers, and 88 books and pamphlets have been prohibited. In Northern Germany there is but one journal Socialist proclivities left, in Central and Southern Germany there still remain eleven. All these have changed their names since the new law, and try to conceal their bias as much as possible.

The German Government have also issued an order that persons from whom danger to public safety is apprehended may be refused the right to reside in the city of Berlin and other German towns. The carrying of all kinds of arms, as well as the possession of them, and the sale of explosive projectiles, is also prohibited. A volcanic explosion of revolutionism cannot, however, be long averted.

Socialism. The German Government is determined in its opposition to Socialism. Active measures have been commenced for the purification of their country from this insidious evil. They have begun the enforcement of the new laws against it by banishing all the leading Socialists from Berlin, and by suppressing every newspaper of Socialistic views or tendencies. The consequences will be a greatly increased immigration of that class to this country, and a further degradation of public sentiment by the admixture. In Europe the great object of Socialistic attack is the monarchy; in this country its efforts are directed against the rights of property in any and all its vested forms, against a strong government in any shape, and against those customs and habits of society that have conducted to the growth of civilization. Their actions are calculated (whatever their designs may be) to reduce the upper classes to the level of the lower, not to assist the lower classes to rise to a higher level.


JEWISH QUESTION

Roumania was given independence and a Prince, principally because she could not enjoy religious liberty under the Sultan of Turkey. It is significant that one of the first uses she makes of her independence is to commence a persecuting crusade against the Jews. The Prince and the Cabinet have protested against the persecution as being opposed to the spirit of the treaty by which Roumania enjoys independence. The Cabinet has resigned and the Great Powers have sent a remonstrance to the Chambers, but at present the latter stand firm in their resolution to expel the hated race.

Palestine Mortgaged to the Jews. The South German *Evangelische-Protestantische Wochenblatt* states that the Holy Land has fallen out of the hands of the Turk into the hands of the Jew. It says that the great banking house of the Rothschilds has lent Turkey the sum of two thousand million francs, and has received in return a deed of mortgage upon the entire land of Palestine. It observes further that, as it is quite impossible for a bankrupt and declining state like Turkey to pay back the money, the Israelites may now count upon their return to the land of promise as a clear certainty.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE

FERRY'S SEEDS



Their Seeds are popular because they are good.

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the **LARGEST SEEDSMEN** in the world.

D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Bur- igitto & Freed **SEED ANNUAL** For 1887 will be mailed **FREE** to all applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. Invaluable to all. Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address **D. M. FERRY & CO.** Detroit, Mich.

FOR 31 YEARS before this ad was published in 1887, D. M. Ferry's insistence on highest quality was winning ever-increasing popularity for Ferry's Seeds. The number of users has grown steadily from the 6,000,000 in 1887. D. M. Ferry & Co. and C. C. Morse & Co. consolidated in 1930. The Ferry-Morse Seed Co., adhering to the same high standards of quality, has become the world's largest producer and distributor of garden seed.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Prophecy for 1879
(Made in Jan. 1879)

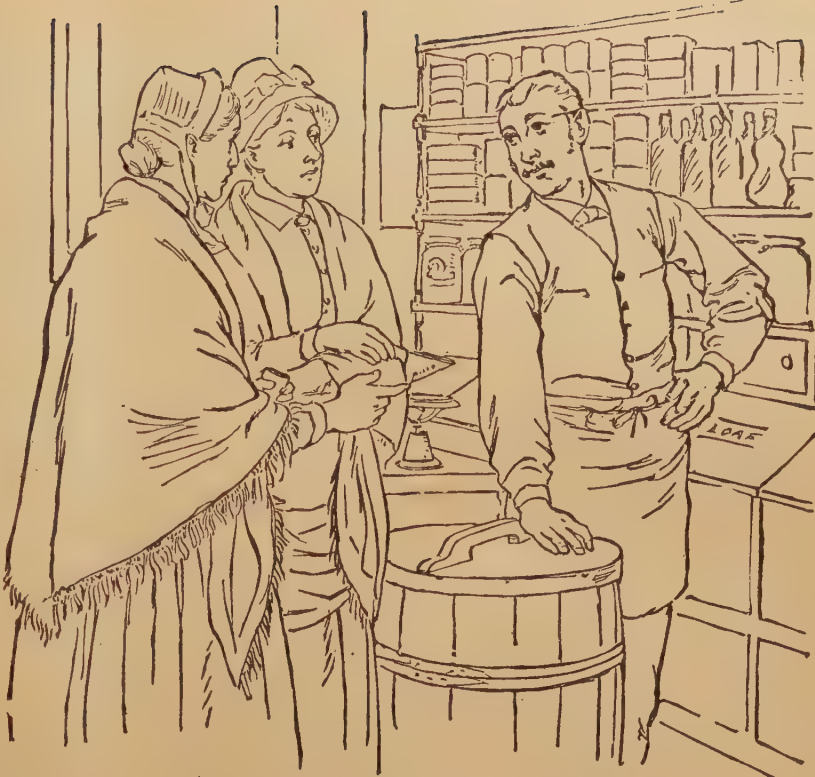
1. The restoration of the Jews as a nation to Palestine.
2. A state of general anarchy, characterized by excesses such as would not be believed possible amid modern civilization, and described by our Lord as a "great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world, no, nor ever shall be." (Matthew 24:21.)
3. The supremacy of a despot called "the Antichrist," whose severity will be more atrocious, and his ungodliness more blasphemous, than those of the worst tyrant of ancient times.
4. A persecution of religion so extreme, that the Christian Church will appear for three and a half years to be almost extirpated from the face of the earth.

A Grand Dog Show has been opened at Gilmore's Garden New York City, where a variety of strange and valuable dogs are exhibited. It is right that whatever is of value should be cared for, but the care may be overdone. We read that the animals arrived in carriages driven by liveried coachmen, in express wagons from the railway stations, and on foot from all parts of the city. Many of the exhibitors were ladies, who came to see what accommodations had been provided for their pets. The management thought straw was sufficient luxury for any dog, but many of the owners immediately ordered that this should be taken away, and the rough boards covered with the softest lamb's wool. The box intended for four days' occupation by St. Laurent, a black and tan setter valued at \$200, was made gorgeous in maroon cloth, while glass and wire cages were provided for some still more delicate specimens.

Light the Candles. The 19th of May, 1780, was remarkably dark in Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses, the birds were silent and domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed by the idea that the day of judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the Legislature, at that time sitting at Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned; the Council proposed to follow the example. Colonel Davenport objected. "The day of judgment," he said, "is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought." This is the attitude in which Christ warned His disciples to be found. "Watch, therefore, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

A Sunday School Cut Out of the Earth. An invitation to preach was recently sent from Nebraska to a missionary, who sends the following account of the congregation and the room in which they meet: "After a long search along the bluffs, I found the school-house, a hole in the hill-side with a roof of poles supporting brush and covered with prairie sod. A good congregation was waiting, and I was told that a large part of them had never been in a meeting before. The room had no floor but earth, and as the walls and roof were earth, I thought truly we are of the earth, earthy. The only lamp had no chimney, and the smoky room was emblematical of their moral darkness. The settlement is eight years old, composed largely of Catholics and infidels. A Catholic mother said, 'I wish we had a Catholic meeting; but as we have not, I will go to the Sunday school with my children.'"

(Continued on page 53)



Ivory is essentially the soap for the poor and those who must closely practise economy. It lasts nearly twice as long, and there is more *true soap* for the money than in any other kind. Cheap soaps are notoriously expensive, as they always contain "cheapeners," or "makeweights," which have no value.

COPYRIGHT 1890, BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.
Above is reproduction of advertisement appearing in Christian Herald in 1891.

Leaders **THEN** and Now!

31 FOR CHRISTMAS TIME. 1891

anta's Surprise, Dr. W. H. DOANE's Cantata for Merry Songs, Appreciative Recitations, Enjoyable Dialogues, easily rendered by children. Price 30, by mail.

The Lord's Anointed, Dr. ROBERT LOWRY's New Service (No. 14) will be found in the front rank. The new songs, as well as the introduction of familiar hymns in which all can join, make it a very excellent and desirable Christmas Exchange. Price 30, by mail.

The Gospel Hymns No. 6

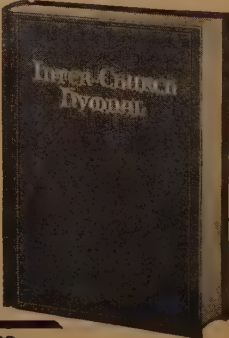
By SANKEY, McGRANAHAN and STERBINS, 231 Hymns. \$30 per 100 Copies. Add 6 cts per copy if ordered by mail.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., 81 Randolph St., Chicago. 76 E. 9th St. New York.

Established in 1867, this firm has published world famous song books and hymnals. Latest of a distinguished line is the INTER-CHURCH HYMNAL acclaimed for its spiritual power by the churches of every denomination.

Hymns That People Love

The INTER-CHURCH HYMNAL contains only hymns and tunes that people sing and love. 10,000 churches and 650 organists cooperated in choosing its numbers. Contains the great hymns of the church gleaned from the worship and praise of 20 centuries. Abundant "Aids-to-Worship" section of 96 pages—a golden treasury of public and private devotion. Bound with lacquered covers for long wear. Tinted edges, clear printing, price only \$75.00 per 100 not prepaid.



**INTER-CHURCH
Hymnal**
meets every church need
of praise and worship

For Church School and Junior Church

AMERICAN CHURCH AND CHURCH SCHOOL HYMNAL. 377 musical Nos. Acclaimed by pastors and superintendents. Holds the interest of adolescents. Orchestrated. Price only \$55 per 100, not prepaid.

AMERICAN JUNIOR CHURCH SCHOOL HYMNAL. 226 musical Nos. Strong in teaching material. Popular and widely used. Price only \$40 per 100, not prepaid.

Mail Coupon Today

Send for returnable samples of these leaders in religious music. Here are hymnals that set new standards. See them before you buy.

Biglow-Main-Excell Co.

5711-PC West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

BIGLOW-MAIN-EXCELL CO.
5711-PC West Lake St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send returnable inspection copies as checked:
☐ Inter-Church Hymnal
☐ American Church and Church School Hymnal
☐ American Junior Church School Hymnal

Name.....
Your Official Church Position.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Church & Denom..... Membership.....

Unity—Complete union of all Christian Denominations into one will give strength to the Church of the future and make its influence the greatest in history

By

CHARLES M.
SHELDON

IN THE year 1878, I cast my first vote as a citizen of the United States. In 1884, I cast my vote for President for John P. St. John of Kansas, nominee of the Prohibition Party. I was told that I was throwing my vote away, but since that time a good many votes for President have been cast and I am not the only citizen who has thrown his vote away in the different elections for President.

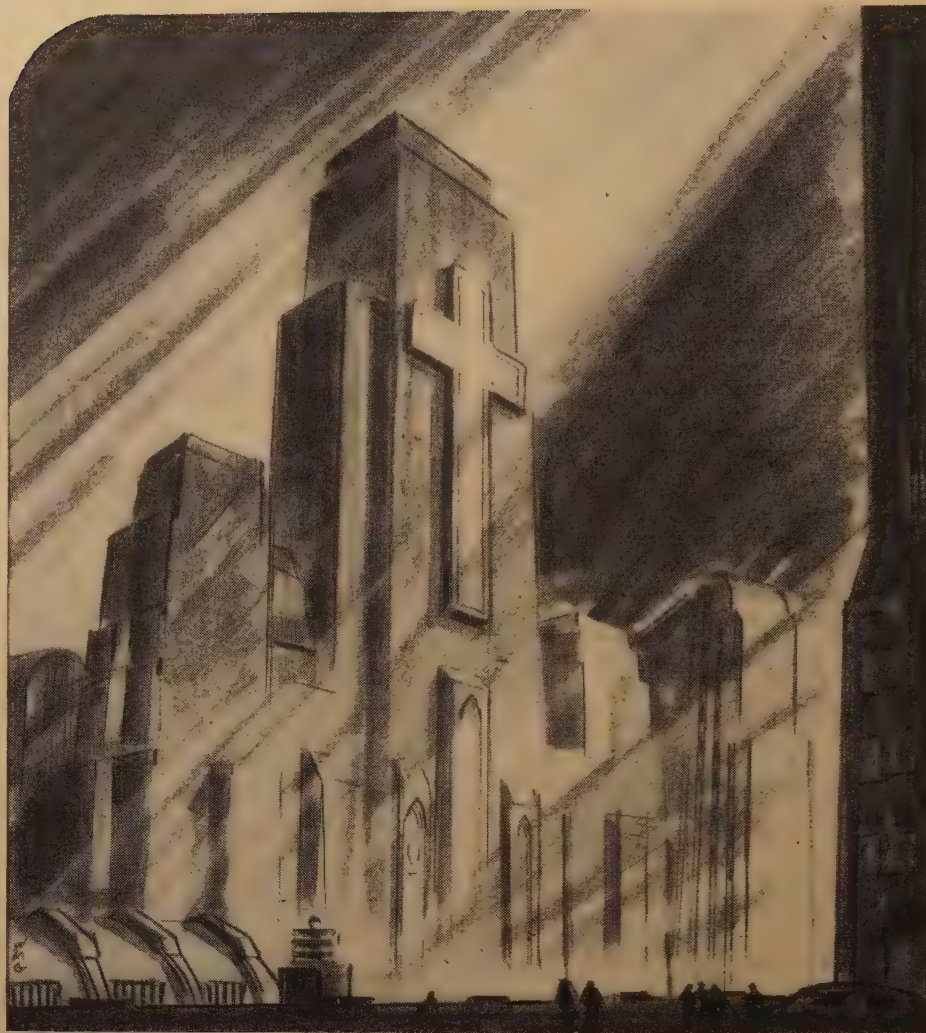
A good many automobiles have gone down the pike since I cast that vote for St. John (and by the way, I have never regarded the vote as thrown away, because I have been brought up to believe that votes cast for a principle are never thrown away). But on the day my vote was cast there were no automobiles, no radio, no airplanes, no bridge parties, no movies, no slot machines, no picture magazines, (at least none like those that disgrace the newsstands of today); there were no young people's societies like the Christian Endeavor and others, there were only a few peace societies compared with over forty now organized. Kings and Emperors and Czars were on thrones and there were no "Columnists" or pages of "Comics" (so called), in the daily papers, and no Sunday Supplements to keep the regular faithful at home Sunday morning.

What is the record of what we call "Christianity" during the last sixty years? And what impress has it made on the world for its happiness and its general welfare? That is a large question and can be answered only in part and by comparison with a good many sixty years past.

What do we understand by the term "Christianity"?

What can we understand except the practical acceptance of the Life and teaching of Jesus Christ and putting them to work in every part of human activity? And yet after all these centuries a large part of the human race is still at war, it is still engaged in hate instead of love, and does not have sense enough to apply the one remedy for all its economic and political ills that Christianity stands for.

So when we ask what has Christianity for its record in the last sixty years we ask a large question, not so easily answered; but perhaps here is a part of the answer.



HORIZONS

In order to have an honest look at human history, it is necessary to look a long way back so as to make comparison. We don't seem to have made much progress toward decent and Christian living, after reading the daily record of crime and scandal and disorder on the front page of the "Morning Shudder" and the "Evening Depressor;" but few of us would care to live in the days when men and women and children were sold like cattle, when women were chained to anvils and little children were compelled to spend their childhood in coal mines, and when boys were hanged for over fifty different legal offenses. The progress of the human race towards the ideals of decency and right living has apparently been very slow and painful, but in spite of war and rumors of war we still believe that the spirit of Jesus Christ is working like leaven in the lump and that in time it will conquer.

But after all, the progress of the world towards right living has always centered around individuals; and if the reader of this article will excuse the use of the first person I am going to mention some of the people I have met during the last sixty

years, and the impress they have made on human history. Jesus was not interested in human government separated from human beings. He mentioned the corrupt and military and materialistic Roman government only twice during His ministry, but he talked about individuals all the time.

The year I cast my first vote as citizen of this great republic I was a student in Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. And the one man who impressed all of us boys was Dr. Cecil F. P. Bancroft, the American Arnold of Rugby. The chapel talks he gave us every morning stayed with us all day and became a part of our daily living all through the years. I have forgotten most of the French and Latin and all of the Mathematics I studied in the Academy, but I shall never forget the lessons on behavior that this great teacher taught us in the years 1878 and '79.

The next great teacher that I met was "Johnny Linc" as we called him, Professor John Lincoln, of Brown University, an authority on Latin. We stood in awe of his learning, but we loved him for his personal interest in every member of the

Many times he would put down Latin translation and talk to us about And I have always believed and I shall that the one thing in a college is that is of supreme importance is intellect. The weakest point in our entire American educational system is the failure to teach behavior or conduct. And "Minny Linc" taught us how to behave on the campus and when we went down town, and he kept many of us from a violent vice habit; he is the one teacher of a dozen that I had in the University whom I revere and love.

When I remember with special interest the life of the members of my first church in Waterbury, Vermont. I am sorry to say that I cannot remember all their names but out on the lonely hill farms of that aged parish were some of the most interesting and useful folks I have ever known. They loved the Bible and read every morning and evening and had daily prayers after breakfast. They came to church through blinding snow storms and put money in the plate for foreign missions and lived a daily devout spiritual life. How many of these advertised ones there are in the world today! They don't figure in the columns of the Society items and their names are not in "Who's Who" but they will be found in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Thinking back over the early years of Christian Endeavor, just after I began my ministry in Topeka, Kansas, I find the one enrolled on my memory is that of my dear friend Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the great Endeavor movement. I could write a book on the wonderful times we had together, when we went to Endeavor Conventions all over the east and south and up in Canada—a personal experience, a part of which is too sacred

to put into print. And the great time we had when Mrs. Clark and himself were our companions with Mrs. Sheldon and me in that memorable *Christian Herald* Mediterranean cruise and trip to Palestine! There were over 500 *Herald* folk on that Republic boat, the first passenger boat ever to enter the Mediterranean without a liquor bar; and of all the passengers on board during that two months trip there were none so beloved as Dr. and Mrs. Clark.

And among the experiences that center about folks, I cannot pass by the wonderful time I had as a member of the Flying Squadron organized for a campaign for national Prohibition. Sometimes it looks as if all we did has amounted to nothing, what with Repeal, and the Tavern that is worse than the saloon ever was, but the end is not yet and I am one who believes the Repeal will be repealed and Prohibition will yet be the law of this republic and the practice of the next generation.

The Squadron was organized by Governor Frank Hanly of Indiana with the tremendous help of Mr. Oliver Stewart and Dr. Poling. (Beg pardon, Dan.) But during that campaign carried on in the year following the declaration of the World War there were eighteen of us in three groups that spoke for Prohibition in every capital city of every state of the Union; and we went into 276 cities in 273 days, speaking every day twice and paying all expenses from the popular free-will offerings of our audiences. We broke all the records of railroad travel, and never missed a train or a speaking engagement. I shall always live over the experience I had with Dr. Poling (I mean Dan) as we sat on the platform together twice a day for over two hundred days

and heard each other make the same speech until we could substitute for each other word for word and repeat each other's eloquent illustrations and stories to adorn the dry figures about wet facts. And I am ready to try it again if the Federal Council of Churches will issue a trumpet call for another campaign for a total abstinence pledge.

A great many incidents occurred during our Squadron campaign. This is one of them.

Our meeting was in a Baptist Church in Rochester, New York. Dr. Poling's (I mean Dan's) Uncle was our singer, a splendid baritone. He was the one careful "dresser" of our speaking group. He was late in making his appearance on the platform, but the chairman of the meeting supposing he was present announced, "We will now have a solo by Dr. Poling."

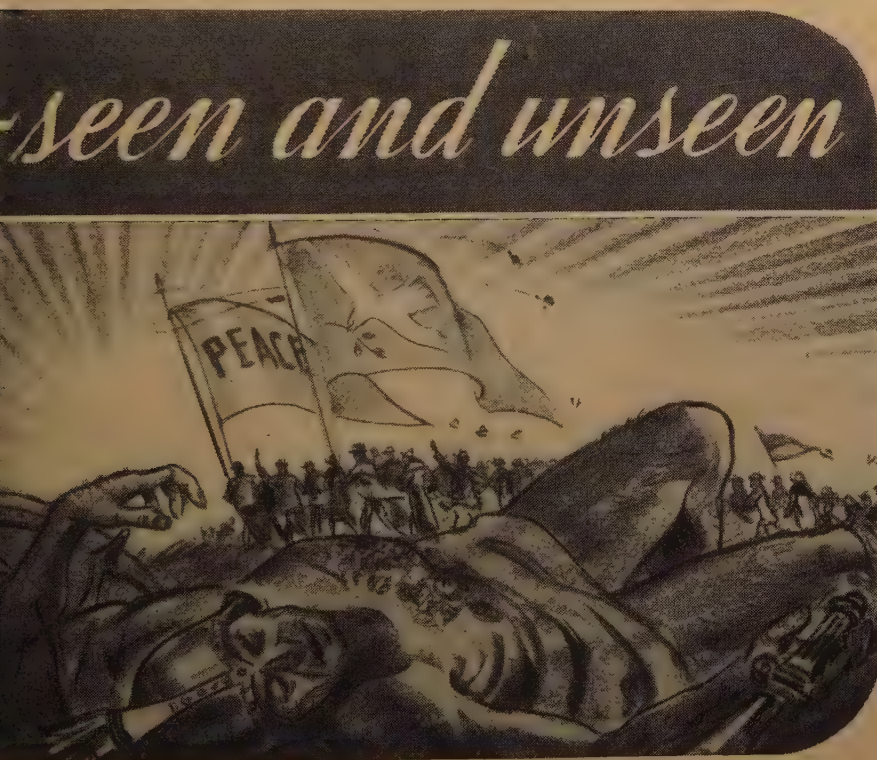
As he made the announcement Dr. Poling was coming into the church by a side door and not wanting to walk in front of the speakers (Dan and myself) to get to the piano which was on the other side of the platform, he walked back of us and opened a door which he supposed was a rear passageway behind the platform, and stepped right into the Baptististry which had not been emptied. He went in all over and Dan and I could hear him splashing his way across. But the Chairman who had not seen Dr. Poling come in, announced again, "We will now have a solo by Dr. Poling." Being a little deaf, the Chairman had not heard the noise going on in the Baptististry. Then "Dan" rose and said to the audience, "Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to say that my Uncle has just joined the 'wets'!"

His Uncle was a good sport and hastened back to the hotel and changed his clothes in time to return and sing his solo after the speaking. And it was about the best "Anti-Wet" meeting we ever had.

And as I look back over that Squadron campaign, and recall the tremendous crowds that filled the greatest halls and churches interested in a deeply moral issue, in spite of the facts of drinking going on today, I still hold to the belief that the protest against the evil of drink was not wasted. There was no protest like that sixty years ago.

Among the most interesting persons that I met during the war was Sir George Hunter, the builder of the *Lusitania* and *Mauritania*. The *Lusitania* was built on the Clyde in Glasgow but the *Mauritania* was built at Newcastle on Tyne where Sir George lived and I was his guest for a week. I think his home was almost the only English home I was ever in where there was a bath room on every floor and steam heat and a rocking chair. The old English joke that "The American is never at rest unless he is in motion" was first given to me by Sir George himself when I sat down in a rocker one morning at the hour of morning devotions to which the entire household was summoned.

Sir George was knighted by King Edward for his great services during the war, but to my mind his greatest service was in the cause of total abstinence. I was in Great Britain during the war, holding mass meetings in the interest of the Licensing Bill and also to see what could be done to protect our boys from the brewers and (Continued on page 71)



No More Wars—

The effect of the great Christian Youth Movements can bring about a complete reversal of attitude toward false heroism, and ridicule the very thought of war out of the minds of men



ROADWAYS

By Charles Hanson Towne

I love all happy roadways,
 wherever they may be,
 that run with childlike fervor,
 and race to reach the sea.
 From sleepy inland villages,
 from crowded towns and marts,
 they seek the open country
 with eager, burning hearts.

With passionate endurance,
 and lordly enterprise,
 they leave the woods of hemlock,
 where massive mountains rise,
 and rush with glowing purpose
 to find the moors and dunes,
 where all day long the ocean waves
 break forth in mighty tunes.



These are the ways that I would know
when Summer brings her bliss,
and furnace fires are in the streets
of our metropolis.
For on these roadways there is peace,
and pain is left behind,
who would not seek their healing balm,
their cool, green rapture find?

Not to bewildering summits
would I now take my way;
give me a wind-blown prospect
on this sun-smitten day.
Give me a shining journey,
with heart and spirit free,
on one of those bright roadways
that run to reach the sea!



The front door at Hearthstone, Mrs. Morrow's cottage in Devonshire recently visited by the Christian Herald party



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

*Honoré
Morrow*

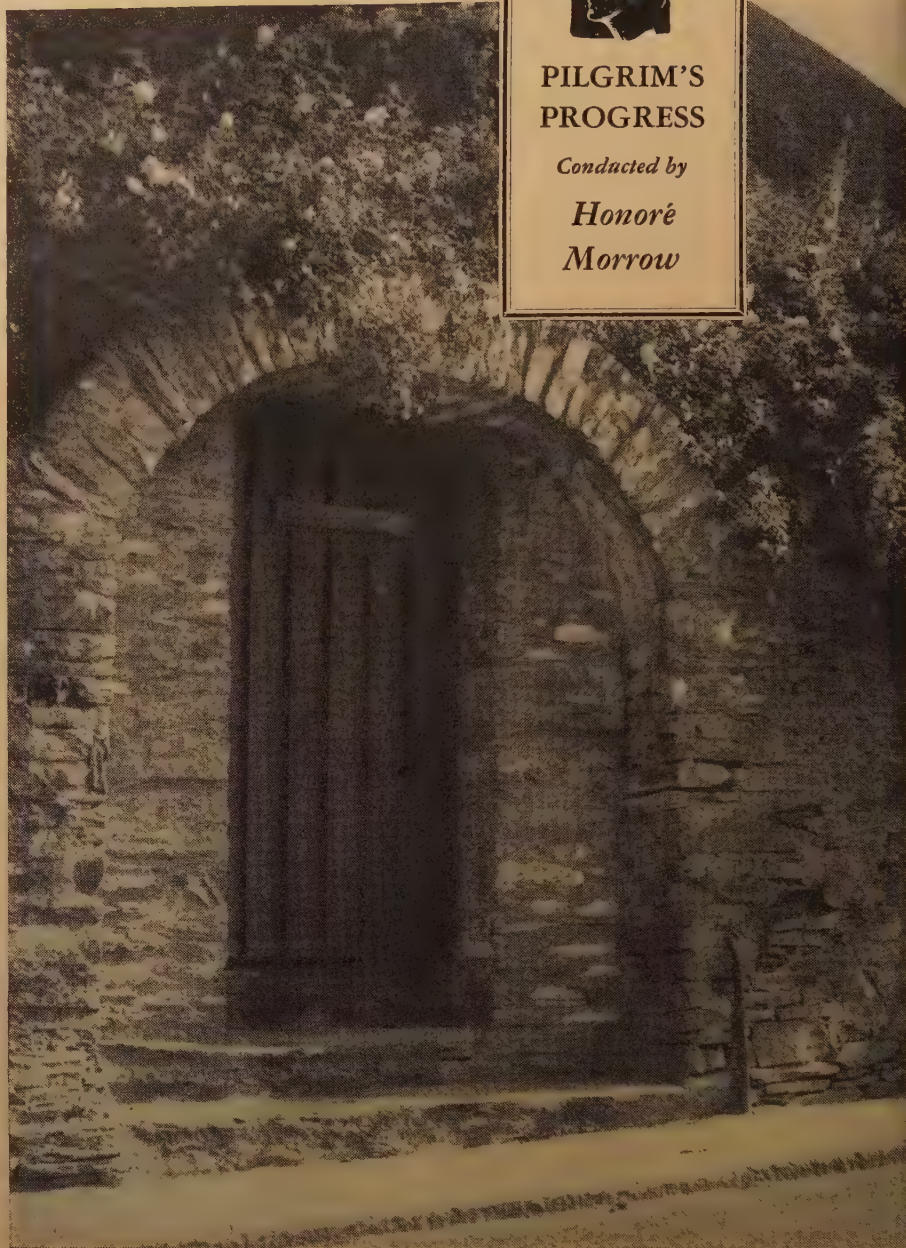
Birds of Passage at HEARTHSTONE



THE weather is really misbehaving! One is willing to make great allowances for the British weather man. After all, this is only a small island perched as far north as Labrador in the Atlantic, and swept by North Sea breezes. Still, having made these allowances, this weather still is inexcusable! Here I am, expecting American guests this week, and I shall greet them wearing my winter clothes! The weather man is quite as mad as any politician. In March and April, he gave us hot summer weather and we all shed our woollies. May turned chilly, June chillier and now July, its back to the woollies again! Even Penn! Penn is my thermometer. If Penn is running about in a cotton frock and barefoot sandals, I know that my feeling of chill must be from approaching senility and I never divulge the fact that a woolly is concealed beneath my own cotton dress. But when Penn, as she has done lately, comes in smelling of camphor, I know that she has succumbed and that it really is cold. And today we both are wearing in addition, Irish tweed suits! No tea in the garden so far this year and no prospects of it.

The North American pilgrimage began early, this year. We've already had callers from Texas, Connecticut, California and Canada. One of the *Christian Herald* friends I'd never met called last week, a Virginian; another *Herald* reader from Massachusetts writes she'll call today, while an old friend of my husband from Boston arrives for a week's stay, tomorrow. Then, after she departs, my dear sister, Cornelia Chester, with her children, Honoré and Paul, comes for a month's visit. What we shall do with that month, we don't know. We talk of a ten-day tour of France and a visit to Felicia and Jules in Brussels.

I like my son-in-law better and better



and Felicia is a very lucky girl. As I have written before in these pages, it is strange how all sense of foreigners disappears, once one knows an alien. Jules might easily be any up-and-coming young American who has had a great deal of responsibility. He has decided that a military career with all its implications is the most hateful career on earth and has resigned from the Air Service. His resignation, of course, remains in force, only so long as there is peace in Belgium. One reads about the generation of Jules age having forgotten the great War and about them being willing war material. This may be true in the Fascist countries, but it certainly is not true in England, France, Belgium or Holland. War and war preparations are loathed by the young people of these countries. They look at the activities of their elders in political power with contempt. How, asks Jules and his contemporaries, "can we respect the people who've got Europe into this mess?" They will fight to the

death against invasion, but there they draw the line.

Jules has got a job in a Belgian publishing house and he wrote to ask me if I knew of a book by an American that made a good argument for peace. He thinks it would sell in Belgium. So if any of my readers knows of such a book, I hope you will write me. I think people who haven't grown children of their own, these days, have no full realization of the difficulties they face in trying to find a job. And as for finding a job that will develop into a career—well, it is almost like climbing Mount Everest! My son, my nephew and my son-in-law are all meeting head-on, the really menacing conditions bequeathed them by the unwisdom and the folly of their predecessors. In this part of the world, the only profession that actually beckons is the military. I have a close friend here in Devon, who has three sons, very bright clean fellows. She couldn't afford to send them

(Continued on page 60)



A locomotive of sixty years ago



Present-day streamlined locomotives



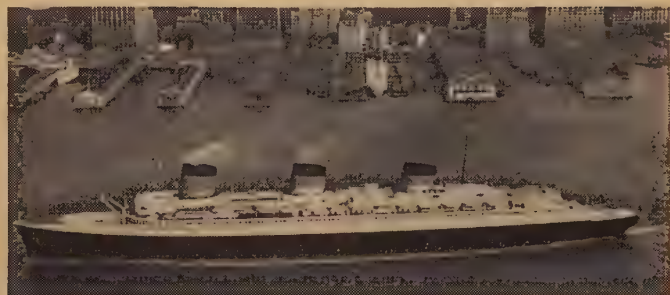
An old horsedrawn Broadway bus, in New York



A modern Greyhound bus



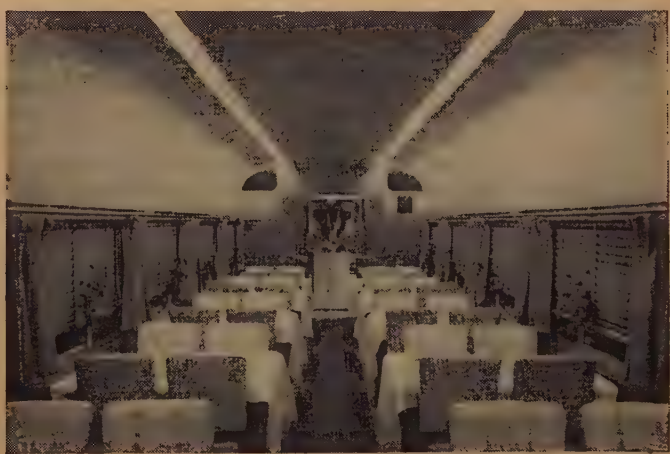
A combination sail and steam Cunard liner of 1878



The mighty Normandie, ocean liner of today



An early Pullman car, with oil lamps and wood stove



A modern dining car, air-conditioned and steam heated

Travel THEN and Now

IN 1878, when *Christian Herald* was born, little old Engine Number 600 had to "puff and huff" mightily to pull its train of wooden cars thirty miles an hour. Horses still pulled the lumbering Broadway buses over the cobblestones, taking one or even two hours to make the trip from Twenty-third street to South Ferry. The Cunard liner of that day frequently required thirty days to cross the Atlantic, and its cramped staterooms were models of discomfort. Wooden Pullman cars were heated

by wood stoves. But today, sixty years later, streamlined locomotives whisk all-metal trains silently and smoothly across the continent at seventy-five or a hundred miles an hour. Comfortable modern buses, streamlined and heated, make the trip from New York to Philadelphia in but little more time than its ancestors took to make the trip to South Ferry. Liners cross the Atlantic in five days. And train passengers take their meals in dining cars air-conditioned, spotlessly clean and artistically designed.

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



THEN, NOW AND TOMORROW

IF LIFE begins at forty, *Christian Herald* has now "lived" twenty years. If publications as well as individuals should prepare for middle age, *Christian Herald* celebrates now a sound course of training for longer and larger life. Sixty years ago Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage transplanted a youthful British journal from English to American soil. It should be noted here that the original *Christian Herald*, though in appearance and editorial content an entirely different journal from our own, continues successfully in its native field.

Eleven years later Dr. Louis Klopsch, that genius for business success and social advance, made the venture a successful achievement with the assistance of its first great editor, Dr. Talmage. He quickly brought circulation to the peak in the field of religious journalism. His had been the risks, his were the rewards, and he became modestly wealthy. But far beyond his own material success he was ambitious for the success, not only of *Christian Herald*, but of associated philanthropic institutions and activities he almost immediately launched.

"Mont Lawn," the beautiful home for underprivileged children at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, became in his lifetime the best equipped and most widely known enterprise in its field. His dancing eyes saw the children play over its lawns, gather in its worshipful chapel, fall asleep in its spacious cottages. He saw, too, Bowery Mission reclaim the human derelicts of central Manhattan, feed their hungry bodies and break the Bread of Life for their starved souls. Before he died, he had given support for an orphanage in Jerusalem and had laid foundations upon which stand now great industrial schools and the orphanages in Foochow, China.

Beyond these institutions, he and his associate had launched campaigns for famine, earthquake and flood relief that before the close of the Great War had gathered together and distributed more than twenty million dollars.

IT IS in such a past and from a tradition so inspiring that we turn to the present. *Christian Herald* has survived the depression and the recession. Not once, but often, *Christian Herald* has faced bankruptcy without flinching and looked out with sorrow upon engulfing economic tides that have swept more than a thousand of her journalistic contemporaries to their doom. She has girded herself sacrificially and with trust in God and her loyal constituency, has gone forward. It has been almost the irony of fate that the "children"—these charities—have from the earliest decade been more prosperous than their mother, though this is perhaps as it should be. True it is that Mont Lawn and the Bowery Mission have increased their equipment and programs because of revenues that have never faltered, but these increases could not have been had *Christian Herald* in a single year failed her "children."

Those associated with this enterprise, even those farthest from the direct evangelical and missionary message of our editorial content, those "at the business end of things," have come to believe that there is a divinity shaping our end, that *Christian Herald* is providential, that God Himself has refused consent to failure or eclipse!

And so in the present we go forward. Mont Lawn and the Bowery Mission, enlarged, continue. Foochow, China, stands fast amid a warfare of indescribable horrors, while editorially and as a business enterprise *Christian Herald* continues to face reality with the purpose and passion of her founder and with the prayer that the vision shall never fail.

As to the future, we have not been vouchsafed prophetic vision, but the past and the present justify us in declaring, "We will trust and not be afraid." It is our purpose to retreat nowhere and to go forward all along the line, to meet recession with

advance, to face again, if necessary, economic poverty with spiritual abundance, knowing always that sacrifice is the spirit of victory.

Our present circulation, the circulation as of this issue, stands at the peak for all these sixty years. More than 1,000,000 readers will look upon these pages. As to the particulars of tomorrow, while we shall not compromise a possible larger triumph by attempting to define the details, we are resolved, God helping us, to make tomorrow better than today. The principles that shall govern our activities constitute the platform upon which we stand; more, they are the high command of our "forward, march":

"*Christian Herald*, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be an organic reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World."

On this platform we invite all Christians to gather and in support of these principles we call all Christians to unite.

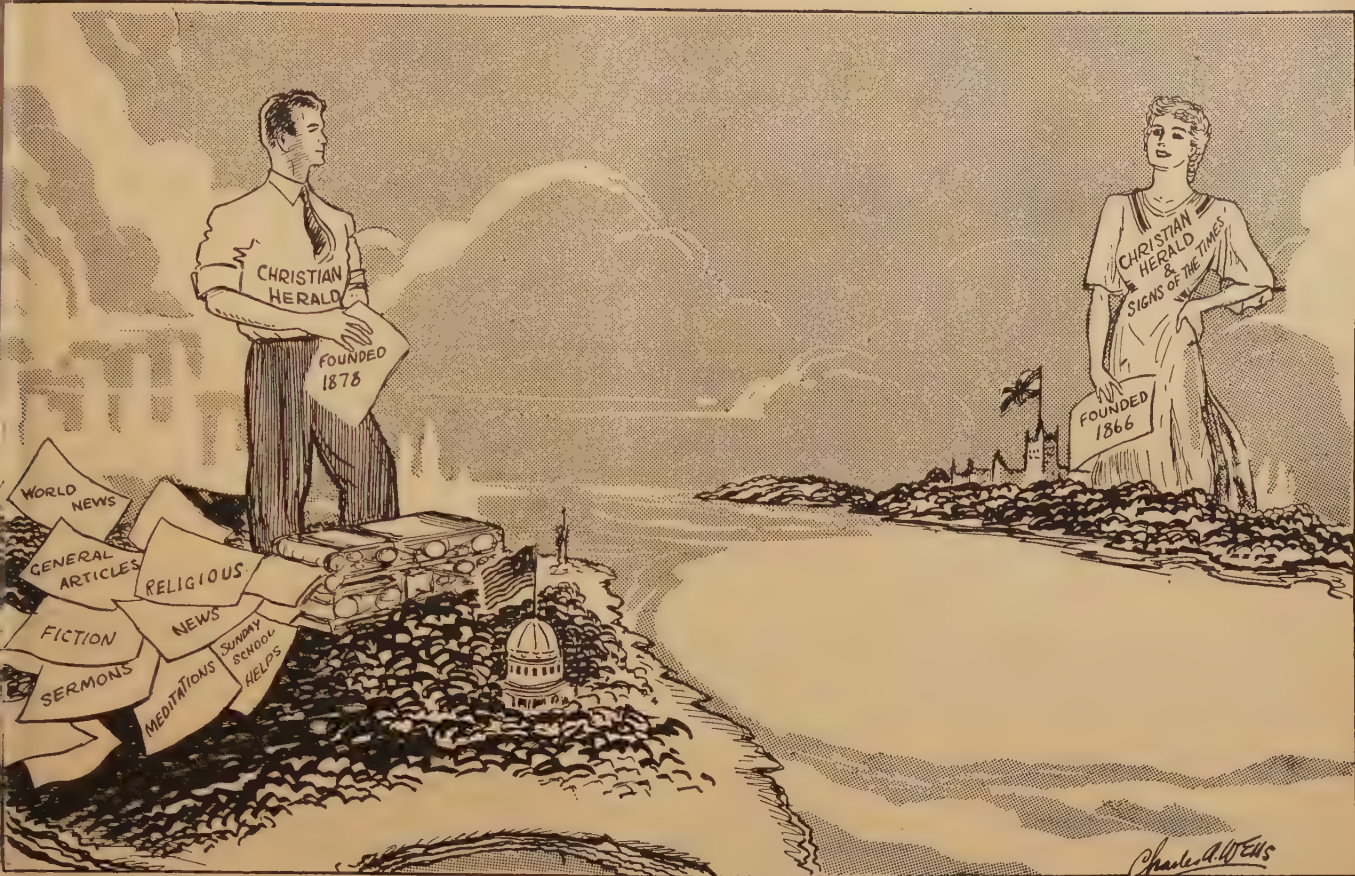
DANIEL A. POLING.

Plea from Mr. Culver

DEAR *Christian Herald* Family: May I talk with you frankly, as your representative responsible for the care of children whom you are fostering in China? Have you ever thought what it would mean for a child—your child—to have to look with terror-stricken gaze into a sky raining death? Have you ever visualized your innocent little ones looking with horror upon the mangled form of a loved one blown to bits by a bomb? Foochow, where our 400 children are, has been bombed so many times during recent weeks that your missionaries have lost the count. Other missions in the stricken areas have been able to close their schools and send their students home; but *Christian Herald's* Mission has 400 boys and girls with no homes to go to, and who are looking to Mr. Bishop and his helpers just as trustingly as your boys and girls are looking to you, for food, and shelter and protection.

Since I have been home on furlough Mr. Bishop has been writing me some heart-breaking letters. In one he said, "Food prices have gone up from 200% to 500%; the shops cannot earn; the pittance from the government does not begin to cover, and if you do not do something about it our own children will starve." In another letter which he wrote to his parents in Georgia he said this: "One day recently we fed everything we had at noon. There was nothing for supper. I went to prayer that afternoon and spent most of the time on my knees; and before night I received a check from an absolute stranger." And do you know, friends and readers of *Christian Herald*, that *Christian Herald* has been cabling funds just as fast as they can be raised?

But I have not told you all. Very



ENGLISH CHRISTIAN HERALD—"DEAR ME, WHAT A BIG BOY YOU'VE BECOME!"

soon,—if not already, scores of other children from the war torn areas about us will come to our gates and beg for food and shelter, and if we do not give it to them they will starve in the streets in front of our very gates; and if you had ever witnessed the spectacle of a starving child, the way we have, with the mute appeal in its little face,—you would never wish to see another one. And when I say they would starve I am not overdrawing the picture. Recent letters from China reveal the fact that in one city alone, of ten thousand who had perished the month before from starvation and exposure, *seven thousand of them were children!* The nurses from one Mission with whom we are closely associated in China, went out after one bombing raid and picked up 172 babies whose mothers had perished during the raid, and 49 of them died the first night in hospital. The cry that breaks the heart of relief workers in refugee camps is "Mama, Mama, where is my Mama?" And I, as your representative, am going up and down this great land,—going into churches of all denominations—pleading with the fathers and the mothers of America, pleading with parents whose children have never needed to look with terror into a death dealing sky, and whose children have been spared the horrors of seeing mangled bodies of loved ones;—and I plead with you, Members of *Christian Herald's* great family, to help us to provide not only for the 400 boys and girls who are already our responsibility, but also to make it possible for us to care for the scores of other helpless ones who if we do not do so will starve to death before our very doors! And, confidentially, just to show you how *Christian Herald* feels this burden, I recently received a

Western Union Cablegram

CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK
HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON OCCASION OF YOUR SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN CHRISTIAN HERALD.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, ENGLAND
London, Sept. 8



letter from the New York office which contained this touching statement: "We do not see how we can take money that ought to go to keep hungry children from starving, even to pay the passage of you and your family back to China."

We are relying on the great *Christian Herald* family who have never yet failed us in an hour of crisis. Ten dollars will save a life. \$30 will provide clothing and food for one child for a year. One hundred dollars will provide full educational support for one child for one year. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,—ye have done it unto Me."

Charles C. Culver

Saying Grace

WHEN we approach the food supplied to us, and especially around our family board, there is, at least subconsciously, in most of us a feeling of gratitude to the giver of every good and perfect gift. It is instinctively a genuine desire to give thanks. It probably arrives at the moment of relaxation as we take our seats before the food provided for us.

This feeling of thankfulness is translated by many of us in terms of the audible saying of grace. Some bow their heads

and in silence offer thanks to Deity for the blessings of the day. If this reaction is genuine we are given to feel that the food will be greatly blessed to our use.

In those households where the saying of grace before the meal receives the true consideration and the cooperation of all gathered together, an unquestioned benediction rests upon them all. The ties of family and friend become closer, even where some one or more may not be closely following a religious life.

In one family where this happy condition is established, hands are joined around the board while some one utters the short prayer of thanksgiving. As an occasional visitor I am deeply thankful for permission to become a part of this circle.

One of the finest examples of the offering of thanks before the meal that I have encountered is the result of the singing of grace in unison. Here is an ideal, everyone lending his or her voice to the simple words and melody. Who can deny that music of this sort is true worship?

As a suggestion toward the retaining of a custom handed down by our God-fearing ancestors, one that can only result in maintaining helpful devotional attitudes in the members of our families, one that can only result in bringing and keeping the members of our families into closer harmony each with the others and with the maker of us all, I am suggesting giving new thought to the singing of grace. Use any hymn tune whose meter fits.

For the blessings that we know,
For the food thou dost bestow,
Bring we Lord through all our days,
Thankful hearts to sing thy praise.

Franklin Bradley,
Chicago, Illinois.



October, 1938

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1

OVERTHROWN TEMPLES

BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF STONES!
READ MARK 13:1-2.

OFTEN Jesus shocked people. His standard of values was not that of either priests or populace. Thus, when, with the pride of a good Jew, a disciple exclaimed over the marvels of the Temple buildings, the Master bluntly declared that they were doomed to complete destruction.

Man's puny brain loves to dwell on the tangible. Every organization seeks to put up a building, cherishing the delusion that thus it will attain security and permanence. All of us have seen such structures sold for a song. There is nothing permanent about marble and steel.

Only the spiritual abides. The Church that has lived for nearly two thousand years has outlasted all of its buildings. Only truth, spiritual truth, is eternal.

We would pin neither our pride nor our faith upon the works of men's hands; but upon Thee and Thy truth, O Eternal Father. Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2

WARNINGS AND SIGNS

WHEN SHALL THESE THINGS BE?
READ MARK 13:3-8.

THERE was nothing of the Pollyanna type about Jesus. He was no shallow sunshiner. All the grim realities of life and truth were freely recognized by Him. Modern thinking, which disregards ugly actualities, cannot claim Him for leader. Jesus told the disciples plainly that dreadful days were ahead. The God of Justice would not withhold His hand. Large-scale catastrophic events were in the future. The Judge of all the earth would deal with nations and kingdoms, in a time of terror. This chapter makes difficult reading for the "Everything's lovely" type of preacher.

Through travail unimaginable, such as large parts of the world are at present enduring, the Kingdom is to come to final triumph. By cosmic processes God is preparing His Day.

Save us from small and smug conceptions of Thy Will, O God. May a sense of Thy majesty and power humble us.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3

THE TRIAL OF THE SAINTS

YE SHALL BE HATED.
READ MARK 13:9-13.

I READ this morning the report of an informal symposium at a National Press Club luncheon upon the members' attitude to the Church. It was rather shocking in its casual and even flippant showing. None of the men present took religion seriously; and therein they reflected a widespread mood.

Yet Christianity is a life and death matter. For its sake, said Jesus, disciples were to suffer all manner of trials, even unto death. All the most sacred human relationships might be disrupted by it; for the Gospel is to be cherished above life itself.

This clear counsel of Christ implies the preciousness of our faith; for it we must be willing to be hated, persecuted. For the end is unspeakable reward.

Make us clear and faithful witnesses to our love for Thee, O God, whatever the price we may be called upon to pay.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4

WANDERING SHEEP

I HAVE TOLD YOU . . . BEFOREHAND.
READ MARK 13:16-32.

TRAGIC is the tale of the times that Christians have mistaken the signs of the Lord's return. Bogus Messiahs by the hundred have misled the faithful. To this day millennialism absorbs the thoughts of myriads.

All this in the face of the explicit warnings by the Master Himself. His return is sure; but of the time, and attendant circumstances can no believer be certain.

Deliver us, O Lord, from presumption and provincialism that we may not deceive ourselves as to Thy blessed coming. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5

"WATCH"

I SAY UNTO ALL, WATCH.
READ MARK 13:33-37.

I AM awaiting today the arrival at our camp of a son and a daughter and Deb-

orah and Dockie. They are coming, but the hour I know not. So I keep busy at my tasks, with an ear bent toward our woods roads. I am watching, and working.

This is the counsel Jesus gave His friends concerning His own coming. They are to be ready and watching, each with his work well done. Spiritual vigilance is not easy to maintain. We are all prone to slump into perfunctoriness and routine.

In a sense lesser than the Parousia, Jesus is always coming to us—in the whispers of His Spirit in the providences of every day. For these comings, too, we should watch and be ready.

With the eagerness of love in our hearts, we would look for all Thy comings to us, O present Christ.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6

ENEMIES

SOUGHT HOW THEY MIGHT . . . KILL HIM.
READ MARK 14:1-2.

THERE is scarcely any foul spirit within the hearts of men so bitter and deadly as religious antagonism. Sectarian strife has drenched nations with blood. It beclouds all the clear teachings of the moral law. We may not forget that the closing months of our Lord's life were spent in an atmosphere of ecclesiastical espionage, hatred and deadly enmity.

It is a mistake to assume that good people will not have enemies. They will if their goodness is active and vital. All the forces of fear and evil are their natural foes. The programme of Jesus is to be followed—go right on living the life and doing the works that the Father's will prescribes.

Our Father, we pray for Christ's own courage in fulfilling our mission. May we be fearless of foes and heedful only of Thy will. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7

THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD

SHE HATH ANOINTED MY BODY AFOREHAND FOR THE BURYING.
READ MARK 14:3-9.

MOST women are more sensitive spiritually than most men. The dis-



*Buy an
Annuity..*

and
you buy **LONG LIFE!**

The peace of mind which comes from a regular income and provision for the future may add years to your life. *Figures prove that owners of annuities are longer lived than the average person.*

As a holder of an Annuity Agreement of the American Bible Society you receive a check at stated intervals, regardless of disturbing or perplexing world

conditions. Such checks have never failed though they have been issued regularly for more than 90 years. You enjoy protection in old age through a steady income. You enjoy also the permanent satisfaction of taking part in the increasingly important work of making the Bible more widely available throughout the world.

**AN
INCOME
ASSURED**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

American Bible Society, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet CH-22 entitled "A Gift That Lives."

May we send you "A Gift That Lives," a little booklet that explains the plan and how you may enjoy its two-fold advantages?

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Denomination _____

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

ciples had companied with Jesus for nearly three years, and He had repeatedly opened His heart to them. Yet none of them understood Him as did Mary of Bethlehem. She sensed the burden on His soul, and foresaw His death.

Then, in the lavishness of love—and love is not love unless it is lavish—she poured upon His head and His feet a cruse of precious ointment. The gift was royal, the spirit even more so.

Onlookers were shocked by the “extravagance”; Jesus was so touched by the act, the full significance of which He perceived, that He declared the act would be a world-wide memorial to her.

Love’s discernings, and love’s outpourings, make life fragrant.

Give eyes to our love, O Lord; that we may clearly see and lavishly give.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8

THE MONEY-MAD TRAITOR

ONE OF THE TWELVE.
READ MARK 14:10,11; 18-21; 43-45.

FOR the sake of money, all the sins and crimes in the category are being daily committed. From falsehood to murder, from business deception to national treason range the offences born of desire for money. Blackest of history’s money-bred deeds of ill was the betrayal of Jesus by His chosen friend, Judas.

Imperceptibly, the spirit of avarice had grown in the heart of this once fine-spirited man; as it may come to dominate any of us. It made him look with jaundiced eye upon Mary’s love offering. It even led him to turn his signal-kiss, at the moment of betrayal, into an ardent, repeated act of seeming affection. No wonder that “Judas” has become an ultimate word of opprobrium.

In a sweeping generalization, the New Testament brands the love of money as a root of all evil.

Thy sovereignty over our souls, O Heavenly Father, is most directly challenged by love of money. Grant us such an outpouring of love for Thee as shall overturn this idol. Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9

THE SECRET TRYST

THERE MAKE READY FOR US.
READ MARK 14:12-17.

TO SECURE time out for love, Jesus planned a secret last rendezvous with His friends. The story of the sign and the password to the large upper room suggests prearrangement between the Master and the owner of the upper room.

It was all important that the little company should be undisturbed in the keeping of the Passover, and in the institution of the Last Supper. All the Church in all the ages had a stake in the success of that final secret tryst. Jesus and His disciples had to be alone, that the occasion might be shared by

the Church universal. The ultimate in confidential preparation was justified.

One simple deduction from this momentous meeting, hedged with precautions, is that the Christian’s quiet time with Jesus merits forethought and preparation. Our upper rooms must be made ready.

We would withhold no pains or precautions or preparation that our trysts with Thee, dear Lord, may be kept inviolate. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10

THE FEAST OF THE AGES

THE GUEST CHAMBER, WHERE I SHALL EAT THE PASSOVER.
READ MARK 14:18-26.

HIDDEN and hunted, serene amidst the storms of hate that surged about Him, Jesus, in the upper room, established the Feast of Memory, that would assure His being remembered by His friends through all time to come. Today, on battlefields, in great cathedrals, in quiet country churches, in remote monasteries, that Supper of Sharing is solemnly kept all over the world. It is a Feast of Fellowship; a life-giving meal for the soul of faith.

Our day is watering down its conceptions of religion, and its preacher, Jesus, as merely a great moral and spiritual leader. Against this tendency stands the institution of the Lord’s Supper, which symbolizes a crucified Redeemer, with broken body and shed blood. It reminds us that we cannot accept Jesus save as we accept Him as the Christ.

Our hungry souls share the Supper of the upper room; and we thank Thee, O God, for this sustaining memorial of our Saviour. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11

INTO THE GARDEN

THEY WENT OUT INTO THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.
READ MARK 14:26-45.

IT GRATES upon my sensibilities to see herded tourists clustered at the gate of the Garden of Gethsemane, while a guide parrots to them glibly the significance of the spot as a “sight.” Indeed, the Garden of Gethsemane has never been the same to me since the death of my friend, the old Franciscan monk who tended it with such loving care.

It was on this hillside, beneath the olive trees, that the Son of God underwent His supreme agony. Alone, His sleepy comrades unheeding, Jesus prayed in such anguish that His brow was covered with bloody sweat. He came to the great decision—ever life’s greatest—“Not My will, but Thine,” and so could proceed in peace to the suffering of the cross.

Like Jesus, we would lend ourselves freely, O Father, to Thy will for us, asking naught else of life. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12

WHEN HELL REJOICED

THEY . . . TOOK HIM.
READ MARK 14:46-65.

HELL’S happiest hour was when perverted ecclesiasticism laid hands on Jesus and led Him to the cross. That was the blackest night in the history of the universe. It seemed as if evil had really triumphed over the supreme good.

But it only seemed so. Really, it was then that sin’s power was broken, and a way to pardon and peace opened for all mankind. Today we do not write down Gethsemane and Calvary as a triumph for Satan, but a defeat.

The Victim was victorious. His death brought new life to mankind. Pardon for all the sins of the penitent was provided by the Sin-Bearer. We live, because He died. What a stupendous and incomprehensible transaction; that by the sufferings of God’s son, man may find pardon and peace and power and joy!

Our hearts are bowed in awe and worship and gratitude, O Father Eternal, because we are saved by Thy Son. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13

POOR PETER!

I WILL NOT DENY THEE.
READ MARK 14:29-31; 53,54; 66-72.

FOR ultimate loyalty, give us the quiet men. The impulsive, boastful person of over-ready speech is usually, like Peter, too sure of himself. His emotions lie too near the surface. Peter posed himself as first in fidelity, yet he was first in faithlessness.

Peter warmed himself at the wrong fire. And he feared “what they say,” even though “they” were but serving maids. He denied an allegation that should have been more precious than life; and even reverted to coarse cursing to emphasize his dissociation from Jesus.

Then a look from the tender, patient, forgiving eyes of the Master recalled him, and he went out into the night and wept bitterly. It was he who later told the whole shameful story to Mark. At last he had become a rock Christian.

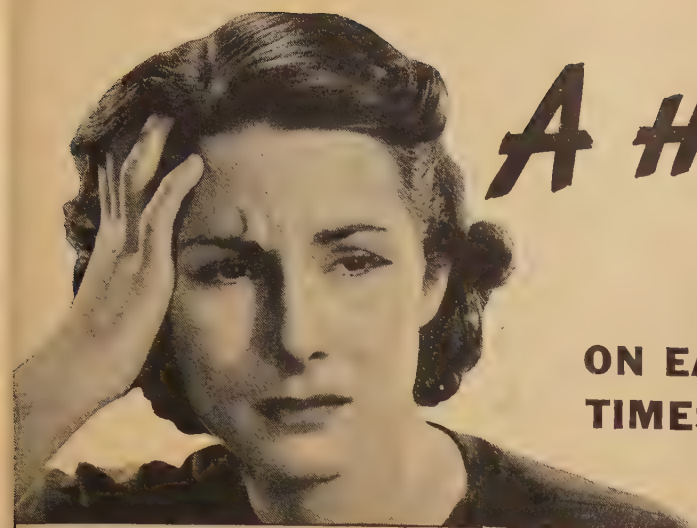
In humility and self-distrust, we pray that we may be kept from any denial of Thee, O Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14

RELIGION GONE MAD

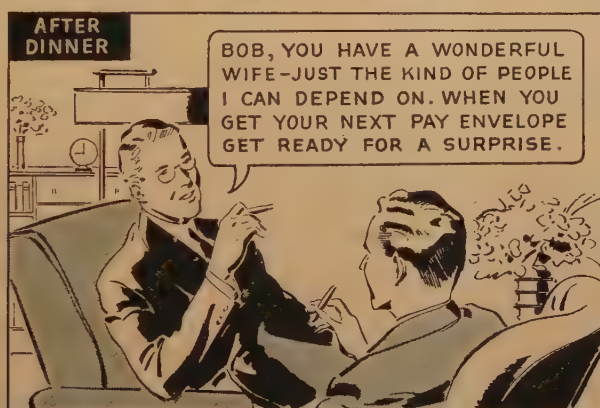
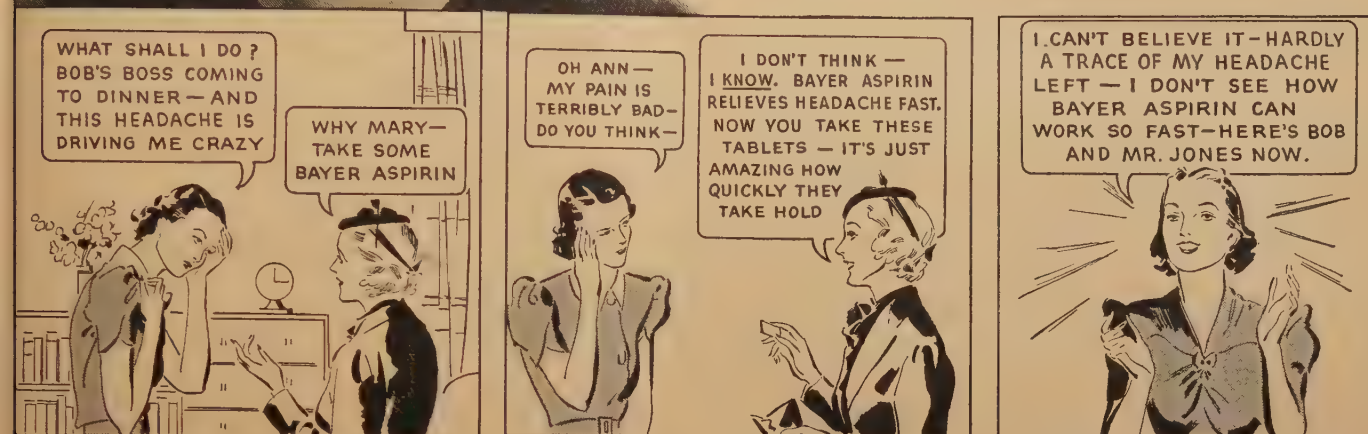
THEY LED JESUS AWAY TO THE HIGH PRIEST.
READ MARK 14:53-65.

WORST of the horrors surrounding the death of Jesus was the fact that it was the professional religionists who hounded Him to the cross. Rome was
(Continued on page 73)



A HELPFUL HINT TO WIVES

ON EASING SEVERE HEADACHE AT
TIMES WHEN YOU MUSTN'T FAIL



The REASON Bayer Aspirin Works So FAST

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of headache and similar pain a few minutes after taking.



Insist on Genuine Bayer Aspirin if You Want Results Like This

EVERYONE ought to know, headaches may be trouble signals.

That is why we publish this advice: Relieve the pain first—then if headache recurs, see your family doctor. Let him search for the cause.

The inexpensive way to ease such pain—if you want fast results—is with Bayer Aspirin.

The instant such pain starts, simply take 2 Bayer tablets with a half glass of water. Usually in a few minutes relief arrives.

Bayer tablets are quick acting because they disintegrate in a few seconds—go to work almost immediately after taking.

It costs only 2¢ or 3¢ to relieve most headaches—

when you get the new economy tin. You pay only 25 cents for 24 tablets—about 1¢ apiece.

What you must remember is to ask—not just for Aspirin—but for Bayer Aspirin. You will say its speed is remarkable.

**15c FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN 25c**

**VIRTUALLY
1c A TABLET**



The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on
October Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Standard]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWKY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS.
- 11:45 A.M. Getting The Most Out of Life—BLUE. Dr. William L. Stidger.
- 12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—BLUE.
- 12:30 P.M. Time for Thought—RED. Talks by leading Christian men.
- 1:45 P.M. Edward McHugh, "The Gospel Singer"—CBS.
- 3:45 P.M. Between the Book Ends. Ted Malone reads poetry—BLUE.
- 5:30 P.M. Your Family and Mine—RED. Dramatic sketch.
- 5:45 P.M. The Mighty Show—CBS. Serial story of a boy who owns a circus.
- 6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas—BLUE. Current Events.

SUNDAY

- 9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft—CBS. Recitals by Julius Mattfeld.
- 10:00 A.M. Church of the Air—CBS. Talks by religious leaders of every denomination.
- 10:00 A.M. The Radio Pulpit—RED. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman.
- 10:30 A.M. Wings over Jordan—CBS. Negro choir and talks by outstanding Negro leaders.
- 12:30 P.M. Radio City Music Hall Concert—BLUE. Symphony orchestra; soloists.
- 12:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
- 1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
- 1:30 P.M. Europe Calling—CBS. Talks from European capitals.
- 1:45 P.M. Poet's Gold—CBS. David Ross reads poetry.
- 2:00 P.M. The Magic Key of RCA—BLUE. Symphonic orchestra direction, Frank Black; guest artists.
- 2:30 P.M. The Farmer Takes the Mike—CBS. Farmers from all sections of the country talk on local and national problems.
- 3:00 P.M. Everybody's Music—CBS. Howard Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony. Last broadcast October 16.
- 3:00 P.M. Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, directed by John Barbirolli. Begins October 23—CBS.
- 4:00 P.M. National Vespers—BLUE. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.
- 4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours—RED. Dramatization; program under auspices of Smithsonian Institution.
- 5:00 P.M. There Was a Woman—BLUE. Dramatic presentation of the women in the lives of famous men.
- 6:00 P.M. Silver Theater—CBS. Screen stars in original dramatizations.
- 7:00 P.M. The People's Platform—CBS. Dinner table discussions.
- 7:30 P.M. John Nesbitt's Passing Parade—CBS.
- 7:30 P.M. Seth Parker of Jonesport—BLUE. Get-togethers of the Jonesport neighbors in which they sing hymns and talk.
- 9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour—CBS. Eugene Ormandy conducts.
- 9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music—RED.
- 10:30 P.M. Cheerio—BLUE. Inspirational talk and music.
- 10:30 P.M. Headlines and Bylines—CBS. H. V. Kaltenborn, Bob Trout, and Gilbert Seldes commenting on the week's news.

MONDAY

- 10:00 A.M. Just Neighbors—BLUE. Dramatic sketch.
- 12:00 M. Mary Margaret McBride—CBS. Columnist, also Wednesdays and Fridays.
- 12:15 P.M. Irene Beasley's R. F. D. No. 1—CBS. Songs and comment of rural America.
- 12:30 P.M. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, "Opportunity"—NBC. Talks to Youth.
- 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED. Joe Emerson, also Tuesdays and Thursdays.
- 3:00 P.M. United States Navy Band—BLUE. Lieut. Charles Benter, conductor.
- 5:00 P.M. March of Games—CBS. Games and puzzles for children. Also Wednesdays.
- 5:15 P.M. New Horizons—CBS. Exploration program of American Museum of Natural History.
- 8:00 P.M. Believe It or Not—RED. Starring Robert L. Ripley.
- 8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone—RED. Symphonic orchestra with Margaret Speaks, soprano.
- 9:00 P.M. Lux Radio Theater—CBS.
- 9:00 P.M. NBC String Symphony—BLUE. Dr. Frank Black, conducting.
- 10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented Program—RED. Orchestra direction Marek Weber.
- 10:00 P.M. True or False—BLUE. Harry Hagen selects from the audience two teams. Survivor wins cash prize.
- 10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum—BLUE. Guest speaker on current topics.

TUESDAY

- 11:30 A.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs Program—RED. Guest speakers.
- 2:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over with June Hynd—BLUE. Josef Honti's orchestra.
- 4:00 P.M. Highways to Health—CBS. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects.
- 5:00 P.M. Let's Pretend—CBS. Fairy tales with child actors. Also Thursdays.
- 6:00 P.M. Science in the News—RED.

- 8:30 P.M. Information Please—BLUE. Question and answer program; Clifton Fadiman as master of ceremonies.
- 9:00 P.M. We, the People—CBS. The people talk on their stories.
- 10:00 P.M. Dr. Christian—CBS. Jean Hersholt, in a drama of a country doctor.

WEDNESDAY

- 2:00 P.M. Your Health—BLUE. Talks on health by well known doctors.
- 2:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over with Alma Kitchell—BLUE.
- 7:30 P.M. Uncle Jim's Question Bee—CBS.
- 8:00 P.M. One Man's Family—RED. Dramatic sketch.
- 9:30 P.M. Texaco Star Theater—CBS. With Adolphe Menjou, and Max Reinhardt directing his Workshop.
- 10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done—CBS. Edgar Guest.

THURSDAY

- 2:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over—BLUE. Guest Speaker; Josef Honti and his orchestra.
- 3:00 P.M. Light Opera Selections—BLUE. Featuring Harold Sanford and his orchestra with vocalists.
- 4:00 P.M. Of Men and Books—CBS. Professor John T. Frederick of Northwestern University.
- 10:30 P.M. Americans at Work—CBS. Interviews with workers in different industries and descriptions of their work.

FRIDAY

- 2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour—RED and BLUE. Dr. Walter Damrosch, conductor.
- 2:00 P.M. United States Marine Band—BLUE. Capt. Taylor Branson, conductor.
- 8:00 P.M. First Nighter—CBS. Original plays by unknown authors.
- 8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—RED. Lucille Manners, soprano; Frank Black's orchestra.
- 9:00 P.M. Waltz Time—RED Frank Munn, tenor.
- 9:30 P.M. Death Valley Days—RED. True tales of the pioneer days.
- 9:30 P.M. The March of Time. BLUE. News dramatizations.

SATURDAY

- 9:00 A.M. The Wise Man—RED. Program of philosophy.
- 10:30 A.M. The Child Grows Up—BLUE. Talk by Katherine Lenroot, Chief of the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor.
- 4:00 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—RED. Capt. Tim Healy.
- 6:45 P.M. Religion in the News—BLUE. Dr. Walter Van Kirk.
- 7:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop—CBS. Experimental radio drama.
- 9:00 P.M. Vox Pop—RED. Sidewalk interviews with Parks Johnson and Wally Butterworth.
- 9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade—CBS. Mary Eastman and Gustav Haenschen's orchestra.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

SUCH varied and interesting material can generally be found "Between the Book Ends" in any American home, says Ted Malone and so chooses this title for his page in the Pictorial Review and for his new feature over the NBC-Blue Network. "Between the Book Ends" is a quarter hour program of informal reading of poetry and discussion of interesting features in new books heard daily at 3:45 p.m. All the poems read on the program are written by the radio audience. Ted buys one poem a day selected from his daily mail and on this basis is the biggest single poetry market in America.

FOR ten years the National Farm and Home Hour has given American farmers up-to-the-minute news on rural subjects. A new plan of localizing this service will be put into effect this month. The country has been divided into five zones on a basis of mutual crop interests and other factors. Information of vital local importance, weather forecasts, shipping advice, commodity prices and other such items, will be featured in the fifteen minute period immediately following the national broadcast, which continues in its current form.

COMMUTERS in the metropolitan area of New York are able to finish their morning coffee before dashing for the 7:23, as Station WJZ has begun its broadcasting day at 6:30 a.m. Thousands of early-rising commuters will be supplied with frequent announcements of the correct time, news bulletins and information on road conditions. Weather forecasts will guide listeners in dressing against the day's probable weather. Information on this new service, "Morning Patrol," will be interspersed with music and cheery words designed to alleviate the hardship of leaving a cozy pillow.

THE nationally famous NBC Music Appreciation Hour, hailed by educators as an important contribution to the cultural development of young America, will be presented for the eleventh season under the direction of Dr. Walter Damrosch. Friday, October 7, is the date set for the first program from 2:00-3:00 p.m., over combined NBC Red and Blue Networks. As in past years, teachers' manuals, containing the music to be played, will be distributed.

(Continued from page 39)

One Kiss. In a recent murder trial at Vermont, a certain guilty deacon admitted that he first made the acquaintance of his paramour at a "sociable" at his own house. While old and young were playing an old-fashioned game, the deacon, as a forfeit, was sentenced to kiss Mrs. C. He lays all his troubles to that kiss. The Evangelical Messenger remarks on this that the devil will rejoice to have social evening parties and festivals take the place of prayer meetings and revival meetings.

Ladies' Dress has unexpectedly become a subject of unpleasant prominence in the Viceregal Court of Canada. The Princess Louise has requested the ladies attending her receptions to appear in a costume of the same kind as that in vogue at her mother's drawing-rooms in England. This fashion consists, so far as the shoulders and chest are concerned in a state of nudity, relieved by a jewelled necklace, which however costly and ornamental it may be, is not of



OCTOBER

By Jennette Edwards

When days grow short and nights grow long,
The woods is the place to find a song;
Gather around the bright camp-fire,
Listen, listen—a forest choir
Is singing a song with a strange refrain,
"The summer that goes shall come again."



much utility when worn as an article of dress. There are moral and social reasons also why the innovation should not be introduced into Canada.

Objections to a Candidate. The *Examiner and Chronicle* gives the following objections which were made against a number of candidates who preached unsuccessfully in a vacant pulpit: 1. Too large; 2. Too small; 3. Perfectionism; 4. Periodical resignation; 5. Verbal repetition; 6. Second Advent; 7. More of a lecturer than a preacher; 8. Long Sermons; 9. Long prayers; 10. Sensational; 11. Too old; 12. Laxity of doctrine; 13. Behind the times; 14. Shallow; 15. Plagiarism; 16. Insincerity; 17. Slovenly; 18. Out of place; 19. Inarticulate; 20. Chews; 21. Slops over; 22. Expensive; 23. Worldly; 24. Too anxious to come; 25. No pastor; 26. Gets "on a tear"—that is, goes rabid on all sides of a question by turns.

Chalk Marks on Gateposts, are more significant, it appears, than is generally known. Let us suppose ourselves to be travelling in disguise with a group of tramps, and that we led them into a frank expression of their plans concerning pelf. Nearly every tramp has a piece of chalk, of which the mark will not wash out in the rain. One of the vagabonds explains to the company how he marks gateposts. A single circle, without any line across it, means that you can obtain bread and clothing in the house behind the gate on which the mark is made. A similar circle with a single line across it means that you can obtain food there, but no clothing. A circle with two lines across it means that you will find a dog there, and will do well to beware.

RCA Continues to Build America's Radio Audience



NBC HIGHLIGHTS

These are but a few of the many fine programs which make up NBC's 70% unsponsored time on the air!

Metropolitan Opera Broadcasts
NBC Symphony Broadcasts
Music Appreciation Hour
National Farm & Home Hour
NBC Radio Guild
America's Town Meeting of the Air
The Radio Pulpit
University of Chicago Round Table

DURING 1937 the National Broadcasting Company, a service of RCA, broadcast more than 50,000 unsponsored programs. Such service accounted for 70% of all NBC time on the air. The variety offered was as wide as human interests, the quality as fine as long experience makes possible.

Through the miracle of radio, such programs bring to millions entertainment, information and help which they could not receive otherwise. Through NBC, living rooms become boxes at the Metropolitan Opera. Or they are filled with the sonorous cadences of great symphonies, played by the NBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini, or some other famous conductor.

Churches have vastly extended their helpfulness through NBC broadcasts. Invalids, old people, or those kept from

attendance by other causes can hear religious services which are brought into their homes by NBC stations. All denominations are represented in this great service to the public.

Whatever the subject, if it is of interest to any considerable part of the public, NBC provides programs which deal with it.

RCA presents the Magic Key every Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m., E.S.T., on the NBC Blue Network



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA RADIO CITY, N. Y.

RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc. • Radiomarine Corporation of America
RCA Communications, Inc. • National Broadcasting Company

HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Clementine Paddleford, DIRECTOR

Planning, Preparation and Serving Meals for Home and Church. Suggestions for Decorations and Entertainment for the Social Side of Church Life



Good clean fun at home in 1878—A candy-pulling in Boston, described by the daily papers as a "delicious diversion for the fall and winter evenings."

PHOTO BY CULVER SERVICE



favorite jokes, you may remember, deal with an orphan oyster searching vainly for a playmate in an ocean of church soup. That was a time when inland oysters were as precious as pearls—so strange to middle western tables that it was no unusual thing to hear someone ask "Are oysters a kind of fish?"

Today whether you live on the seashore or on the western plains, plump, firm oysters arrive in your native town all dripping with the fresh saltiness of their native sea. Long ago the oyster crackers were as much of a treat as the oysters themselves. Whispered word went around when the oyster crackers were giving out and everyone reached for a last fistful. Today oyster crackers are so usual they create no great comment, although they hold their popularity.

Baked beans, going to church suppers a half century ago in comely capacious crocks, had enjoyed an all night soaking and long, thorough baking in the oven by the hearth. They carried the aroma of thick molasses and rare spice. Generous strips of salt pork went into these, cut off a brine-crusted slab. The streaks of fat provided richness, the flavor came from the streaks of ruddy lean. Church beans served today come from gallon cans packed by commercial companies. But the beans taste just the same, baked through and through. One company specializes in four kinds, all oven baked. Empty the beans from cans to crocks, place in a moderate oven till the rich juices bubble up and the top of the beans bake crisp and brown. Try two kinds of baked beans in a casserole combination as featured in this old time menu done in modern style:

Bean Pot Dinner

Combination Baked Bean Casserole
Onions in Celery Sauce
Cabbage Relish Salad
Brown Bread Butter
Spiced Apples
Coffee

COMBINATION BAKED BEAN CASSEROLE

1 No. 10 tin Oven Baked Beans with pork and tomato sauce	1 No. 10 tin Oven Baked Red Kidney Beans
	2 cups tomato ketchup
	25 large slices bacon

Arrange beans in alternate layers using two layers each. Spread a small amount

Old Time Eating ... UP-TO-DATE

SIXTY years ago scarcely any small town church was equipped with means to cook a meal. It was the occasional church indeed that had any room where tables could be laid. As to cooking equipment—there just wasn't any, my goodness no! That was the heyday of the covered dish. Baking pans and milk pans of steaming wholesome food were bundled into several thicknesses of newspaper and hurried from the home oven directly to the feasting hall. Scalloped potatoes, baked tender in a mixture, half milk, half cream, the top a glorious brown. Chicken pies made with husky, corn-fed young roosters. Roasts of pork, whole baked hams!

Those early day community get-togethers were held any place available. Plank tables for ice cream suppers were laid on the church lawn. Church steps and the entrance hall were where the ladies cut the cakes. By the light of the moon we country people spooned down vanilla, strawberry or lemon ice cream; ten cents a dish. The cake, mountains of cake, went along free. Every woman brought her best cake creation; spice cake, chocolate cake, fig cake, caramel. Taffy pulls were held in the home with the biggest kitchen and dining room; box suppers, in the school house. The oyster supper and baked bean fete were affairs for any vacant hall. In our country town Stockdale,

Kansas, the hall was a barn-like place, with plenty of elbow room, over the general store.

Today about one out of every ten churches has a kitchen as a matter of course, and space for social gatherings. The trend is away from contributed dishes, the food is purchased in quantity by a supper management chairman and ordered delivered to the kitchen of the church where a committee of cooks prepare the dishes by quantity recipes. The church supper committee knows to a penny how much each plate serving will cost and what the profit must be.

The Church Kitchen engineer has come into being. One large range company of Cincinnati has several of these experts on its staff. Such work includes everything from helping the architects select the spot for the cooking activities in a new church to showing the women how to get the most out of volunteer labor. The Church Kitchen engineer must be a food expert as well, with a practical knowledge of the restaurant business.

The Oyster Supper was the big supper of the year in the early 1900's. Even today, announce an oyster stew and there are never vacant chairs. But thanks to modern refrigeration and transportation the 1938 church oyster bears small resemblance to those puny little oysters Billy Sunday loved to caricature. One of his

of ketchup over each layer. Cut bacon strips in halves and nick edges to prevent curling. Arrange over top of beans equal distance apart. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 45 to 50 minutes.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD

- 1 quart Indian meal

1 quart rye flour

1 quart Graham flour

1½ teaspoons salt

2½ tablespoons baking soda
- 1 quart seeded raisins, chopped

3 cups dark molasses

2 quarts buttermilk or thick sour milk

Indian meal is the common name for yellow cornmeal in New England. It is softer, more finely ground than the packaged yellow corn meal on the market. This may be substituted, however.

Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly. Stir in raisins. Add molasses and buttermilk or sour milk and blend well. Pour into greased 2-quart molds or into greased baking powder cans, filling molds two-thirds full. Cover tightly and place in steamer. If large mold is used, steam about 4 hours. Smaller molds require 2½ to 3 hours.

SPICED APPLES

- 1 No. 10 can apples

1½ cups sugar

1½ teaspoons cinnamon
- ¾ teaspoon salt

¾ cup water

4 tablespoons fat

Cut apples into quarter-inch slices and place in baking pans. Mix sugar, cinnamon and salt; add apple juice, water and melted fat. Pour over apples. Bake in a moderate oven, (350° F.) for 30 minutes.

Oyster Supper

- Oyster Stew
- Oyster Crackers
- Tomato Jelly Salad
- Chantilly Orange Tapioca
- Coffee

OYSTER STEW

- 3 gallons milk

¾ to 1 gallon oysters

3 tablespoons salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper

½ teaspoon paprika

1 pound butter

Clean and drain oysters. Strain and heat oyster liquor. Scald milk, add oyster liquor, butter, seasonings. Add oysters and cook until they are plump and edges begin to curl. Serve at once.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

- 8 cups tomatoes (canned)

6 cloves

4 bay leaves

¾ cup onions

4 teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons sugar

6 peppercorns

4 tablespoons vinegar

4 bouillon cubes

6 tablespoons gelatin

1 cup cold water

Stew together tomatoes, cloves, bay leaves, onions, salt, sugar, peppercorns and vinegar for 15 minutes. Then force through sieve. Add hot mixture to gelatin which has soaked for five minutes in cold water. Stir until dissolved. Cool, pour into individual molds and chill. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

CHANTILLY ORANGE TAPIOCA

- 2¼ cups (12 ounces) quick cooking tapioca

2½ teaspoons salt

2¾ quarts boiling water
- 4½ cups sugar

2 quarts orange juice

3 tablespoons grated orange rind

1 quart cream, whipped

Add tapioca and salt to water and cook over hot water 15 to 20 minutes or until tapioca is thick, stirring frequently. Add sugar, orange juice and rind. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Chill. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses and garnish with very fine shreds of orange rind.



“OF all times to have my cake go back on me,” sobbed Helen, “and just last week I baked such a good one! Why can’t they *always* turn out right!” So many women share this baking “uncertainty” with Helen. They never know until it’s too late what their cake will be like. And when it fails on a “special occasion” what a tragic disappointment it may be!

If you are troubled by baking “ups and downs” why not try the advice cooking experts give. Use *Royal Baking Powder*. With Royal any woman who bakes can be more certain of success every time.

Royal, made with Cream of Tartar, has a *steady baking powder action* that assures a close, even texture. Your cake will be fine-grained . . . stay fresh longer . . . keep its goodness and flavor to the last delectable crumb. *Uneven baking*

powder action often breaks down the tiny cell walls. This broken texture allows moisture and flavor to escape. Cake gets stale and tasteless quickly.

Royal is “baking insurance”

The greater assurance that Royal gives costs only about 1¢ per baking. The rest of your ingredients cost 30 to 40 times that much. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference *per baking* between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a *fraction of a cent!*

Wouldn’t you spend part of a penny to be more certain of getting a light, fluffy cake that you will be proud of?

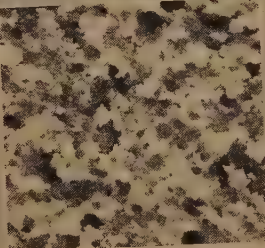
Cream of Tartar is the secret

Royal is the *only* nationally distributed baking powder made with wholesome Cream of Tartar—a product of fresh, luscious grapes. Cream of Tartar leaves no acrid “baking powder” taste. Your cake, biscuits, muffins—everything you bake—will be delicious.

So ask your grocer for ROYAL. Use it whenever you bake. You’ll agree it’s well worth the difference in price.

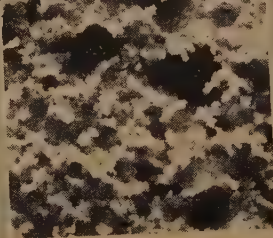
STEADY
BAKING POWDER ACTION

These photographs of cake, magnified, show why your choice of baking powder is so important to success in baking.



This is the normal result of *steady* baking powder action. Note the delicate but firm grain and fluffy texture of this cake. It will retain its moisture and delicious flavor—stay fresh longer.

UNEVEN
BAKING POWDER ACTION



See how an uneven baking powder action may ruin texture by breaking down the tiny cell walls . . . make it coarse . . . crumbly. This cake will dry out—lose its flavor—get stale quickly.



FREE COOK BOOK

If you bake at home, you should have a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells you how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins and pies. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington Street, New York City. Dept. 2010.

COPYRIGHT, 1938, BY STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED



That Thy Days May Be Long



ENCYCLOPEDIA Britannica is authority for the statement that Annuity* are very long lived. This is due to the psychological factor of 'self selection'.

When you take a Life Annuity Contract with Wheaton College it is with the expectation of living a long while to enjoy the fruits of your financial foresight. Also you have full satisfaction with your investment in the education of the rising generation along strictly Christian lines.

Wheaton College Annuity contracts yield high returns without any fluctuation in value. They give you or a survivor an income for life and make you the executor of your own estate, free of attorney fees, with a reduction in taxes.

MAIL COUPON for the full investment story and particulars of this fast growing Christian Institution which your Annuity will help perpetuate.



Details Free — Mail Coupon. No Obligation

*Those receiving regular incomes as holders of Annuity Contracts.

"For Christ and His Kingdom"

MR. GEORGE V. KIRK, Vice-President, Box H-108
Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

Without obligation please tell me the full story of Wheaton College Life Annuity Contracts and how they provide a life income.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

Your birth date.....

If survivor—Birth date.....

(Continued from page 18)

won. Oh, if I could only tell her how much it meant to me!"

The sanitarium cure was not successful, and so the following winter Peggy had to spend much time in a hospital bed, but now she was hanging onto the spiritual hand of one who had never let ill health defeat her.

It was a rare day in June when Peggy wrote wistfully of golf tournaments, tennis matches, horseback riding and swimming exhibitions from which she was excluded because of her weak heart. But, she wrote staunchly, she was working very hard at summer school to make up the studies lost through illness. "And before very long, I shall be back at boarding school. . . . After all, life is very pleasant at fifteen."

Peggy was soon as much a part of my life as my nearest neighbor. I worried over her marks and her health. I began agitating for her to come south to avoid the northern winters. Knowing how eagerly she awaited her *Christian Herald* affected my choice of subjects. I wrote my article about ministers' daughters who had become great and famous women chiefly to inspire Peggy.

It had the hoped-for effect. "Oh," she wrote, "if I can only be that sort of minister's daughter! If I can prove myself worthy of the faith Dad has in me, and my ability to accomplish things when I grow older. He is so wonderful. . . ."

Early that December I received a letter from a stranger telling me that Peggy had to undergo an emergency operation and had begged her to notify me. "I wish," she wrote—and I felt her blame—"you would write to the poor child."

Full of remorse, I shelved an article and applied myself to writing the sort of letter I would have sent to Peggy had she been my real little daughter. Why not finish her schooling in the South? I gave her a pen picture of herself convalescing on the sands, soaking up sunshine, bathing in the ocean, getting brown and bonny. I sealed it with a prayer.

Peggy recovered from the operation. But the strain of returning to school and struggling in her weakened condition to make up the work she had missed, proved too much, and soon I received a despairing report from the school, written by the same kind-hearted stranger:

"They have pronounced her physically unfit for school, and she is to be sent home Sunday. She is desperately afraid of being sent to another clinic or sanitarium. How I wish she could escape these winters! She is sleeping now, and I am sitting at her study table writing this. . . . Thank you for writing to her, Miss Plumb. It has given her courage, and brought her happiness—"

To fill the time, she described the room so that I saw it, from the bittersweet on the bookcase to the blotter on the desk. Then she described the sleeping child:

"Such a white-faced youngster, with a tiny little body and lovely brown curly hair. She's been moaning in her sleep. I wish I could do something. If only I had more time! Poor child, nobody has time for her—"

When next I heard from Peggy, she was as far south as Georgia, a student at a girls' Academy.

"I wish I could be sophisticated," she laments, "just for a change. The wilder crowd seems to have so much fun. Just because the doctor won't let me do things, I'm regarded as 'that sweet little girl on the third floor'—just on a par with the prep-school youngsters! Operations complicate life terribly. . . . Oh, I *must* get well! I have so many important things I want to do with my life, and they all require strength—"

A postscript tells me that in spite of the strictest grading system she has managed to get the necessary A. B. average—"but I've decided it isn't worth the struggle."

Nevertheless, Peggy made persistent progress. Her music was a joy to her. "The recital I play in May," she wrote, "thrills me almost to tears. One of the great professors listened to me yesterday and said that with hard work I might some day be a great pianist. My teachers actually discuss my future with me. . . ."

Finally came news of commencement, in an excited little letter which ran all over the place. She had graduated as Valedictorian of her class!

"But, Miss Plumb, what was even more important and significant to me, I was the first valedictorian in all the school's history to graduate with *athletic* honors!"

She went on in breathless little sentences to tell how she had "struggled" to make it. Of the careful hours of hiking, riding, swimming, canoeing and tennis, each a step nearer to the goal she had set herself to defeat ill health. And of the sad setbacks when an hour of over-exertion threatened to ruin all her striving.

"Dad came in time to hear my recital, see them give me the athletic awards, and hear the valedictory. I kept thinking how Mom would have gloried in my triumphs."

Then came the confidence: "With Dad was the woman who, in a few months, is to be the new 'mistress of the manse.' Dad needs her, I know, but I feel confused and frightened. I think he waited just a little too long. As a woman friend, I have always loved her. Why then, not as a new mother? Perhaps you can help me think this thing through?"

Indeed I could. I could write reams about the utter loss in my own home life because, after my mother died, when I was almost thirteen, my father had never given us that "new mother" we so much needed and wanted.

As I sealed the envelope, I said "Good-bye" to my dear little "pen-daughter," knowing that she wouldn't need me any more.

She was nineteen when she wrote her last letter, thanking me for "taking time to write to me when I was lonesome and unhappy, making the adjustments that are always difficult for adolescent youth. . . ." Then, writing on as if musing aloud, "I should love to meet you. And yet I should like to keep you as that ideal you have always been, something to cherish and think of with a warm glow about my heart. . . ."

Wise child! Of course we must never meet. I must stay up on my pedestal. It is over a year now since she wrote. Which pleases me, for that silence means that lonely little Peggy, my youngest *Christian Herald* fan, has found in "Dad's wife" a dear new mother who makes pen ones unnecessary.

(Continued from page 15)

nine million miles of road in this fast-traveling world, and one third of that mileage is in the United States; we have some 371,000 miles either paved with cement or hard-surfaced, constructed during the last twenty-five years, or in the last ten.

Along the highway is the store. A few years back the food you bought in that food store was a menace; you took a chance when you bought anything; milk men peddled their white fluid in a big can in an open wagon through the streets; butchers cut meat on a dirty tail-board. The grocer handled everything with his bare hands, from sugar to salt mackerel; and who hasn't heard of the cracker-barrel into which the town loafers dipped while they played checkers and chewed tobacco (there was the dirt-box near the stove always handy.) But what do we have now? A store like that couldn't stay open for twenty-four hours; the American housewife knows too much to patronize it. Everything is wrapped; "Untouched By Human Hands" was once one far-sighted advertiser's slogan; now it is so common that nobody mentions it. Cellophane! There's romance for you. Everything from bacon to bureaus is wrapped in it; your chances of being poisoned are nil.

Next door to the store may be your church. That isn't the same as it was sixty years ago, either. You don't have to bring a foot-warmer with your prayer-book; there is heat. Ill-ventilated churches, so stuffy that you can't keep

HOW GOOD IS YOUR MEMORY?

Some of the articles, states and magazines listed below were in existence or in common use in 1878. Some were not.

Check those you think were and compare with the answers on page 80.

CAN YOU TELL WHICH?

ARTICLES	Wheat Flakes Grapefruit	STATES	MAGAZINES
Aeroplanes		Arizona	American Magazine
Air Conditioning		Colorado	Better Homes & Gardens
Aluminum Cooking		Kansas	Colliers
Units		Idaho	Cosmopolitan
Automobiles		Montana	Good Housekeeping
Cellophane		Nebraska	Household
Cement Roads		Nevada	Ladies' Home Journal
Chewing Gum		New Mexico	Life
Electric Irons		N. Dakota	Liberty
Electric Light		Oklahoma	McCall's
Electric Refrigeration		S. Dakota	National Geographic
Gas Stoves		Utah	Popular Mechanics
Kerosene Lamps		Washington	Pictorial Review
Oil Burners		Wyoming	Reader's Digest
Motion Pictures			Saturday Evening Post
Phonographs			Time
Radio			Woman's Home
Railroads			Companion
Rubber Soled Shoes			
Rubber Tires			
Safety Razors			
Steel			
Subways			
Silk Stockings			
Telephones			
Thermostats			
Vacuum Cleaners			
Washing Machines			
Wire Screens			
FOODS			
Canned Vegetables			
Corn Flakes			
Lettuce			
Rice Flakes			
Tomatoes			

your eyes open no matter how good or bad the sermon is, are disappearing. So are the old uncomfortable pew, the glaring lights, the wheezy organ, the dull windows. A host of our new churches are air-conditioned; it won't be long before you can go from your air-conditioned home to a church every bit as comfortable, summer or winter.

While we're at it, note this. The Church has had a vast influence on the American system; it has served as a laboratory or an incubator for many of the fine movements that have made us what we are. The great functions of medicine and health, recreation, character-building that we have today had their first great impetus in the Church. Think of the hospital, the Y.M.C.A., the Boy Scouts, the Red Cross—fill in the rest of the list for yourself. They are the strong active children of the Church-in-America.

You pass in the street an American working man, better off than any other working man in the world. A half century ago he was an industrial pawn, working ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day for a subsistence wage, in firetrap factories, in mills full of deadly unprotected machinery. He died young; the thought of a penniless old age was a nightmare. Today it is different. He works, usually, eight hours a day, often a five-day week; he is protected by law from death-dealing machinery; the law insists that he have light and air wherever he works, and fire-escapes. He has recreation fields, higher wages, Old Age Pensions, Labor banks, Social Security. Above all, he is free;

(Turn to next page)

MEMORIES of Boy-Gone Days



4 KINDS

Tomato sauce with pork
Tomato sauce without pork, Vegetarian
Molasses sauce with pork, Boston-style
Red kidney beans



THAT OLD HOME WEAKness for baked beans is a nostalgic feeling we all share. And the answer? Heinz Oven-Baked Boston-Style Beans! They're like the kind mother used to soak over night and bake all day in a hot oven. Heinz makes 'em the same way—even to the lavish benediction of molasses sauce and pork!

SCRAPING BOTTOM was one of the greatest gastronomic delights of boyhood! Remember what delectable morsels nestled in the depths of the old family bean pot? To duplicate this thrill, heat Heinz Oven-Baked Beans—in *your* bean pot and *scrape bottom!* Your grocer has four savory kinds.

HEINZ Oven-Baked BEANS

What does your

"Charming"?

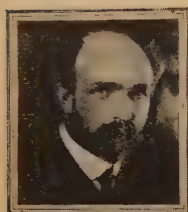
-or Ordinary?"

English

"Cultured"?

-or "Educated"?

tell others about you?



SHERWIN CODY

Why do some people keep letting these unconscious errors in grammar, spelling, and pronunciation hold them back both socially and in business? Why don't they see that untidy, second-rate language handicaps them just as surely as if they were careless in other matters?

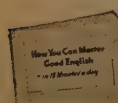
Good English Simply a Habit

The reason is that ever since school days most people have regarded English as a dull, tiresome subject. They never realize that speaking and writing correct, colorful, forceful English is a simple, fascinating *habit* that can quickly be formed!

The Sherwin Cody 100% Self-Correcting Device enables you to form this *habit* of good English in just 15 minutes a day. It concentrates on *your own mistakes* and automatically makes correct English "second nature" with you.

Free Book

Mr. Cody's fascinating 32-page book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day," is free to those who sincerely wish to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, the revealing "slips" that hinder their careers. Simply send the coupon or a postal card for your copy. There is no obligation. No agent will call. Address: SHERWIN CODY



SCHOOL OF
ENGLISH,
3010 Searle
Building, Roch-
ester, N. Y.

A New Kind of Help for:

Business Men
and Women
Professional
Men
Parents
Typists and
Stenographers
Ministers and
Lecturers
Teachers
Writers
Clubmen and
Clubwomen
Salesmen

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
3010 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your new free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ If 18 years or under check here for Booklet A

(Continued from page 57)

free to work where he pleases, to join a union or not (and less than one-third of our thirty million workers are unionized!), free to strike and picket (try that under any totalitarian government!). He is the free product of a free system that believes in the competition of ideas, a system that would put up with strikes and occasional economic disturbance rather than surrender the basic principle of liberty on which it is founded.

You see children playing on the town playground across the street from the church or the store. Or shouting in any one of the country's stadia. Millions of youngsters are doing that all over the country. That's why the younger generation is healthily happy. Young America is crowding the free public playground—built for him on the profits of American business and industry. He isn't worrying over the intricacies of the goosetep or the manual of arms; he's worried over who will win the next World Series and over whether Yale can lick Princeton in the Fall. If he can't get himself elected President he would like to be a pitcher like Carl Hubbell. (And be it said here that he is quite free to try to be either.)

Drive on out into the country. Take a good look at the farmer. Nine to one the farmer has a car; the farmers of America are owning and driving more cars today than *all the people* of Italy, Russia and Germany put together. He also drives a tractor. His father's father may have broken his back over the one-man, one-horse plow, but his children can plow six furrows at once behind that one tractor. He can sew, cultivate, reap, bind and market more in a day, thanks to modern farm machinery, than his father could in six months.

Even in his home, he isn't a prisoner in this day and age. He has the telephone. (There are sixty to seventy million phone conversations in the U. S. every day of the week.) It wasn't that way in '78. Then, if the baby "took sick" in the middle of the night, you walked—or ran—for the doctor.

More than the phone, the farmer and the city-dweller in 1938 have the radio. We twist a button and listen to a King quitting his throne or a President being sworn in—both epochal events that we take as a matter of fact. When the War of 1812 was over, it was weeks before we knew it; Andrew Jackson actually fought the Battle of New Orleans after peace had been declared. But a man sitting directly behind President Roosevelt when he took his last oath of office heard the words of the oath a fraction of a second *after* it had been heard by people listening to loud speakers in Denver.

That business of getting sick is worth attention, too. The idea that the man ill with tuberculosis should be kept in bed in a room with the windows all down, or that a man with anything from mumps to cancer should be bled. We've come a long, long way down the road with health and medical practice. Four thousand clinics offer service and advice in this country; you get it whether you're rich or poorer than the local church mouse. We have 6,200 hospitals, 1,096,721 beds, 170,000 doctors, or one for every 765 of the population; we have the best drugs

and medicines within reach of every citizen of the land. The medical practice of America is the envy of the world; you'll find internes in our hospitals from the other side of the earth.

Yesterday we took our hands in our lives in riding in dirty, dangerous, fire-trap wooden railway cars; now we go from Chicago to Denver in twelve hours, in a stream-lined silver streak of a train, equipped with everything from radio to magazines to stewardess-nurse. Or we hop into a plane in Newark and hop out in San Francisco eighteen hours later.

Is all this too materialistic? Maybe so. If you're interested in social progress, take a good look at that side of the American march. We've gone ahead by leaps and bounds. Here we hold that "All men are created free and equal." Coolidge, born six years before the first issue of *Christian Herald*, on a remote farm in Vermont, ended in the White House. He had benefit of no royal line, nor indeed of any high social caste. An immigrant's son can become anything he is able to become, from a soul-saver to a swindler. Great steel magnates have been steel puddlers; Cadman was a mule-boy in the mines. It's a free country, built on a system the keynote of which has been liberty and a chance for every man—the American System.

Culturally, we got off to a late start; the Old World still guards a culture and an art that we must admire and cherish. Yet the younger generation in America is more favored to develop culturally than any other younger generation I know of. Think of the Carnegie Libraries that are scattered across America. (6,235 free public libraries with 100,470,215 volumes to be had for the asking; annual cost, forty-six million dollars). Or they can read any one of the 13,000 newspapers and magazines to be had for from two cents to a dollar, and which are not censored to death before they reach the reader's table. And he can listen to the best of the world's music and musicians.

Now comparing anything in America with anything in any other country is dangerous business; there are always secret, hard-to-uncover mitigating circumstances that are liable to floor the argument. But this much is certain: peoples living under other systems have had the same opportunities just as long as we have had them, and on the face of it, they do not seem to have kept up with us. Take Russia, which compares favorably with us in area and population. Well, they don't sleep well in Russia, not only because they fear being purged but because a good bed and mattress are hard to find. According to Mr. M. E. Tracy's book, "Our Country, Our People and Theirs," from which I have borrowed liberally for this article, "Lavatories proclaim their presence at from ten to twenty yards . . . Electric refrigerators are practically unknown . . . Electric irons are rare, washing machines almost unheard of. Almost every peasant home still uses the old-fashioned brick stove . . ."

In the old rural sections of Italy there are no creature comforts worth the name; fifty per cent of the 273,062 houses in Milan are desperately overcrowded; in the capital of Calabria, 1440 dwellings out of 5566 are below street level. In Germany, where business is under an

iron-clad governmental hand, the domestic comforts we enjoy are still in the dream stage. Italy, Germany and Russia are of course the prime examples of government-controlled business; they are supposed to have outlawed the American way as outworn. Yet...

Economically we are free and they are retarded, in debt, with their backs to the wall; we haven't found it necessary yet to force our youth into the army or the concentration camp or to repudiate our debts; we pay them. Socially, one man is as good as another so long as he behaves himself and works intelligently; socially, that isn't true over there. Politically, we vote as we please; they don't. Religiously, we are free to worship our God in any way, shape or manner we see fit.

Now what has produced all this? Why have we got it? Well, for one reason, we have it because we have been living under a constantly growing system that has encouraged individual initiative and enterprise. I know that statement is hackneyed; it's so true that it will stand being hackneyed a little more. Think of the inventions that have been born in America: telephone and telegraph, aeroplane, combustion engine, Hoe press, typewriter, steamboat and railway locomotive, Bessemer steel and Portland Cement. Edison, Cyrus Field, Franklin, Fitch, Ford, Eli Whitney, Elias Howe, Fulton, Morse, Ericsson, Westinghouse, Bell, Holland, De Forest—inventions and inventors all, who have lifted the race more in seventy-five years than it had been lifted in almost as many centuries before they got their chance—in America.

A free press, free radio, free speech, free assembly, free church—these never could have been born in anything but an *atmosphere* of freedom. It all grew out of a system of give-and-take that came into being on the American frontier.

We've abused that system, often. There have been abuses, oppressions, scandals that needed correction and that got them. This system is no more like the system of sixty years ago than day is like night, yet the bases and the emphases are the same. And I for one think they should be kept the same.

Let's give men the privilege of being what they can. Let's be fair enough to understand that the Rockefeller Foundation came out of an oil fortune, the Carnegie Library out of a steel fortune; that we have countless colleges, schools, hospitals, art galleries, museums, and what-not that we never would have had without those fortunes. Let's curb the rapacity of those un-American greedy individuals who want to grab it all and who care not one whit how the rest of the world gets along. Let's keep on building the fences against abuse that we have been building across the last half-century, and give more and more of the less privileged among us their chance at life.

But in heaven's name let's not try to do that by destroying the freedom that has lifted us to the heights we enjoy now. The minute we turn this system over to any sort of centralized all-powerful control, governmental or otherwise, we will lose all we have gained. The thing for us to do now is to go on improving and not to throw what we have overboard.

Here's a Real "POWER HOUSE" for your Car!



A NEW BATTERY THAT LASTS 68% LONGER!

New type Willard Thread Rubber Insulators and Willard High Quality plates give the Willard "H-R" top performance and a life 68% above the average of over 100 other brands, including all the best known makes.

● It really IS an individual power house — this new Willard "H-R" Battery.

It feeds electricity to your starter, your ignition system, your car radio, your horn, your lights, and other current consuming devices whenever it is needed—regardless of weather conditions.

Almost any battery built, will probably do that—at first.

But *here's* the difference—the Willard "H-R" does all the things a battery is supposed to do—and it keeps on doing them for 68% longer than the average of competing batteries.

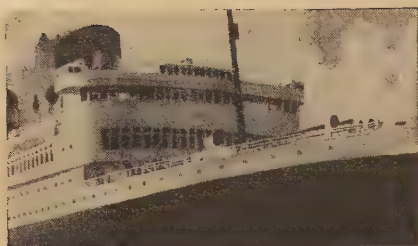
Your Willard dealer will be glad to show you the new "H-R" and explain its many advantages. If your present battery is old or showing signs of weakness, install a new "H-R" now before you "get stuck."

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY • Cleveland • Dallas • Los Angeles • Toronto

ASK FOR IT BY NAME AT



YOUR WILLARD DEALER'S



Again This Winter

TWO CHRISTIAN HERALD CRUISES

We are happy to announce that arrangements have been made to repeat last winter's highly successful Christian Herald cruises. The rates will be the same, the duration the same, sailing dates and itinerary approximately the same, and the management will be the same. Don't again miss this remarkable opportunity to visit the world's most interesting and instructive places in the finest ships and with the most congenial companions.

MEDITERRANEAN HOLY LAND and EGYPT

The annual winter tour which has thrilled and benefited so many hundreds of Christian Herald readers during the past thirteen years. Sail from New York on a luxurious cruise ship to visit 17 countries and islands on 3 continents—54 days—\$650 all inclusive rate including comprehensive shore trips.

AROUND THE WORLD

Also now established as an annual Christian Herald travel feature and always the supreme travel event of a lifetime. East-bound into the Mediterranean to Egypt, Holy Land, Arabia, India, the Straits Settlements, Dutch East Indies; thence Honolulu and California either via the China Coast and Japan or via the South Sea Islands. 104 days—\$985 up all-inclusive rate including comprehensive shore excursions.

PARTIES LIMITED

Both groups will be limited in number so reservations should be made at the earliest possible convenience. Send the coupon below for complete details indicating the trip you wish.

SAME MANAGEMENT

As in the past, our winter cruises have been planned by James Boring and will be carried out by the worldwide organization which Mr. Boring has built up during the past fifteen years.

James W. Boring, Cruise Director
419 Fourth Avenue
New York

Please send me, without obligation, full details of the cruise checked below:

- ☐ Mediterranean-Holy Land
☐ Around-the-World

Name

Address

(Continued from page 44)

to college, but they had an excellent education through what would be our High School in the U. S. Before the war, there would have been sufficient opportunities for them here or in the colonies. The oldest boy would have, as he wished, gone into publishing, the second son, as he wished, into medicine, and the third son into forestry. They have all been obliged to give up commercial or professional hopes. One has joined the air force, one the Palestine police, one a regiment in India. Great Britain is not at war (except on the Northwest frontier of India) but every time my friend opens the paper and sees a headline, "Another air crash in the R. A. F." or "Riot in Jerusalem" or "Tribes restless on the Northwest frontier," her heart stops beating. It is all so brutally senseless! And the complete, permanent cure is outlined in detail in the four Gospels!

Two of these sons are home on holiday for the moment and were having tea with Penn and me the other day. I couldn't help thinking all the time, "What would I feel about the wastage, if they were my sons?" And I felt it all the more keenly when Noel, who has been two years in Palestine, told us tales of the Holy Land from the point of view of a military policeman. He had gone out to Palestine, he said, with enough sense of high romance, to offset a little the discouragement over his future. After all, a policeman was not a killer. He was the guardian of the peace, and to be guarding peace in the Holy Land had something of the color of a crusade.

Noel is well grounded in Biblical lore, as all schoolboys in England are forced to be, and he prepared to write things about the almost sacred romanticism of modern youth helping the Chosen People to return to the Promised Land. But he could write nothing. He saw, he said, humanity at its very worst, with not a straw's difference between the two people contending for possession of the country. Selfishness, rapacity, cruelty, fanaticism, greed and racial vanity raised to the thousandth degree on both sides were the characteristics that impressed him.

I have known Noel for a long time. He was meant for better things than this. But I think his outlook on life is permanently and unhappily warped. He has not the essential toughness of mental fiber to withstand such violent loss of illusion. It requires the quality of a Lawrence to come out of such a fire, refined and without hate.

It was actually a relief after these guests had gone to receive a call from a Pilgrim's Progress friend who had come to this part of England, I believe, to meet the dogs and to see what Hearst really looks like and to discover if Searle and Mrs. Searle are as nice as I say they are! We showed her everything and she stayed to tea and she gave me a little lecture. She said I don't send the *Herald* enough pictures of our house, and she wants a new one that does Mrs. Searle justice, and one of our front gate and our front door. So I shall go out, today, meekly and try my hand at some new snapshots. And if the editor likes them, he'll publish them. She was much intrigued by the details of this ancient

place, the thumb-latches on the doors, and the doors themselves of hand-hewed planks and bars. Just outside my study door is an upright oak beam, black with age. Three-inch notches have been cut eighteen inches apart to make this beam into a ladder. The earliest, crudest kind I've ever seen. Outside the other door of my study is a deep recess in the wall, fitted with stone shelves. Here, once upon a time, the man-at-arms kept his helmet. I wish I knew the real story of the making of this old home. My callers ask me all sorts of questions I can't answer. Lately, I have gone through some of the archives of St. Mary's church, burial register and marriage, tithe-collections etc, back to the Sixteenth Century, in wonderful old vellum-bound books, but so far I have unearthed no reference to Hearsthouse.

These American callers would, alone, keep me in intimate touch with my native land, but I have many other contacts. This constant writing to you all in the *Herald* is one, and still another is the ever increasing interchange of radio programs across the Atlantic. England is more and more alive to the necessity of teaching her people about the greatnesses as well as the not-so-greatnesses of the U. S. So



AUTUMN GARDEN

Down in the garden on my knees
I plant some tulips—picotees—
And kneeling there I say a prayer
To God of earth and sky and air,
To God of growth and blossoming dust,
A Heavenly Father I may trust
With hope of tiny leaf and stem,
With beauty flowering up from them—
And I am thankful I may bear
My little garden in God's care.

—Edith Lombard Squires



last Saturday, we heard a political description of American affairs from New York. And Monday, the 4th of July, the National Radio Magazine with more than a million readers, had a most friendly description of our American holiday, (which I thought was very sporting) and a program was exchanged on the wireless between the two great nations, one from the curator of Sulgrave Manor and the other from the curator of Mount Vernon, describing the two homes of the Washingtons. Last night, Alastair Cooke, an Englishman who makes extensive tours of the United States, began the first of twelve programs, giving the songs of America. He has had free access to the superb collection of records in the Library of Congress made by John Lomax and proposes, with the help of these, to give a picture of America's sentiments from every angle. Last night we had hobo songs, cowboys, negro farmers, railway workmen, a very fine long ballad about Abraham Lincoln—which I'd never heard—and the program wound up with West Point cadets singing "Camping Tonight" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Shortly after, an English friend telephoned to tell me how interested and delighted he'd been. And that warmed me so much that a little of Noel's bitterness was dimmed in my thoughts. There is a lot of greatness atop of our meannesses, you know!

(Continued from page 21)

temporarily re-christened Camp Jewett.

It was during the occupancy of Number 55 that, through the efforts of Dr. Klopsch, the great pipe organ was secured from Princeton University. It was afterwards removed to the present location of the Mission, 227 Bowery, when the old building had to be torn down to make room for the approaches to the new Manhattan Bridge.

During all those years, from 1879 on, the fame of the Mission continued to spread, because of the remarkable work it was accomplishing for lost and broken men. Even before its removal to 227, the name of the Bowery Mission was known all over the world. In every city, almost in every village, in every land beneath the sun, could be found some man who had been helped by the Mission—perhaps owed to it his chance to get back home; not infrequently he owed to it his life. For, while some men go to the Mission just for "a flop and a handout," others go for a more serious purpose, or receive their awakening there, although they may not have come with that in mind in the first place. Countless are the men who have been converted there; and an astonishingly large proportion of those converts remain steadfast. We know that.

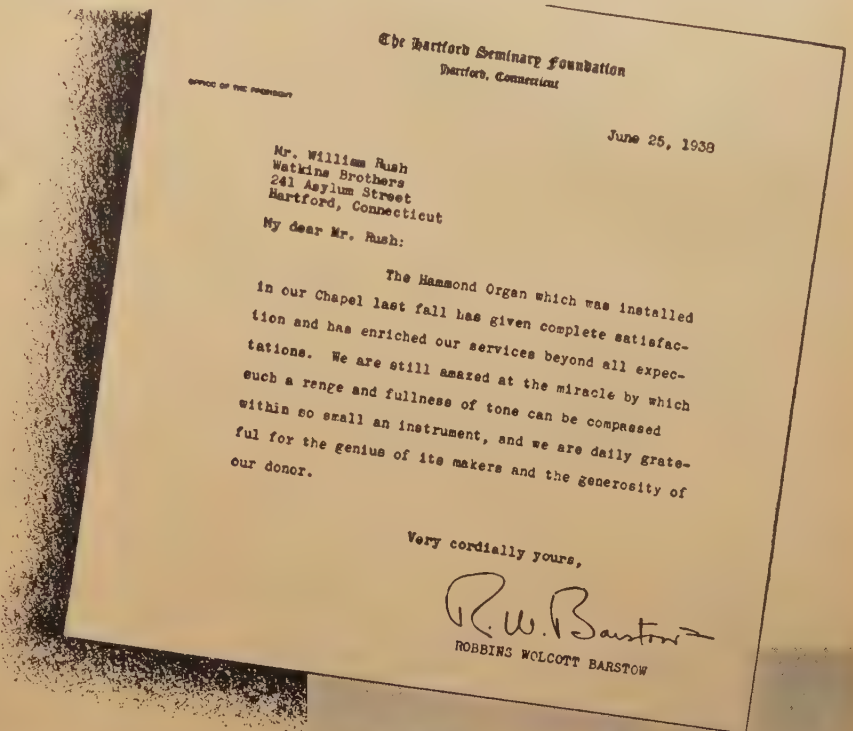
Even as early as 1899, twenty years after the founding of the Mission, Superintendent Hallimond said, in a statement in *The Christian Herald*, "In the twenty years since this Mission opened, in 1879, 20,000 men have been converted in Bowery Mission."

Twenty thousand in the first twenty years! How many more must there have been in the nearly forty additional years since that statement was made! Some of them we know—thousands more we do not. But we know, for instance that Mr. Wyburn, who was Superintendent of the Mission in the interim between Messrs. Childs and Hallimond, had himself been an inmate of the Mission, and had been converted there. We know that John Goode, drunkard, thief, wife-deserter, and ex-convict, at last came to his senses at a meeting in the Mission, and lived for years afterward, right here in New York, a sincere Christian; an active and marvelously successful evangelist and an influence for untold good upon thousands of men who were down and out and apparently hopeless—as he once had been. We know that Mr. G—S—, an educated Dane of fine family, who had come to this country only to fall a victim to drink, to sink lower and lower until he landed on the Bowery a hopeless derelict—we know that he was converted there, returned to his native land, and ever afterward occupied himself helping the poor and lost of his own land, until he died, a sincere Christian.

Thousands of similar instances can be cited—authentic, convincing. Bowery Mission has demonstrated, beyond all dispute, that men can be changed, can be lifted from the gutter to stand firm upon their feet again, can turn from filth and drink and crime and hopelessness to lead clean Christian lives. Thousands are doing just that.

In 1933 a new era came to the Mission, with the installation of Charles J. (Turn to next page)

Already this amazing organ is "enriching the services" of more than 2000 churches



IN CHURCHES, chapels and seminaries—here and in many foreign countries—the beautiful tones of the Hammond Organ are the subject of enthusiastic comment. Scores of letters from clergymen of all denominations attest their satisfaction with this remarkable instrument.

With its incredibly low cost, the Hammond makes it entirely unnecessary for any church to forego the delight of really beautiful organ music. Not only is the original cost of the Hammond a fraction of what you might expect—but also it requires no costly building alterations! Cannot get out of tune! Uses a negligible amount of current!

Are you wholeheartedly satisfied with the present music in your church? If not, let your nearest Hammond dealer explain more about this revolutionary organ; you'll find him in the Classified Directory. Or for full information, write the Hammond Organ, 2927 N. Western Avenue, Chicago. In Canada, address Northern Electric Co., Ltd., Montreal.



Hartford Theological Seminary
Hartford, Connecticut



\$1250 and up, depending on size of installation

THE HAMMOND ORGAN

AN IMPRESSIVE DONATION... A BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL

Handy Heat on Wheels

for the

BATH
PORCH
CAMPS
GARAGES
OFFICES
SICK ROOM



or any room where you need occasional or extra heat, this portable electric steam radiator is just the thing. It is always ready at the end of an electric cord. Ideal for those cool damp days of late Fall or early Spring. Just plug in your cord and have an hour or so of "jiffy heat." Comes ready for immediate use. Is thermostatically controlled, insuring economy and safety. Double ball bearing casters make it easy to move. An efficient little steam plant that costs but a few cents a day to run. Send for special folder CH showing 4 sizes.

Burnham Boiler

CORPORATION
Irvington, New York

AMAZING MACHINE GROWS HAIR

Intermittent Vacuum stimulates deep-lying scalp blood vessels—and GROWS HAIR in thousands of cases of baldness. Stops falling hair. Tones up scalp. New hair often in 90 days. Easy to use this amazing machine at home. Only \$9.95 complete. Write quick for FREE TRIAL OFFER. Rand, Dept. P-1670, Newport, Ky.

Only \$9.95 COMPLETE

BEFORE AFTER

Fully Guaranteed

ARE YOUR LEGS BAD?

1¢ If you suffer with varicose veins, phlebitis or swollen limbs, is it worth 1¢ (your name and address on a postcard) to learn how you may obtain quick relief and lasting comfort by wearing Corliss washable laced stockings that contain no rubber and cost about one-half the price of elastic. Write or call for booklet.

G. CORLISS CO., 1265-1269 Broadway, New York City

STRIKE!

EN-AR-CO (Japanese style) OIL strikes quickly at pain and discomfort of Neuralgia, Sprains, Muscular Soreness, Fatigue and Exposure—doing it for over 50 years. Excellent for the discomfort of Head Colds or Bronchial Irritation! Get EN-AR-CO today and put such pains and aches out of business... Made in U.S.A.

NATIONAL REMEDY CO. NEW YORK

EN-AR-CO IS UNFAIR TO PAIN!

UNION OF PAIN & ACHE

KNITTING WOOLS

Send for 600 Samples FREE
HOOK RUG YARNS

Prompt Mail Service
COLONIAL YARN HOUSE, 1231-R Cherry St., Phila., Pa.

(Continued from page 61)

St. John as Superintendent. St. John has himself known what the drink habit means—and he knows, too, that only the power of the Christian religion can assure the drunkard freedom from the habit which enslaves him. After his conversion, St. John entered the ministry, where his remarkable influence over men soon became apparent. That peculiar power has been strikingly manifested at Bowery Mission. When he takes a man by the hand, and looks him straight in the eye, that man abandons all thought of trying to lie to St. John; he blurts out the truth. And that is the only condition "Charlie" makes—"tell me the truth, son." The truth told, no man is refused help. It may not be the kind of help the man asks, but he will have done for him what St. John thinks will be best in the case—and St. John is usually right.

The attendance at the Mission has broken all records in the years of St. John's incumbency. More beds have been installed, the whole building has been renovated and made clean and attractive—St. John can't see any power for good in dirt and dinginess. The building shines with white enamel. Floors and walls are spotless. The dormitories and beds are as clean as those in our own homes. Every night the famous bread line passes through the Mission's basement, to receive bread, coffee, and soup or sandwiches—but even that dingy basement has taken on color and cleanliness.

The work of the Mission, too, has been greatly extended by St. John. Thousands of letters are written by the men, to their relatives or friends. Thousands of poor fellows are supplied with clothing, shoes and underwear, to keep them from freezing. Even during the hard years through which we have been passing, jobs have been found for more men than ever before. Husbands have been sent back to their wives, chastened and resolved to take care of their families thereafter. Wayward boys have been helped to get in touch with their parents and given the tickets which take them back to the homes which they should never have left. Old men, whose only crime is that they are old, have been placed in touch with relatives or others who will care for them. There is no form which misfortune can take from which the Mission is not ready to help extricate a man—if he will come clean and tell the truth.

But after all, this is a Mission, and its chief business is to preach religion, and to try to bring these men to Christ. At every service—and there are services every day in the year—St. John preaches, and gives those present an invitation to come to the altar and be prayed for. Almost daily men profess conversion. Thousands of them, scattered all over the world, can testify that St. John led them to the light down in Bowery Mission. As in the case of Mont Lawn, we confidently expect to expand the work of the Mission. We are planning, as contributions increase, to enlarge it and make it a recreational center for homeless men.

For the past two years, St. John and his service at the Mission have been on the air. So far, those broadcasts have been given on a station which is mainly local. It is hoped that in the future it

may be possible to get his program broadcast on one of the great nation-wide hook-ups. But even with the somewhat localized broadcast, the influence of these programs has been tremendous. To millions of people, especially in the East, it has been a revelation to hear the men sing, to listen to the deep tones of the great organ, to hear St. John's fervent prayer and his earnest sermon. The result has been beyond calculation. Bowery Mission was known to some one in almost every land before; now it is as familiar—and as appealing—to millions of Americans as the sermons of Dr. Talmage used to be in the days of Louis Klopsch.

Foochow

I have used nearly all my space, and still have not described the work of the *Christian Herald* Mission and Industrial School at Foochow, China. The taking over the responsibility for that Mission by *Christian Herald* came about in this way:

About fifteen years ago there came into the *Christian Herald* office Miss Emily Hartwell, a missionary and teacher located in Foochow, China. Miss Hartwell is an extremely interesting person—and one extremely capable of convincing others of the merits of what she is doing. So greatly did she impress the editor of that time that he agreed, then and there, that *Christian Herald* should take over some of the financial responsibility for the Mission. That responsibility, with help from the government of Fukien Province, it has been carrying ever since.

It is hard for Americans to realize what conditions have been in China, almost continuously for over thirty years. Famine, flood and drought devastated areas as large as several American states. Civil War raged for years. Now the terrible invasion by a foreign foe has brought ruin and death to millions of Chinese—millions of as honest, likable, industrious people as there are on the globe. Whole areas have been completely ruined; what were once fertile farm lands are now desolate deserts, from which every building, even every blade of grass has been torn away. Floods have ruined other areas; and always the poor inhabitants, driven out, have wandered they know not where, with nothing left upon which to live, no place to go—nothing. Hardest hit of all have been the children. Thousands upon countless thousands of them have been left orphaned, homeless—little wanderers, not knowing where to turn or what to do. Many thousands of them have solved that problem by dying. But a few—far too few, but all that can be accommodated with the funds and the room available—have been taken into the Mission's Orphanage at Foochow. There they are clothed, tended until they are well, given adequate food and decent beds—for the first time in their poor little lives, many of them—and then taught so that they may become useful citizens capable of making a living for themselves, and of helping other children who also need help.

For Foochow, like *Christian Herald's* other benevolences, aims to do more than merely to give material help to those who need and deserve it. It aims, also, to exert a permanent influence upon the lives of those Chinese children, so bright, so in-

telligent, yet so pathetically helpless. (The Orphanage gives them a home with a Christian background; the Industrial School teaches trades, at which the students can work when they leave. It has one immeasurable advantage over Mont Lawn—its children stay there, the year round. They study in regular school classes, but they also work in the shops and on the farm. They learn to be cabinet makers, printers, farmers. Hundreds of its graduates have become persons of standing and Christian influence in China. Only lack of means prevents the School from reaching many times the number it can now provide for.

Miss Hartwell has been with the School for many years. Superintendent Culver and Mrs. Culver are now in this country, on their first vacation for twenty years. His assistants, Mr. Merlin Bishop and Mr. Davidson, with the corps of native teachers, remain at their posts, although bombs sometimes rain alarmingly close. They are doing a great work for China—and for Christ; for their efforts are always directed to bringing these little Chinese to understand what Christ can do for them and their sorely afflicted land.

That, in brief, is a summary of *Christian Herald's* charities. Only God knows the men who have been redeemed, the little children whose lives have been brightened, the good that has been done throughout the years. There is more, very much more, which has not been told, because I have come to the end of my space. Homes for wayward girls have been helped, in past years; schools for Negroes have been aided; many, many individuals, of whom you will never hear, have been assisted in solving problems which they could not solve alone. Running through the files of the magazine for the past fifty years is like living again through some of the greatest periods, experiencing some of the most trying times and the greatest disasters, in our country's history. The Spanish-American War; the great Galveston flood; the terrible St. Louis cyclone; the droughts in the West—all these were, to *Christian Herald*, occasions for doing good in His name. Wherever there has been fire, flood, famine, or other calamity to the human race, there *Christian Herald* has intervened, countless times in the past, with funds for relief—funds which then, as now, you, our readers, contributed at this magazine's solicitation.

For we believe, and *Christian Herald* has always believed that we are our brother's keeper. Believing Him who is always compassionate to those who suffer, to little children, to Prodigals of every age, we believe, too, that the obligation rests upon us to alleviate that suffering so far as our means and power extend. That is why we support Mont Lawn; for if there were more Mont Lawns, we should need fewer Bowery Mission—and we know He approves the work we do there for little children. And we support Bowery Mission, also in His name; for did He not venture forth in the darkest and stormiest night to rescue the sheep that was lost? We support the Orphanage, School and Mission at Foochow—for has not the Father told us that He has made of one blood all men that dwell upon the earth? We accept the responsibilities in His name, for it is He, again, who has told us that we are our Brother's Keeper.



The American Seating Company is the leading manufacturer of church furniture. Pews, tables, pulpits, choir lofts of every desired style are available. Particularly notable is our furniture featuring wood-carving. The most exquisite effects are achieved by our master wood-carvers. Full facts will be sent you upon request.



**A CHAIR
IDEALLY SUITED FOR
CHURCH USES**

HERE is a moderate priced chair which most adequately meets the requirements of churches and church schools.

Comfortable, handsome, durable and dignified in its clean cut lines, it is ideal for classes, assemblies, banquets, committees and conference uses. Quiet in folding and in use. Rubber shod and easily handled.

Available in chrome or soft toned enamel finish, with a variety of upholstering materials or with steel back and plywood seat.

Rubber tired trucks in various capacities facilitate removal and storage of the folded chairs.

American Seating Company

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Branch Offices in Principal Cities

PEWS, CARVED MEMORIALS, PULPITS AND SANCTUARY FURNITURE
SEATING EQUIPMENT FOR SCHOOLS AND ALL PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Raise MONEY ... Easily

There is no surer, easier or more pleasant way to raise needed funds for churches or clubs than with the aid of our co-operative plan. Women everywhere accept Gottschalk's Metal Sponge as the foremost metal scouring device. They buy this time and labor saver without hesitation. A sale is made almost every call. In the past 20 years we have assisted thousands of organizations to raise money. We will be delighted to help you. Write for particulars. METAL SPONGE SALES CORPORATION, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gottschalk's METAL SPONGE



EXTRA MONEY EASILY EARNED

SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS
Created by DDEHLA

DEAL WITH LEADER IN BOX ASSORTMENTS

Show magnificent new 21 folder \$1 Christmas assortment. Styled by foremost artists. Novel innovations galore. Also \$1 Religious Scripture Text, De Luxe Etching, Christmas Gift Wrapping, Every Day, etc. Tying Ribbon assortments.

LOW PRICED PERSONAL CARDS
Sell 56 Christmas, Etching, Scripture Text cards with customer's name imprinted. Also individual Birthday, Congratulations, Sympathy, Get Well Cards.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. Sell, friends, others. Up to 100% profit. Extra bonus. No investment. **SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER.** Write for 21 box on approval and free details. **HARRY DOEHLA CO., Dept. G-21, Fitchburg, Mass.**

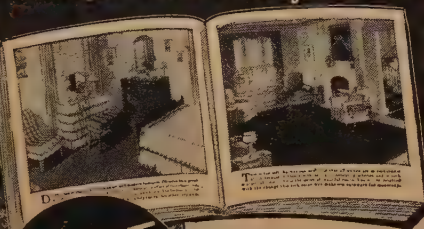
Write for
SAMPLES
on approval

INVENTIONS WANTED

We successfully sell inventions, patented and unpatented. Write for proof, and tell us what you have for sale. **CHARTERED INSTITUTE, Dept. 35-A, Washington, D. C.**

OLSON RUGS

Beautiful New Rugs from Old



SAVE
1/3 to 1/2

Send OLD Rugs, Clothing direct to FACTORY

FIND out about these **Better Rugs** that have won praise of editors, women everywhere. The kind you've always wanted: deep-textured **Broadloom** woven seamless, **Reversible** for double wear and luxury.

ANY SIZE You Want

We shred, merge, reclaim valuable wools in all kinds of old rugs, clothing—bleach, respin, redye, reweave.

CHOICE of 66 lovely Early American, Oriental, Modern designs, solid colors, two-tone, and Homespun effects.

It's So Easy—materials are picked up at your door—and new rugs delivered in a week.

We Guarantee to satisfy or pay for materials. **Two Million Customers.** Beware Agents.

FREE BOOK IN COLORS

OLSON RUG CO. CHICAGO - NEW YORK - SAN FRANCISCO

Mail this Coupon or 1c Postal to

2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Dept. E-51

Mail new Olson Rug Book FREE to—

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

State _____

© 1938
ORC

(Continued from page 26)

very neat in the dress Mary Knowles had given her for the funeral but worn shoes and bare hands were mute witnesses of poverty. She smiled faintly as she recognized the minister and approached the desk.

The Squire's pudgy fingers took the bill she laid down. "What's this?" He held up a five dollar bill. "Where's the rest?"

"That's all I got," Emma's voice was strained and a moist handkerchief was being twisted in her fingers. "I only got that cause Tom Moore loaned it to me. They don't pay me at the store till next week and I ain't gettin' so much cause I was away for the funeral."

Defiantly, she returned the Squire's gaze. For all his brow beating tactics, the frowning mien, the angry eyes, the rasping voice that threatened to become a roar, this slender slip of a girl refused to be cowed. Bruce surveyed the scene with a growing anger of his own.

"Well," said the Squire harshly, "you owe me five dollars. And Mr. Hardy here has been telling me I've got to spend a lot of money on the house before long. How can I do that if I don't get paid. Probably I will have to increase the rent."

"We can't pay any more," the girl cried, alarmed.

"Well, when are you going to pay me what you owe me now?" roared the Squire banging his fist.

Sitting behind her, Bruce could see Emma sway weakly as she put her handkerchief to her face. He rose quickly and came to her side.

"Here's your money," he said hotly, throwing a bill down upon the table. "Give her a receipt," he added shortly as the Squire hesitated. "It's all right," he said to Emma as she looked up to him wordlessly. "You can pay me when you are able. Good day, sir."

So full was he with his own thoughts that he did not notice the approach of a tall, well proportioned young man who seemed anxious to speak to him.

"You're the new Dominie, aren't you?"

"I guess I am."

"My name's Wallace, Bob to you," said the other. "I thought I had you right. My dad is down at your church but I haven't been around yet."

"Better come down," Bruce grinned looking up. Tall as he was, Bob was a half head taller, a young man of about his own age.

"Say," Bob was eyeing him curiously, "are you the Hardy that pitched for Syracuse University a few years ago?"

"I did pitch a few games," Bruce acknowledged.

"I'll say you did," chortled Bob in huge satisfaction. "I guess I knew it. I played first for Colgate. Put 'er there." He extended a huge hand that Bruce grasped fervently. "Say, we play Spa City on the Fourth and you're going to play."

Bruce shook his head dubiously. "I'm afraid, Bob. It's a long time since I threw a ball."

"We've got more than two weeks, you can get in trim," Bob asserted confidently. "You've got to, you know. I want the folks here to see what kind of a man they've got. It's a good chance to get next to some of the fellows," he added

wisely. "You come out tonight. I'll look for you."

Later in the afternoon, Sam Darnley received Squire Clouse in his office and listened without comment while his visitor relieved his mind.

There was no encouragement in Sam's eyes. "I guess it's got to go through," he said briefly. "Ought to have been done years ago. It makes the other land worth more."

"But what about me?"

Sam was shaking his head. "Don't bring your troubles to me. I'm thinking 'bout something else. What am I going to do about the Mayor? He's not playing ball with us the way he ought to."

"Harrumph," the Squire's head nodded understandingly. There were some large interests involved. Paving contracts, the new town hall, other juicy matters that furnished the machine with its needed income. The Mayor was in a position to cut off their supplies.

Sam quietly waited as Phineas considered the matter and then remarked. "I'm going to make Stephen Hoag mayor. Good appearance, smart, good connections. He's going to marry the Colonel's daughter. He'll go along all right. And there's more ahead. We'll use him."

Bruce Hardy glanced at the clock, closed the book before him, proceeded to give rebellious locks something more than a lick and a promise, and then bounded down the stairs and out into the sunshine. It was time to be out.

"How do you do, Pastor? Can I take you somewhere?" Mary Knowles in a small open automobile had come up to the curb.

Bruce nodded and smiled as he declined. "I'm going over to the foundry," he explained, indicating a nearby building. "I promised Mandy that I would look up her nephew."

The girl nodded, "I am glad you are going there. Tom Moore is one of the finest men I know. It just breaks Mandy's heart that he won't come to church. It's two years now."

"Lots of problems," Bruce agreed cheerfully. "Mrs. Caleb was warning me only this noon. She seemed to have an idea that I must watch my step. I don't care so much what happens to me, anyway. I want to do something, that's all. If there is flareback, all right."

"I guess we can take what is coming to us," she smiled as though satisfied with the interview. "Would you mind cranking my car?"

Waving his hand, he watched her as she went on toward Boonville. He liked the competent way in which she drove and wondered idly about her fiancé. Stephen Hoag was his name, so Mrs. Caleb had said, but she had not elaborated about him. He was one of the men Bruce wanted to meet.

Coming out of the bright sunlight into the foundry, Bruce found it dark and cool.

"Hello," he called, "where's the boss?"

The workman did not answer for a moment. With a small iron implement he was completing a careful operation on some sand. Then he looked up.

"I'm the boss and everything else here today," he announced with a grin. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm the new man up at the First Church," Bruce explained. "I'm trying to get acquainted with folks. Hope I'm not in the way."

The foundryman slowly rose, wiping his hands on his overalls and looked his visitor over curiously. "The Dominie, eh? I've heard about you. I've got an aunt up there, Mandy Peel. Perhaps you know her. So you thought you'd come to see me." He extended the hand he had wiped off. It was evident he was pleased. "My name is Tom Moore, Tom to you. Sit down."

Darting over to the office corner, he brought back an ancient, wooden-bottom chair with a broken back which he dusted with his sleeve. He was a young fellow not much older than Bruce, with clean cut features and good humored gray eyes.

"What do you think of my shop?" He had seated himself on one of the moulds.

"It's fine," Bruce praised with sincere admiration. "I don't know much about it but I can see it's good. It's great to be making things," he added enthusiastically as he eyed a mould. "It makes me think of my job and the church."

"Yeah?" Tom puffed slowly as he gave this thought consideration. Then he laughed. "Makes you think of a church. That's a new one. Must be because you think it needs cleaning up." He surveyed his visitor quizzically.

Bruce ignored the thrust. "It's the mould," he explained. "You shape things. You take the hot metal and pour it and—"

"And when it sets, it stays the way I make it." Tom concluded the parable with an air of finality.

Bruce watched him eagerly. He was grateful that the man had chosen to speak out. Only the day before Mandy Peel had mourned over him. "He's livin' like a heathen," she quavered, "and Libbie, that's his wife and little Pearl, they don't ever come to church any more. We used to sit together. Tom's bitter. He can't get over his boy's bein' taken. He ain't willin' to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Seated in a straight, high-backed chair, her slight figure rigidly upright as though a ramrod was part of her anatomy, her gray, corkscrew curls hanging over her neck, an ancient shawl on her shoulders and a voluminous skirt beginning at her small waist and billowing out around her, she looked like a picture from an old album.

Bruce had tried to comfort her with what he had heard. It was very certain that Tom was a good man and helped people a lot.

Miss Peel nodded impatiently. "Course he's good," she snapped, her curls bobbing and the thin vein ribbed hands occupied with a fan, "but he ain't been to church in two years and it's time suthin was done about it."

Tom was waiting for his visitor's comeback.

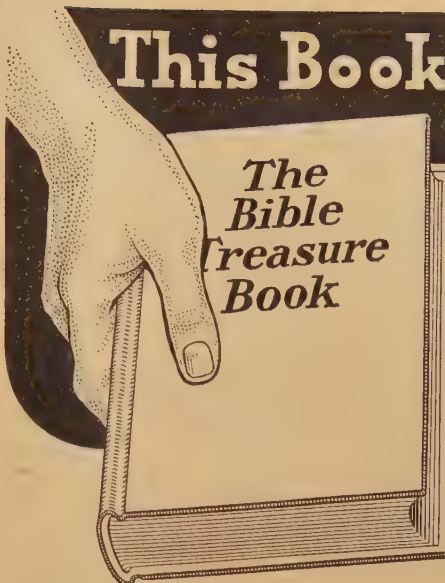
"Your aunt asked me to call and invite you to come to church," he said.

Tom stiffened. "It's no use, Dominie. I'm through with all that."

"She told me your name was on the books."

"They left it there so as not to hurt her feelings, I guess. You might as well take it off."

"Of course, I'd like you to come,"



This Book was Printed for YOU!

The Bible Treasure Book

Here is a book you'll love and cherish—because it is just what its title indicates. From cover to cover it is packed with facts about The Bible—information that is entertaining, unique, often obscure, always illuminating. No personal opinions, strictly denominational.

AN AMAZING EXAMPLE OF RESEARCH

Read This



"Accept my sincerest thanks for your exceptionally fine and complete book, 'The Bible Treasure Book.' I certainly feel that it should meet a very great need for not only Bible students and teachers, but also for all who are at all interested in the Bible."

Says the Rev. George G. Dilworth, D.D., Exec. Sec. Penna. Bible Society, Dist. Sec., American Bible Society, 701 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Bible Treasure Book is Not to Be Had in Stores.

You could call this volume the Ask Me Another of The Bible. It holds more than *Two Thousand Questions and Answers*—questions of which you've never thought. The Bible Treasure Book puts in your hands information which you can use in many ways. Gleaned for you by a lifelong student of the Book of Books. The Bible Treasure Book is for every Christian, pastor, Sunday-School teacher, missionary, church-worker.

WRITE NOW FOR THIS FINE BOOK

Know for yourself its value. Send today for The Bible Treasure Book. Keep it and study it for ten days. Then, if you don't think it worth much more than \$2.50, return it and your money will be refunded without argument. We stand back of everything we say about it. You must be satisfied—or we won't. You will be delighted to show it to your friends, your associates in the work of evangelism, the advancement of Christianity, to give it to someone *lonely*, or *bedridden*.

YOU RUN NO RISK

So sure are we that you will count The Bible Treasure Book as a veritable gem that we take all the chances with this money-back offer. So, possess this storehouse of Bible facts. Beautifully printed on choice paper, brilliant blue cloth binding—an ornament to any library table. Remember, your money back if you don't like it.

CAUTION

In ordering The Bible Treasure Book, *don't* enclose banknotes nor coins with your letter. Thousands of dollars *have been lost that way*. Use check, or U.S. money-order payable to Treasure Book House, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Please use coupon and print or type name and address so they will be clear and there will be no delay in mailing your book.

TREASURE BOOK HOUSE,

DREXEL BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA:

Enclosed is check (or) money-order for \$2.50 for which mail to me, postage paid, a copy of The Bible Treasure Book. I understand that you will refund my money upon return of book if I so request.

Name.....

No.Street,

Town.....State.....

I USED TO
HATE THIS
JOB TILL I
FOUND
SANI-FLUSH



It's no fun to scrub and scour a toilet. But it must be kept clean. A speck of dirt breeds dangerous germs. A dirty toilet has an offensive odor. A stained toilet is unsightly, and unnecessary.

SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to clean toilets. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. See stains and streaks vanish. Germs are killed. Odors are banished. The bowl sparkles like new. SANI-FLUSH cannot injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush



CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Just Out QUILT Album
OF 1939

Where Shall We Mail Your Copy?

NEW Mountain Mist Album shows 50 quilt designs, many in full color. Tells about designs, decoration value, quilting methods, "how to make" ideas. Learn about new type filling—Mountain Mist filling—quilts quicker and easier. Makes quilt look puffier after washing. Get Mountain Mist Quilt Cotton at dry goods and dept. stores. Send 10c (coin preferred) for Quilt Album.

Stearns & Foster, Dept. P-33
Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

**MOUNTAIN
MIST Quilt Cotton**

**REPAIR
THINGS!**

Toys, Books
Furniture
China, Wood
Glassware
Paper, Tile
Porcelain

10¢ At Hardware,
Drug & 10c. Stores



**MEN and WOMEN
FULL OR SPARE TIME**

Two minute demonstration to housewives, churches, and fraternal organizations earns you plenty of money—full or spare time with Magic "Dustex" and other home necessities. FREE samples.
BEST PRODUCTS Dept. 21, Sturgis, Mich.

Bruce admitted frankly. "If you did, you would probably do us more good than we would do you. I mean it," he added hastily in reply to a sardonic gleam. "I'm not nearly so worried about you as your aunt is. She thinks you're hell-bent for destruction and I don't at all."

"You must come out to the house and tell my wife that," laughed Tom. "She is worried almost as much as Aunt Mandy."

"I'll be glad to come and I'll come very soon," Bruce promised.

"Str-r-ike three,—ye're out."

The umpire's thumb jerked back over his shoulder, the crowd cheered, small boys snapped firecrackers, alert infielders tossed the ball around, and a second batter strode to the plate. The annual Fourth of July game, Millvale vs. Spa City, was on.

Out in right field Bruce Hardy in a Millvale uniform was pounding his glove and eagerly watching the batter. It felt good to be playing once more. He had had only an occasional game since college days, nothing until now to match the thrill and excitement of intercollegiate rivalry. But so far as feeling was concerned, the contest today was revealing plenty. Spa City was an old enemy. Last year it had beaten Millvale handily and they were out for revenge. Bob Wallace, captain of the Millvale team, had persuaded him to play.

He could see Bob, big and capable, guarding first base. There was Dan Spiger at short, alert, happy, poles removed from that heavy youth at the funeral.

They had been friendly, these town boys when he came out on the field. His heart warmed to them. Apparently, they were accepting him as one of themselves.

A grounder to third had just been snappily thrown to Bob. Two out! That was Blair Clouse. Not so bad, Bruce praised.

Crack! Before the sound reached him, Bruce was in motion. He saw the ball coming in his direction and in swift intuition found the spot a few steps back where it would come. There was a burst of yells as the ball settled comfortably into his glove and Millvale seniors turned to one another with smiles and approving nods. The Dominie was all right.

Bruce was coming over to shake hands with the Deacon and Mr. Dale. Gwen Dale and Kathryn watched him eagerly. . . .

A crack of wood against leather, a squeal from Gwen and a yell from the crowd, interrupted his meditations. Bob Wallace was racing toward first. His bat had met the ball squarely. Then came a groan as the ball settled into a fielder's hands.

"Oh, the mean thing," Kathryn pouted. "I hoped it was a home run."

"It was mean," Bruce agreed as he left them. "That's a little way ball players have. Now I'll try to do something mean myself."

Fascinated, the two girls watched him as he carefully selected a bat and strode to the plate.

"Str-rike one." The ball broke and dipped just before reaching the plate while Bruce swung vainly. Yells promptly rose among the Spa City rooters. "He's easy." "A sucker for a curve." "Another

strike out."

"All right, Red. Don't let a little thing like that bother you. It only takes one to hit." It was Blair in the coacher's box at third. Bruce heard him as he stooped to dust his hands.

He was longing desperately to make a hit. With all his friends watching, and his team mates pulling for him, now was the time to make good. He was watching the pitcher eagerly. He must hit him, now. Strike two.

Again he faced the pitcher and then, following a sudden impulse, stepped out of the box and deliberately bathed his hands in the dust. This move was met with derisive yells from the Spa City. "Kneel down, parson." Out on the mound, the pitcher waited.

"Right over the pan, Al. Another just like that," the catcher yelled.

Then the ball was coming. Almost blindly he swung, viciously, with all his strength. There was a crack, a shrill, happy yell, the frantic leap of the first baseman for a ball that just missed his glove, a red-headed figure speeding past first, past second, and desperately hitting the earth and sliding with a foot hooked on the bag at third while Blair danced like a dervish in the coacher's box.

In the stands the people were yelling. Joe Wallace was pounding John Dale on the back. Gwen and Kathryn, hats askew, were hugging each other regardless of dropping hairpins. Silas Hart was on his feet, red faced and beaming.

Slowly Bruce regained his feet and dusted himself off. Outwardly he was calm, but inside he was fiercely exultant. He had made good with the team. He had proved himself and made his place. With an exaggerated nonchalance he took a careful lead and watched the pitcher.

"Careful, Red. Two out." Blair was coaching. "He's not a heavy hitter, watch yourself." There was an insistent ring in his voice that set Bruce on edge. He meant something more. Should he try to steal? Two out? Was it worth taking a chance? The pitcher was taking a slow wind-up,—perhaps! Crouched and tense, as far from the bag as he dared, he waited. The pitcher watched him out of the corner of his eye, grinned confidently, and delivered the ball. Strike two!

Back came the ball. Not heeding him this time, the pitcher began his deliberate wind-up. Then the bewildered spectators saw Bruce lower his head and tear up the baseline. There was a shout of warning. Too late, the pitcher tried to hasten his pitch. The batter waved his club. Every player was on his feet. The ball and the runner arrived together in a dusty collision as the red head dove across the plate and the catcher, attempting too late to block, reeled back. Then the ball rolled out to the side and a great shout went up as the umpire's hands went down.

The roar which followed could have been heard down in the town. A clean steal. The Dominie had done it, a play that Millvale had rarely seen. Big league stuff! The applause returned in heavy volume when the batter struck out on the next ball. The score was 5-4. It might well be the minister had saved the game by his daring.

Six to five, Millvale leading, the first half of the ninth. "Hold 'em, boys," Bob

encouraged, as they went out for this final inning. "Only three more! Good work, Dominie. Get into it, Danny."

Then, so suddenly that the audience could scarcely realize the seriousness of what had happened, the aspect of the game changed. A hit, an error, a base on balls, and three men were on base. Their pitcher had weakened and the crowd grew silent with apprehension. Bob and Blair Clouse came to the box. A moment of conference and Bob turned and waved to Bruce.

"You've got to pitch," he said curtly as Bruce came in. "There's nobody else. Give 'em some of the old stuff, your fast ball. Don't try to curve 'em."

And now Bruce was on the mound, the old, familiar spot of school days. He was feeling horribly out of place. Three men on base, tense, waiting. The batter, his club on his shoulder, easy, confident. His catcher poised, ready for the three warming up throws. Then something clicked in his mind. He was ready.

No curves, Bob had said. That was right. His fast one, straight, high, inside. Strike one! And now again in the same place. The batter swung impotently. Two strikes. The ball again in his hands, Bruce paused, to look around. His next pitch was outside. Ball one and then another, ball two. A chance to relax. Probably the batter was expecting a curve. Another fast ball, high, over. Strike three!

There was a yell that Mrs. Caleb and Mandy Peel might have heard in the seclusion of Mrs. Caleb's kitchen. A strike-out with three on bases! The Dominie

had done it. Good boy!

Then, a second batter, one ball and a quick throw to third that caught the runner flat footed. Two out.

Too excited now even to yell, the crowd was waiting in breathless suspense. A miracle and the new Dominie was performing it. In unutterable eagerness, they watched the calm, red-headed figure. For a moment he took time to look back to his fielders and then faced the batter who was so desperately eager to hit the ball. Then the ball left his hand, a streak of white. There was the crack of wood against leather and a ball bounding swiftly to Bob's right with Bob desperately in pursuit. At the same moment the two runners were on their way and Bruce ran to cover first.

Then Bob's bare hand clutched the ball and in the same motion hurled it toward the empty base just in time for Bruce's eager fingers to clutch it and hold it as he crossed first a step ahead of the runner.

"You're out." Behind the home plate the umpire was waving his mask. The man was out. The game was over.

"He didn't touch the base," yelled the Spa City coacher. "He didn't touch the base," shouted Spa City rooters. "He didn't touch first!" In a moment the umpire was surrounded with protesting, gesticulating players.

Bruce Hardy came driving through the angry men. "That's right. I did not touch first," he said to the umpire.

The man looked bewildered and then waved his hand. "All right. He says he didn't touch it. The man's safe. Play ball."

"What's that?" demanded Bob Wallace.

"The man was safe. I over-stepped the base," Bruce called over his shoulder as he went back to the mound.

"Get back to your places," Bob ordered the players grimly.

Slowly, protestingly, profanely, with many a backward glance, the crowd cleared the diamond. Out on the mound, Bruce waited stolidly. Both runs had been allowed. The score was 7 to 6. He was conscious of a great stillness. The players behind him had no chatter to offer. The people in the stands were glum and angry. Here and there a Spa City rooter gloated but there was no echo. Grimly, Bruce tried to settle down but the edge of his interest was gone. The inning closed with the score 8-6 against them.

On the bench, Bruce was conscious that he was being left alone. "I'm sorry, boys, honestly I am," he said. "I wanted to win—but I wanted to win right. I knew I didn't touch that bag. I couldn't let it go that way and know I was a—cheat."

"Aw Dominie, it's the umpire's business to make decisions. You hadn't ought to let us down that way," cried Dan. "Looks to me like it's sort of—sissy."

Bruce got up and faced them all. "No fellows, it's not sissy," he said earnestly. "It's just trying to be honest and do right by the other fellow. I believe in playing a gentleman's game and if you can't win that way, why don't, that's all."

"You're out." The third man had been retired on strikes and the game was over.

The crowd laughed and Bruce flushed.
(To be continued)



Why 25,000 PASTORS USE The Upper Room

More than 25,000 pastors—in America and other lands—are using THE UPPER ROOM in their congregations and have found it immensely helpful, not only as a daily devotional guide for individual and family worship, but also for its value in encouraging such important phases of a year-round church program as

Family altars

Daily Bible reading

Church attendance

Soul winning

So effective is this devotional periodical in strengthening the religious lives of those who read it regularly, that in the brief period of three years it attained a circulation of 1,000,000 copies per issue.

CONSIGNMENT ORDER

Issue for October, November, December
(For use of Pastor or Group Leader.
Order ten or more copies.)

THE UPPER ROOM,
Doctors' Building,
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen:

Please send me _____ copies of *The Upper Room* postpaid. I will sell these for five cents per copy and pay for same when sold. It is understood that I have the privilege of returning at your expense any unsold copies.

Name _____

Street or Route _____

Post-office _____ State _____

INDIVIDUAL SUBSCRIPTION*

THE UPPER ROOM,
Doctors' Building,
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen:

I am inclosing herewith thirty cents (foreign, forty cents) for which please send me *The Upper Room* for one year,

postpaid, beginning with _____ quarterly issue.

Name _____

Street or Route _____

Post-office _____ State _____

*A single copy by mail anywhere 10 cents.

If your church has not used THE UPPER ROOM, the fourth quarterly issue, now ready for distribution, is an excellent one to begin with. Decidedly one of the best yet published, it will prove a valuable aid in your fall and winter program.

You are invited to order the October-November-December issue on our liberal consignment plan. Use the order form at the right.

EL APOSENTO ALTO, the Spanish edition of THE UPPER ROOM, is available at the same price as the English.

THE UPPER ROOM

Doctors' Building Nashville, Tenn.



Bible Poster Stamps
ATTENDANCE AWARDS
THAT TEACH
For Sunday School
And Bible Class

ALBUM, 6 1/2" x 9 1/2"
16 pages and heavy durable leatherette cover with presentation envelope. 96 spaces. Bible verse beneath each.
Album 20c.
96 Stamps . . 60c.

96 STAMPS
in full colors, gummed paper, perforated, size 1 3/4" x 2 1/4". Bible verse on back of Stamp shows proper place in Album.

SPECIAL OFFER: Album and 96 Stamps 75c.

BIBLE POSTER STAMP CO.
219 West 28th Street, New York, N. Y.

PLAY SAFE!

when selecting your
MOVIES

King of Kings, Golgotha and others
listed in

The Silver Anniversary Edition
of

Selected Motion Pictures
copy sent upon request

Y. M. C. A. Motion Picture Bureau
347 Madison Avenue New York City
19 So. LaSalle St., Chicago

GIVE TO FOREIGN MISSIONS

LET YOUR GIFT PAY YOU A LIFE INCOME

The ANNUITY PLAN WAY
Receive
up to 8% annually on
your investment, depending on your age

Write today

**The Board of Foreign Missions
of the Presbyterian Church
in the United States of America**
156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Sound Scriptural Tracts

offer an effective means of
spreading the Gospel

Sample Package, 25 cents

Faith Prayer & Tract League

Dept. C. H., MUSKEGON HEIGHTS, MICH.

NEED MORE MONEY?

Quick cash for you
in your spare time. Sell sensational new 21-
Christmas Folder Assortment. Friends, neighbors,
everybody buys on sight for \$1; you make 60c. Ex-
tra bonus, 11 other fast-selling assortments. Also
big profits with exquisite Personal Christmas
Cards with customer's name. Lowest prices. No
experience needed. Free sample offer—write!
CHILTON GREETINGS, Dept. 18-D
179 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

**Sell NEW
RUBY
Christmas
Cards**
Samples
Offered
FREE

FREE! "United States and British North
America," our valuable, complete,
illustrated 64-page catalog quoting
lowest prices. Big illustrated list of Foreign
Stamps also included. **H. E. HARRIS & CO.**, 311
Transit Building, Boston, Mass.

COLLECT STAMPS!

Just to get started: Beginner's Album, 200 stamps,
all different, Hinges, Perf. Gauge, all for a quar-
ter, with fine approval selection included.

R. Locher, 79 Elm St., **Hornell, N. Y.**

STAMPS . . .

Start a Church Stamp Club

By Winthrop Adams

THERE are only two kinds of stamp collectors: hermits, and clubbers. The hermit tries to do it all by himself, at home; he's a lone wolf; he buys and sells by mail or lets his duplicates pile up while he wonders how he'll ever get rid of them.

The clubber joins a stamp club, swaps ideas and compares his collection and exchanges his duplicates for stamps he really needs.

I know of no better place to save yourself a lot of money and to get more out of this hobby at the same time, than in a stamp club. And I know of no better place for your club than in a church.

Join one if you can; there are thousands of them. If the nearest one is twenty miles away, join it; the miles won't mean anything, once you get started.

Or start your own. Start it by finding out how many collectors there are in your town or church or school. The postmaster can help you with this; he knows them all. Get their ages. Boys and girls in their teens should have their own club; the adults have more in common, and can go ahead faster. Birds of a feather. . . .

Leave the membership open to men and women, boys and girls. Talk to your pastor about getting a room in the church for your meetings; no other building in town offers such free space to spread out your collections, or in which to hold your annual Stamp show, which will come, sure as shooting.

Elect a President. This should be a man or woman with a lot of enthusiasm, and not necessarily a man or woman with a big collection. Elect an Exchange Secretary to keep in touch with other Clubs, to arrange the "swapping" and to keep you posted on auctions, the Philatelic Agency, etc., etc. These two officers you must have; elect whatever others you find you need.

Set your meeting night; most clubs meet once a month. Set your dues; keep them low (five or ten cents a month is plenty for some clubs), but by all means

have dues. A little money in the treasury allows your club to do a lot of things that it otherwise couldn't do at all. Such as getting speakers. . . .

You won't find it hard to get speakers. Your own club-members will always be glad to talk about their specialties, and in every locality there are always any number of men who are good speakers and advanced collectors as well, who will be glad to talk to your Club. Usually they talk without thinking of a fee, for they are interested; but when you bring them from a distance, offer them expenses. That doesn't amount to much, and it may make them want to come again.

Have a show once a year, preferably on the last meeting-night. That gives a good climax to your year's work. I saw one, some years ago, held by a club of boys in an old attic. Long tables covered with ordinary window-glass took the place of the expensive "frames" found at most big shows; the prizes (presented by the postmaster) cost less than \$5, and they got about \$500 worth of publicity out of it. The only trouble with it was that about half the town came, unexpectedly; mother and dad didn't think much of all that crowd trooping through the house. . . . !

Start your club this Fall. If we can help you, write us, care of *Christian Herald*.

New Issues

The Post Office Department will probably have a special stamp honoring Francis Scott Key, composer of the "Star Spangled Banner," in the near future.

A series of stamps commemorating the New York and San Francisco Fairs will be forthcoming; the denominations will be low—one, two and three-cents. If a collector had all the stamps issued to commemorate American Fairs (from 1876 to 1936) he would have a collection worth \$6,700.

Just coming out as we write are three new stamps from Czechoslovakia, bearing the pictures of Jendrich Feugner and Dr. Miroslav Tyrš, founder of the national Czech organization which corresponds to our Boy and Girl Scouts.

Hungarian Stamps Commemorating the Eucharistic Congress, May, 1938



Ever Nearer
THE THRONE
of Grace



Spiritual progress, day by day, results from the use of the brief meditation, prayer, and Bible reading supplied for each day of the year in

THE QUIET HOUR

Thousands who follow its program of daily worship are increasingly benefited. The meditations are prepared by men and women of deep spiritual insight. One full page is given to each day's material. Families use The Quiet Hour at mealtime. Individuals carry it in purse or pocket so it is available for convenient daily reading. You, too, will be helped by using The Quiet Hour.

Single Subscriptions, by mail quarterly, 25 cts. a year.

Gift Subscriptions, five or more mailed quarterly to separate addresses, each 20 cts. a year.

Club Subscriptions, five or more mailed quarterly to one person, each 16 cts. a year.

Sample Copy Free on Request

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING COMPANY
23-M LINCOLN STREET ELGIN, ILLINOIS

The New Best Seller
BY THE AUTHOR OF
A City of Bells
TOWERS
IN THE MIST
By Elizabeth Goudge

"It breathes the same spirit of joyousness that distinguished A City of Bells; but, here, it is shot through with a deeper and richer meaning."—N. Y. Times. \$2.50


COWARD-McCANN, 2 West 45th St., New York

COMMUNION WARE OF QUALITY
In Aluminum or Silver Plate.
BEST MATERIALS—LOWEST PRICES
FINEST WORKMANSHIP
Send for Illustrated Catalog



INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION SERVICE CO.
ROOM 363 1701-03 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Choir Pulpit GOWNS



Paraments, Bible Markers, etc. Fine materials, beautiful work, pleasingly low prices. State your needs. Catalog and samples on request. DeMoulin Bros. & Co. 1196 S. 4th St., Greenville, Ill.

CURRENT BOOKS
By Albert Linn Lawson

A JUVENILE of a different, attractive and useful kind is *Just Like You*, by Lucy W. Peabody (M. H. Leavis, Boston, \$1.00). This is described by the publishers as "a first book of world friendship," and as "a Christmas book for World Peace." These aims are well carried out by the text, which consists of stories of children in many lands; the object being to drive home to children the lesson that all other children, no matter what country they live in, have the same nature, desire the same things, enjoy the same things, that "you" do. The little book ought to be a valuable contribution to the peace movement; for children do not hate, or even dislike, each other, unless prompted by their elders. And a mighty fine beginning toward world friendship can be made by getting the children of all lands interested in each other. The stories in this little volume are designed to make the youngsters of the world acquainted with each other; and besides they are good stories—one of the most entertaining collections I have seen.

Helen Welshimer needs no introduction to readers of *Christian Herald*, and her new book *Girlhood Today*, (Standard Publishing Company, \$1.00) meets all expectations.

A slim book composed of fifty-five short messages to girls, it points the way to graceful and happy Christian living in a twentieth century world. Faith is the most beautiful thing in the world, Miss Welshimer tells us, and she helps us acquire it by suggesting that Christ be the motivating factor in our lives, by maintaining a place in our hearts for silent communion, and by taking our assigned role in the universal plan. Helen Welshimer expresses a delightful thought when she tells the modern girl to make her life as fine, as beautiful as she knows how, for it is a debt she owes to Him who paved the path for her freedom and equality.

In *A New Deal for Youth*, by Ernest K. and Betty Lindley (The Viking Press, \$3.00) we get for the first time, a reliable account of what the NYA is really doing. I am one of those who like to know facts, and make up my own mind about things. So I welcomed this excellently prepared volume, by two careful and experienced writers. One is impressed with the impartiality of the authors, and one also gets a pretty clear picture of this effort to do something for the unemployed youth of the country. I won't attempt to outline all that the NYA is undertaking, and it would be unfair and of no avail merely to sketch it. Of one thing, though, I was convinced, after laying the volume down; that is, that the practical training, the physical improvement, and the preparation which enable the youth to get a job and hold it, which the NYA has incorporated in its program, point out a great defect in our present system of schooling. The NYA is attempting to do the things the schools have not done. If the schools don't fit boys and girls to get and hold jobs, of what use is their schooling? I don't expect an answer, but I'd like to know.

SPIRITUAL READING THAT IS DIFFERENT

Give yourself as well as others the precious gift of this inspiring work used by many in daily devotions.



Stories of Hymns We Love

By Cecilia Margaret Rudin, M. A.

Sparkles with the gems of 400 years of sacred song. You taste the spiritual sources from which poured the hymns to which we turn instinctively in joy or sorrow: "This is My Father's World," "The Old Rugged Cross," "Home, Sweet Home," and such world-wide favorites as Luther's "Away in a Manger," Fanny Crosby's "Safe in the Arms of Jesus,"

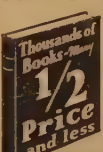
The Gift For Young and Old

A fountain of information and inspiration that has deepened the spiritual life of thousands. Children and grown-ups love it equally. Leaders endorse it. Richly illustrated, beautifully bound. 88 pages. 155 subjects. New Enlarged Edition. Only \$1.00.

Order through your church supply house, your bookseller or direct from

JOHN RUDIN & COMPANY, INC.
1018 South Wabash Ave., Dept. C.H., Chicago, Illinois

ANY BOOK IN PRINT!



Delivered at your door. We pay postage. Standard authors, new books, popular editions, fiction, reference, medical, mechanical, children's books, etc. —all at guaranteed savings. Send card now for Clarkson's 1939 Catalog.

FREE Write for our great illustrated book catalog. A short course in literature. The buying guide of 300,000 book lovers. The answer to your Christmas gift problem. **FREE** if you write **NOW** —TODAY!

CLARKSON PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dept. CH-1255 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois

MOODY HOME STUDY BIBLE COURSES

Develop Christian Leadership

Moody Bible Institute—the world's largest Bible Training School—has helped thousands of men and women to understand the Bible and to fit themselves for Christian service. It will help you to increase your faith—to become a worker in Christian fields. Opportunities for service are world-wide.

16 complete courses—certificate upon completion. Friendly counsel. Advance as rapidly as you wish. **ENROLL NOW.**

-----MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY-----

Dept. HJ316, 153 Institute Place, Chicago

Please send FREE Bible Test and illustrated prospectus for: ☐ Scripture Truth. ☐ Bible Doctrine. ☐ Introductory Bible. ☐ Great Epochs of Bible History. ☐ Teacher Training. ☐ Practical Christian Work. ☐ Christian Evidences. ☐ Synthetic Bible Study. ☐ Scripture Memorizing. ☐ Mountain Peaks of Prophecy. ☐ Scofield Bible Course.

Name _____

Address _____

The MOODY Bible Institute
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
153 INSTITUTE PLACE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS





**BAD DREAMS
IRRITABLE
BROKEN SLEEP
ITCHY NOSE
POOR APPETITE
FIDGETING**

THESE signs may mean large round worms. Yes, Mother, it is deplorable, but even your usual good care and the cleanliness of your home may not wholly protect your children from infection by large round worms, which are not at all uncommon even in these enlightened days. Flies, dogs, uncooked vegetables, fruit, contaminated water, dirt, etc., may carry the infection.

Fortunately, though, the signs may be recognized by the observant mother, for children having large round worms may be restless, irritable, fretful or nervous. Other signs may be broken sleep, poor appetite, irregular bowels, fidgeting and nose picking. What should be done? Ask your druggist. He'll say Jayne's Vermifuge.

It is mild, mint flavored, and requires no dieting or starving. Jayne's Vermifuge expels large round worms, and the poor appetite and digestion caused by these worms will be improved. All drug stores. Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Inc., Phila.

"Serving you since 1830"

JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE

FREE Offer YOUR OWN PERSONAL Christmas Cards

Earn up to \$25 EXTRA IN A WEEK
Show friends newest Personal Christmas Cards. Low prices. Also best selling 21-Card Christmas Assortment. \$1. You make 100%. Many others and 50 Christmas Cards with customer's name, \$1.00. Write for samples.

WETMORE & SUGDEN, INC.
749 Monroe Avenue, Dept. BPL, Rochester, N.Y.

PASTORS, TRY IT!

The "Book Missionary" plan for reaching the people in your own community in their homes. It awakens the indifferent and careless, arouses the nominal Christian and touches the otherwise unreachable. Someone in your congregation may do the work on a self-supporting basis. Plan fully practicable as demonstrated by experience. Full particulars from The Bible Institute Colportage Ass'n, 822 LaSalle Ave., Chicago.

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS

is a volume of twenty-three Bible Teaching, Gospel Preaching, Character Building sermons and special day messages. This book is worded in language the world can understand. Its messages are emphasized by original illustrations that glow with radiant faith and vital Christian experience. The author has succeeded in giving to young and old, a book they will read and appreciate. "Sermon III, on John 3:16 is the best sermon I have ever seen in print." "When I received your book, I sat down and read it through without stopping." These are some of the commendations of pleased readers. Price \$1.00. Postpaid. Order from C. F. Mitchell, Weatherford, Oklahoma.

IMPROVE YOUR MINISTRY

The 20 Lessons in Homiletics, published by U. B. S., give Ministers, S. S. Teachers, and Prayer Meeting Leaders a new insight into fifteen methods of outlining and presenting Bible truths. FASTEN the truth while you PREACH it. Send \$1. for these lessons and The Gospel Minister, 26 weeks. UNION BIBLE SEMINARY, Dept. 174, Westfield, Indiana

WHY FISTULA IS DANGEROUS

Loss of bowel control is the great danger which threatens in neglected cases of fistula. Many could save themselves from that humiliating calamity by knowing the facts in time, and by seeking the appropriate treatment. Radical treatment is not advisable, except for extreme cases. Get a book offered free by the McCleary Clinic, 1038 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., which explains these conditions. Read about their comparatively mild treatment which has helped thousands of men and women without the usual hospital experience. Write today. You will incur no obligation. Use the above address.

(Continued from page 27)

Henrietta was twenty years old, but since she was four, she had been sufferin' with infantile paralysis. Henrietta's family didn't have the money for the treatments she needed and her Mother took her to a free clinic up in Canada. But Henrietta was an American citizen and the Canadian clinic wasn't allowed to give free treatments to any but Canadians.

Henrietta had ter come back—still hopelessly crippled. It didn't seem right that she should have t'go through life that way, but what could be done? The doctors said an operation would cost \$2,500 and that was more money than she'd ever see.

There weren't a sound in the club room—and then, one of t'other legionnaires got up and made a little speech. "Buddies," he said, "there's no use kiddin' ourselves. We all been thinkin' the same thing. We've got \$2,500 in the treasury that we was going to use ter go ter Cleveland fer the Convention. I know we've been workin' and plannin' for months jest for that chance, but we've got our big chance right here. Henrietta Giroux is our neighbor and we've got ter help her. If we went to Cleveland and Henrietta didn't get her treatments, I know I'd never feel right about it fer the rest of my life. Are we goin' to let her remain a cripple the rest of her life because she's an American and can't get free treatments?"

To a man, the legionnaires voted to give the money to Henrietta Giroux.

Henrietta Giroux had her operation. Today, she's a healthy young girl of twenty-two. She's able ter walk again and as long as she lives, she'll never ferget the men of the Taunton American Legion Post; they was great in War—but they was even greater in Peace.

How often you hear a person say, "I've always wanted to do so and so, but now it's too late. I'm too old." That's wrong folks—you're never too old.

I'd like yer ter meet Esther Bornstein of Newton, Massachusetts. Mrs. Bornstein always wanted to be a lawyer. But at twenty she fell in love, as young folks do, and got married. Then come the children, and by the time she was in her forties, she had grandchildren flockin' around.

But on her fifty-ninth birthday, Mrs. Bornstein decided it was time she started out to do what she had wanted to all her life. She enrolled in the town high school. Of course, her classmates was young enough to be her grandchildren, but that didn't stop her none from whisperin' and passing notes.

After graduation, she went to Boston and took Law courses in the evenin'. It took her seven years ter git her diploma. It warn't easy. The other pupils had youth, but she had something else—courage and experience.

For half a century she had wanted ter be a lawyer and as a mother and a grandmother, when the results of the bar examinations was told, Mrs. Bornstein found she had the highest marks in her class.

Mr. Craig Hunter of San Angelo, Texas, is a real successful business man, a proud father and a good husband—but once, ten cents stood between him and happiness—and I think you'll find his

story a mighty unusual and touchin' one.

When Craig was a little boy, he had a younger brother, Elwood. One day, their Dad give Elwood a dime with his initials "E.H." scratched on it. Elwood always let the boys play with all his toys, but that dime was his most priceless possession. He never let it out of his hands. Then Elwood got sick and died, with that dime clutched in his little hand. Grief almost killed Mrs. Hunter, too. She took that dime and put it away in a little silver box on her dresser.

One day, Craig's cousin come along and asked him if he wanted ter go ter the movies—the movies cost fifteen cents, and all Craig had was a nickel. What little boy doesn't want to go to the movies? so he went into his Mother's room and took that dime to go to the show.

He told me if he lives ter be a million years old he'll never forgit that—and he'll never forgit the look on his mother's face when she found that dime was gone.

Many years passed, but Craig continued lookin' for that dime. He felt that unless he got it back he had sold his happiness for ten cents.

And folks, you know when I heard that story, I was really touched. One day, I told it to Mrs. Edward Seibert of Cincinnati, Ohio. And she said, "You know, it's a funny thing, Seth, but I got a little dime bank. Well, it seems t'me that jest t'other day I put a dime like that in my bank. It was all scratched and very old.

Well, we took that bank apart, and sure enough we found it. The dime was worn mighty thin, but there on the back was faint marks. We made them out, they were the initials "E.H."

Of course Mrs. Seibert didn't wait another minute—she mailed the dime immediately to Mr. Hunter. So you see neighbors can help each other to find happiness.

You know folks, when you get to thinkin' of flagpole sitters, you usually think of a young man who sets a-top a pole jest so he can make some sort of foolish record and git his name in the papers—but I want you to meet another kind of flagpole sitter. Stanley Noren of Manchester, Connecticut.

Ten years ago, they took Stanley's little girl to the hospital fer a serious operation. Fer a little while it looked like Stanley might lose her. He was in the waiting room that night walkin' up and down prayin' she'd be spared.

He looked out the window and prayed "Oh God, please save my little girl—if you'll only save her—it isn't much—but I'll paint that flagpole out front the hospital every year. I haven't much to give Lord—but please save her."

And you know, the Lord heard his plea—and Stanley's little girl grew strong and recovered.

That was ten years ago and Stanley's been remembering his promise ever since. He told me he's goin' to paint that pole every year 'til he dies. And every time he does he'll give thanks for the life of his little girl.

Now folks, how did you like meetin' some of these wonderful neighbors? Before long, in *Christian Herald*, you'll meet some more, and I know you'll be mighty glad that you're alive in a world where such folks live.

(Continued from page 41)

public houses while they were on the way to France. And among the vivid pictures I have of that time will always remain the companionship I had with Sir George as he went with me to these total abstinence mass meetings. He was an Oxford University honored graduate, a great scholar, and a total abstainer. I have never met a more devout Christian gentleman. In one of our great mass meetings he scored a group of English clergymen for getting part of their yearly income from "Brewers Scrip"—simply stock the ministers held in the liquor trade. The Lusitania went down under the German torpedo, but Sir George never lowered his flag before the tremendous foe of human happiness in the licensed liquor trade. I honor his memory and I do not know of anyone like him sixty years ago.

Sixty years of History?
"Yes. And that History centers about individuals who have influenced great multitudes of human beings and the value of all that History can never be told until the books are opened and the story told by those who have been saved by Him who told His Disciples to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

Now let's turn from the Past to the Future.

Anyone can be a Prophet about what will happen in the next sixty years, and I am not going to apologize for what may seem like a picture of impossible happenings, because it is the impossible that has so often happened in human History; so here goes for what may happen in the next sixty years, with a devout hope that the apparently impossible will become real. It is understood by the reader that I am expressing my own hope and faith, and let every reader be his own prophet. And the more prophets the better.

A good place to begin is to predict that during the next sixty years *War* as a habit of the human race will disappear, and in the place of it will rise up International Good Will and the Brotherhood of Man.

I predict that in 1940 there will be an international Conference at which the world Powers will pass an international law that in the event of any impending war or disagreement, *all citizens over forty* must be drafted, and *all citizens under forty* will have to stay at home!

That will put an end to war because all the wars of history have been started by old men, who have always told the "boys" to get over the top and die for their country. The "boys" will now have an opportunity to tell their dads and granddads and grown up uncles and aunts to get over the top. (For the women under this 1940 law will have to go into training camp to learn how to jab the bayonet into the "enemy" because women are "Citizens.") I predict that under this international law there will be so many of these old 'uns in the hospital that an armistice will be declared before a shot is fired and the cripples and invalids will be ordered home and receive the ovation of their old lives as they land at the home station and are surrounded by the young 'uns with the shout of welcome: "They kept us out of war because they were not fit to fight! Sixty three cheers!

(Turn to next page)

Raise the Spiritual Temperature of Your Church

Leaders and ministers ask themselves and each other "How can we arouse our people to 'love, honor and cherish' the church . . . to build it up . . . to push it forward?"

Here is the answer! Send for our new "idea" folder of Finance Plans . . . NOT BECAUSE IT TELLS HOW TO RAISE MONEY FOR NEW HYMNBOOKS AT NO BUDGET INCREASE but because a small project successfully conducted will uncover "acres of diamonds"—the unsearchable riches of God's Providence—and set in motion larger projects. Inspired by faith born of a small achievement, your people will realize the abundant supply that God has made available for all needs.

Over 2,000 churches are stronger for using our hymn-book purchase plans. Their people have a new concept of giving, a new sense of power and unity, a new purpose for larger endeavors.

THE SERVICE HYMNAL is a book of exalted quality in contents and manufacture. Descants to established tunes are a popular feature. Fully classified—completely indexed, orchestrated. 480 pages, 501 numbers, 65 responsive readings. Covers lacquered for longer, brighter wear. Price per 100, \$60, not prepaid.

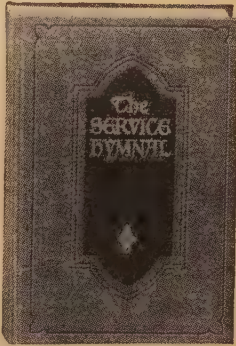
DEVOTIONAL HYMNS

a smaller all purpose book for church and church school. Orchestrated. 310 hymns and songs, 34 readings, price per 100, cloth, \$40. Bristol, price per 100, \$25. Not prepaid.

Mail coupon for returnable samples and FREE hymnbook Finance Plans folder.



5705-P WEST LAKE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.



HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY
5705-P West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send FREE folder of "Finance Plans" and returnable samples of books checked.

☐ THE SERVICE HYMNAL ☐ DEVOTIONAL HYMNS

Name..... Official Title.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Church and Denom.....

Pastor..... Membership.....

NO MATTER WHAT Happens



Your Savings Protected

Your Income Guaranteed

The Salvation Army *Income Gift Contract* guarantees you a safe investment with a steady income. Enjoy lasting contentment and happiness with this sound—and proved—financial plan.

SALVATION ARMY—INCOME GIFT DEP'T.

719 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois

Without any obligation on my part, please tell me more about your income gift contracts.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE..... DATE OF BIRTH.....

WHY SHIVER

KNITTED SLIPS KEEP YOU WARM

On winter's coldest days, **INDERA FIGURFIT** (Cold-proof) Knit Princess Slips and Underskirts keep you warm and comfortable. Knit by a special process, these smartly styled slips lie smooth and close without bunching or crawling. Choice of beautiful colors in cotton, wool mixture, rayon and wool, 100% wool, worsted, silk and worsted. Easy to launder, no ironing necessary. Exclusive **STA-UP** shoulder straps.

Ask for **INDERA FIGURFIT** by name at your favorite store. Correct sizes for Women, Misses, Children.

Write for **FREE** Descriptive Catalog No. 508



INDERA MILLS CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., U. S. A.



SEND and SELL Greeting Cards with TRUE

CHRISTIAN SENTIMENTS

Our Box of 24 Deluxe Scripture Text Christmas Folders is without doubt the best value on the market. A \$4.75 value. Our Companion Box of 18 Scripture Text Folders for Birthday, Sick, Sympathy, etc., sells readily at \$1.00. As a Sample offer we will send either of the above Assortments for 65c. Two or more Boxes, 50c each. Satisfaction guaranteed. We feature 9 other Assortments—Also Scripture Stationery, Wall Plaques, Calendars, etc. Organized groups raise funds. No experience needed. Take orders now! **SHEPHERD'S TOWN CARD CO.,** Shepherdstown, Pa. Box 29

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time! any shade. **SHAMPO-KOLOR** won't rub off. Colors roots/leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valigny Prod. Inc., Dept. 76-D, 254 W. 31 St., N.Y.

Are you Poisoned by CONSTIPATION?

IF your system is weakened by the toxic effects of constipation, do not look for relief from ordinary habit-forming laxatives. Do as thousands are now doing, take **Innerclean** Intestinal Laxative to free the bowels from poisons. Just a pinch on the tongue—a swallow of water—no taste. The result will be a most pleasant surprise.

Perfected by Prof. Arnold Ehret, **Innerclean** is a scientifically proportioned blend of Nature's herbs in their natural state. It is so different—so certain in effect that you'll bless the day you learned of it.

Innerclean herbal laxative relieves constipation without making you depend on it. Don't delay—get a 50c package (enough to last the family for months) at your druggist or send for generous free sample.

INNERCLEAN INTESTINAL LAXATIVE



INNERCLEAN CO. Dept. 25-K
846 E. 6th St., Los Angeles
Please send **FREE** trial supply

Name.....

Address..... City..... State.....

(Continued from page 71)

I predict that during the next sixty years all the denominations will unite to make the "United Church of the United States."

The Methodists have already united three great divisions of their church body. The Congregationalists have united with a branch of the Disciples. And there is no reason why all the denominations cannot get together on a basis of the things they all believe in common.

My father began his ministry in 1852, in a little hamlet near Lake Erie, and in his journal he wrote that there were three other church organizations in the little place besides his—a Baptist, a Covenanters and a Scotch-Presbyterian Church. His own little church paid him \$500 salary. It hit me like a blow in the face to know that my Father had to begin his ministry fighting for his ecclesiastical life with three other churches.

The same thing is going on yet, but I predict that long before the end of the next sixty years Christian people are going to get together in a great Brotherhood that will create a new and beautiful fellowship and answer the prayer of Jesus that his disciples might be one.

Under the Union of all the churches there will be a great opportunity for a great Christian Daily financed by the members of the church and manned by the young men and women editors and reporters. It is an anomaly that after all the years of Christian education and training there is no real Christian Daily speaking for the ideals of the Christian faith. All the denominational papers could be merged into this one Daily printed in several great city centers, and this Christian Daily would be the *World* speaking every day for international fellowship, clean citizenship, non-partizanship, total abstinence, against race hate and gambling and indecency on the stage or in the film. What a tremendous power this Christian Daily is going to be! Get ready, you young folks training for journalism and editorial writing, for a position on this coming Daily.

I am fully confirmed as to the possibility of a distinctly Christian Daily after my experience in editing the *Topeka Daily Capital* 38 years ago, as a Christian Daily.

The paper was printed in Boston, New York, London and Topeka. There were 367,000 subscribers at 25 cents apiece for the week. It had the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world and the subscribers were from all over the world. I believe the response from the general public for a Christian Daily would be greater than it was then.

As I look back at my own University and school life I wonder at the subjects I was compelled to study. I was hungry for a knowledge of the earth on which I was born and I longed for subjects that would create in me a desire for real knowledge of Life. But I had to take years of compulsory study of dead languages and dead History, and specially Mathematics.

But the National Christian University will have for its one great object the teaching of *Human Conduct*. That is and always will be the most important subject in the curriculum of a school or col-

lege. Without Conduct and Character a man is not educated. In this coming National University every teacher will be chosen for his own Christian character. The teacher of Mathematics (and I would have such a teacher on the Faculty,) would spend part of his time teaching Conduct, and so would every other teacher. You readers of the *Herald* who have grandchildren, get ready to send them to this National Christian University, for it will have a tremendous place in the educational system of the United States.

Under the power of the United Church of the United States, the Federal Council of this United States will start a great campaign for Total Abstinence. The more than 30,000,000 Protestant church members of this United Church will canvass the Sunday School scholars, the high schools, the colleges and with the wonderful cooperation of the *Christian Daily*, millions of pledges for total abstinence will be obtained, and the liquor business will receive its most deadly blow. Total abstinence is the only thing the liquor business is afraid of. It is not afraid of any laws we can pass. It has always broken every law that the states pass and always will. But it is afraid that people may not drink the stuff they make. I could go out today and secure hundreds of thousands of pledges for total abstinence from Sunday Schools, high schools and colleges and Big Business. With a combined church membership, and a Christian Daily to back them up, it looks to me that this campaign will result in a cleaning up of the mess that Drink is making on the highway and in the "regulated?" taverns, and be the beginning of the end of one of the worst enemies of human happiness and welfare in the history of mankind. Hold up your hands, all you readers of *Christian Herald* and let us see how many of you will help to start this campaign right now and beat the Federal Council to it.

But, after all, what this old world needs more than anything else is a New Life within. It needs to be born from above. The world-wide physical depression and economic upheaval is nothing compared with the moral and spiritual slump that followed the great War. That War caused most of the spiritual depression from which the government, the Church, the market place, and the school and the home are today suffering. So, I predict that sometime during the next sixty years this old world will have a spiritual revival that will revive every other part of human activity. If the human race will practice the two greatest articles of Jesus' Creed, it will be a new world. "Seek first the Kingdom of God and all the things will be added." That will settle all Economic problems. "Love God and thy Neighbor" will put an end to war and strikes and selfishness in the Market place and Politics.

So, I prophesy a new world in the next sixty years, and at the heart of it this Revival of the spirit of man.

What will you do, Reader, to hasten this Spiritual Revival?

We shall never have a better world until we have better people. And we will never have better people until we obey the teaching of the greatest Statesman the world ever knew, even Jesus Christ, who is the Hope of the World.

(Continued from page 50)

different to His words and works; but the leaders of Jewry, the priests and Pharisees, did the spying, plotting and mob-inciting.

The first trial of Jesus was before an ecclesiastical court. Hate-filled, the judges were baffled by the Roman law which prevented them from imposing the death penalty. So they haled the victim before Pilate, that their lust for Jesus' death might not be frustrated.

When we contemplate the deadly bitterness of sectarianism, we cry aloud: Thee, O God, to save us from like Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15

AND DELIVERED HIM TO PILATE.
READ MARK 15:1,2.

HAVE been trying to have the New York World's Fair put on exhibition the so famous Wanamaker pictures, "Christ before Pilate," and "Christ on Calvary," confident that they would be the most meaningful exhibit at the Fair. For the world of tomorrow, as the world of today, needs most to know the sublime figure, with the strong, patient face, who once stood before Pilate, and condemned him.

Of all the sinuous course of his crooked life, Pilate doubtless remembered best, to the end of his days, the Man whom he had not had the courage to quit.

Like Pilate, we too, must sit in judgment upon the Christ; God give us grace and courage to vote for him.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16

HE ANSWERED NOTHING.
READ MARK 15:3-5.

JESUS might have blasted Pilate with speech filled with heaven's lightnings. He might have called legions of angels to His defence. He might have displayed His own royal power. But as Pilate blustered, Jesus stood silent in a strength of soul that impressed even the pagan potentate. His time for utterance would come later, when He would be sitting on the throne of final judgment.

In our hours of panic and peril, we need the example of the silent Saviour. He endured wordlessly.

We would follow 'Thine example, O Master, and when reviled, revile not again, but endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17

THE MULTITUDE CRYING ALOUD.
READ MARK 15:6-14.

THESE are days of the mob mind, which might well be called "collective thinking." As many modern books show, the intelligence and morals of a mass of men is always at the level of the lowest. In an era which sternly

(Continued on page 78)

The Paths of Righteousness



"He leadeth me, oh blessed thought" was the meditation of Rev. J. H. Gilmore at a Philadelphia prayer meeting. Taking a pencil, he wrote out the hymn and handed it to his wife. He had never heard the stately measures that Bradbury wrote for his verses until he picked up a hymn book while visiting a church in Rochester.

Since then this gospel hymn has been sung all over the world from the pages of "TABERNACLE HYMNS NUMBER THREE", which contains hundreds of other hymns and songs known for their power to turn men's hearts to God.

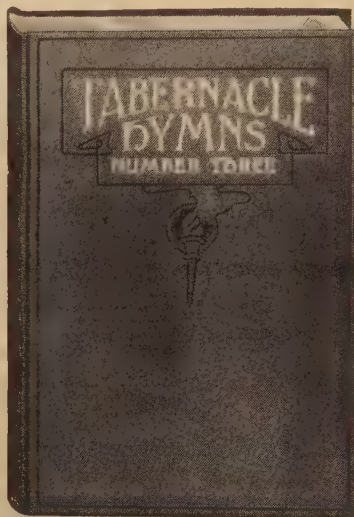
INSPIRED BY EXPERIENCE

In the revealing fire of God's presence these great hymns and songs were conceived and written. Their inspired words and music are instruments of grace in thousands of churches. Ablaze with zeal, "TABERNACLE HYMNS NUMBER THREE" fully meets every music need of church and Sunday School, conferences, rallies, and evangelistic meetings.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY

Present low prices make immediate purchase desirable. New song books pay for themselves many times. Beautifully bound in lacquered green cloth—keeps gold stamping tarnish-proof. Price per 100 not prepaid only \$50.00, Bristol binding \$32.50. Completely orchestrated.

Helpful finance plans make purchase easy.
Write today.



Tabernacle Publishing Co., 344-P No. Waller Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send Returnable Sample Copy of "TABERNACLE HYMNS NUMBER THREE". Our church needs song books for the following uses:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Worship Service | <input type="checkbox"/> Sunday School |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Young People | <input type="checkbox"/> Evang. Meetings |

Name _____

Address _____

Church & Denom. _____

Pastor _____ Address _____

TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY

344-P No. Waller Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SOCIAL CALLS PAY YOU Money

Sell Christmas Cards and Stationery
Easy to earn many extra dollars daily just calling on friends and others. Show newest designs in Personal Christmas Cards and Stationery with customers' names inscribed. Season's leaders in Style, Quality, Low Prices. Special features make it easy to get orders. Large commissions paid daily. Also show amazing assortment 21 Christmas Cards, 1938 Leader. Finest on market. Retail \$1. Your profit 50c. 6 other new assortments—all varieties—60c up. All fast, easy sellers—you make big profits. Samples sent Free.

WALLACE BROWN, Inc.
225 Fifth Ave., Dept. 2-D, New York, N.Y.
344 Fifth Ave., Dept. 2-D, New York, N.Y.

NEW "COPPER GIFT BOX" full of Christmas Cards

FAST MONEY-MAKER
Amazing \$1 seller. Costs you only 50c. Take orders for latest sensation. "COPPER GIFT BOX" embossed on metal foil with 21 newly designed Christmas Folders. Nothing like it on the market. Tops all others in value and appeal. Many other assortments. Full line of Personal Christmas Cards with name imprinted. Just show samples and make big money. Write today.
JANES ART STUDIOS, Inc., 176 Anson Pl., Rochester, N.Y.

Sell 50 PERSONAL Christmas Cards

EARN up to \$25 in a Week
Take orders for this big value! 50 Christmas Cards with sender's name, sell for only \$1. Your friends and others will buy on sight. Just show free samples. You make big profit.

Extra Money for Spare Time
Our complete line offers you largest earnings. Sell Christmas Card Assortments—Religious Cards, Gift Wrappings and others, 50c and \$1.00. Big profit to you on every sale. Men and women—start earning at once. Write for FREE Selling Outfit.
General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. A-444, Chicago, Ill.

5,000 CHRISTIAN WORKERS WANTED

to sell Bibles, Testaments, good books, new Krystal Plax or velvet scripture mottoes, scripture calendars, greeting cards. Good commission. Send for free catalog and price list.
George W. Noble, Publisher, Dept. 95, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

No Gift Like It!

Children love this great work. Egermeier's stories never grow old. Their strong appeal makes frequent rereading a pleasure and benefit to every member of the family.

Egermeier's Bible Story Book

By Elsie E. Egermeier

The author writes with the consecrated purpose of enriching the lives of her readers. Covers the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Gives a clear consecutive account of sacred events so that grown-ups, too, see God's plan as never before.

RECOMMENDED BY PASTORS AND LEADERS

New and enlarged edition. Lavishly illustrated with 200 fascinating pictures including 17 full pages in original rich art colors, Holy Land photographs, animated Bible Maps, and Illustrated End Sheets. Large, clear self-pronouncing type, non-glare paper, unbreakable "Lifetime" binding. Cellophane-faced pictorial jacket in full colors.

(Order from your Church Publishing House, or direct)

THE WARNER PRESS
Dept. B-8 Anderson, Ind.



PRICE
\$2.00

645 pages
234 stories
Over 200 pictures

Deformed or Injured Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to walk because of a spinal disorder was aided by the support of a Philo Burt Appliance to such a degree he was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady 72 years was helpless from a serious spinal condition—yet found relief in the beneficial effect of the Appliance. In the case of a child paralyzed from a back deformity, with support of the Philo Burt Appliance in three weeks was able to play about the house. We have successfully treated over sixty-three thousand cases in the past 36 years.



30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.



Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

Send for Descriptive Book Describe your case or have your Doctor do so and we will give you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,
207-10 Odd Fellows Temple
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

INSTANT BUNION RELIEF WITH THE FISCHER PROTECTOR



FOR WOMEN OR MEN

Also hides large joints, keeps shoes shapely. RELIEVES PRESURE ON BUNION. You can't be well dressed if your SHOES ARE UNSUITABLE. Ask your Shoe dealer, Druggist or Dept. store: or write for free trial offer. Established over 30 years.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
647 W. Virginia St., Dept. 122 Milwaukee, Wisconsin

PSORIASIS OF THE SKIN

The symptoms of this skin disease are swelling and reddish, dry, flat papules or patches, covered with silvery scales or crusts. Send 10¢ for sample of Dermatol No. 1 & 2, and see why psoriasis sufferers "rave" about this discovery. Valley Laboratories, Spring Valley, New York. Department 109.



LEARN TO EAT!

SAYS NOTED HEALTH LECTURER



If You Suffer From

"If you suffer from some common ailment, you may be poisoning your system every time you eat a meal! Your food can either improve your condition or make it worse. It's up to you!"

ARTHRITIS

NERVOUSNESS

CONSTIPATION

This is the sound advice of John K. Loughran, Ph.D., of the 20th Century Health Institute, radio health commentator, lecturer, author.

THESE FOOD FACTS WILL AMAZE YOU!

Do you know what foods help rheumatism—common stomach trouble—constipation? What foods should never be eaten together? Which foods act as medicines—which as poisons? Learn these vital facts and get back on the road to health!

FREE BOOK

Write today for revealing free book by John K. Loughran, Ph.D. Explains how food facts brought back health when drugs failed. Tells how you can learn and apply these same nutritional secrets to your own condition. Write for it today. No cost or obligation.

20TH CENTURY HEALTH INSTITUTE
742 South Hill Street, Los Angeles,
California • Department 17K



SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

OCTOBER 2

The One True God

EX. 20:2,3; ISA. 45:22; MARK 12:28-34; I COR. 8:4-6

IF ONE begins with the reading of these four passages of Scripture, two things are immediately obvious: (1) that from the time of Moses there was a strict injunction against polytheism; (2) that from the first to the last of these passages, in a period embracing many centuries, a great progress was made in the conception of God.

The First Commandment,—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." In the day of Moses, with the experience in Egypt so recently in mind, God said, "There may be other gods, but as far as Israel is concerned, they are not to be worshipped on an equality with Jahweh. For Israel Jahweh is to be God supreme, and the allegiance due to Him is not to be divided with any others." (John H. Powell, *The Ten Commandments*.)

This was precisely the sort of standard necessary to be set up and held up during the first years of God's guidance of Israel. If they were to become God's nation, to perform His work in the world, they must never waver at the point of His supremacy, no matter how powerful other gods of other nations might be considered.

Isaiah takes a step in advance. By the eighth century B. C., when the great prophets began their work, advance was made to the point where Isaiah could declare, "There are no other gods but Me." This had not suddenly come to be true, but its statement was now timely and powerful.

The first commandment of all. What we have called the first commandment is the one placed first in the Decalogue. But Jesus' statement (Mark 12:28-34) has to do with the one which is first in importance. In stating man's prime duty to love God with all his powers, the exclusive quality of God is again stated. He is not one among many; He is God alone.

Paul makes the declaration. As if to clarify what has been said, Paul's Corinthian passage (1 Cor. 8:4-6) points out the insecurity of other gods, especially those made of wood and stone.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why is it necessary for the Christian's God to be single rather than one among many?
2. What attitude should Christians hold toward the gods of other religions?
3. Do you see a worshipping of other gods in the people around you? How?
4. What is the test of our worship of God?

OCTOBER 9

Spiritual Worship

EX. 20:4-6; 32:1-8; JOHN 14:19-24

THE battle for the true worship of the true god is one of almost age-long dura-

GET HOSE for Your Personal Use

MAKE UP TO \$32.50 A WEEK IN ADVANCE

WEAR HOSE WE FURNISH and take orders. Start cash earnings at once. Men and women rave about sensational plan to cut hosiery bills in half. Our hose guaranteed against holes, snags or runs for 4 to 8 months or replaced FREE. Extra High-Twist Pure Silk and Double Extra Heavy 6-Ply Heels and Toes. No previous experience required. Work full or spare time. Brand new latest model Fords, Plymouths, or Chevrolets given as extra bonus on top of exceptional earnings. Doris Jensen earned \$17 in one day, received 2 new cars; Chas. Mills earned \$120 in a week and has received 2 new cars as bonuses. Sworn statements furnished.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED

Big profit opportunities. Earnings in advance. No waiting for your money. Here is the way to get the cash you need. Hose for men, women, and children. 108 very latest styles and colors. Demonstrator pictures of movie stars taken while wearing Wilkitt hosiery—hose for your own use furnished with outfit. Send name at once for big Sample Outfit offer. Use penny postcard. Be first—act NOW.

WILKITT HOSIERY COMPANY
Greenfield, Ohio
Dept. 78-K

June Knight Universal Player

FUN—FACTS—FRIENDSHIP

A Christmas Book for Peace

JUST LIKE YOU

Stories of Children of Many Lands
By Lucy W. Peabody

A FIRST BOOK
of
WORLD FRIENDSHIP

186 pages. "A Picture on Every Page."
Price \$1.00 — M. H. Leaviss, Publisher
186 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Are YOU This Person?

Christian man (or woman); age, 18-60 (say); living in city or town; free all or part of day; good health; missionary in spirit; eager to promote the Gospel in own or nearby community; needing fair financial remuneration.

If So, We Need YOU!

Ask (without obligation) for particulars about "colporteur" work. Please mention this paper. **BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASS'N**, 822 N. Wells, Chicago, Ills.

HENRY KECK

STAINED GLASS

STUDIO, 1010 W. GENESEE ST., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

HIGHEST SKILLED CRAFTSMANSHIP
ORIGINAL DESIGNS

Communion Cups

Send for Folder and SPECIAL OFFER at low prices. Glasses \$1.00 Dozen, Tray and 36 glasses \$6.50 up. Beautiful CHROMIUM-PLATED, Aluminum, Wood and Silver-plated Services. Collection & Bread Plates, Pastor's Sick Outfits, etc. **Thomas Communion Service, Box 1207 Lima, Ohio**

HOLLAND BULBS

RADIANT COLOR COLLECTION MAY-FLOWERING TULIPS, Specially selected, Darwin, Cottage, Breeder and Lily-Flowing Tulips. All long stemmed, all may-flowering. **INTRODUCTORY OFFER \$3.20 per 100 ppd.**

STASSEN FLORAL GARDENS, Box 27, Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

RUPTURED?

Get Up-To-Date Relief

Why try to worry along with old-fashioned trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad seals opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip. Holds rupture whether at work or play. Light, easy to wear. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing **FREE** 100 page, cloth-bound book "Advice To Ruptured" and details of liberal 60-day trial offer. Also names of grateful patrons in your neighborhood. Write: **Cluthe Sons, Dept. 292, Bloomfield, New Jersey.**

on. Through most of the period covered by the Old Testament it is easily traced.

The conflict which the Hebrews were forced to carry on through centuries was against their heathen neighbors, all of whom were idolaters. How could one people live a pure life of spiritual worship, without idols, when all around them were many nations, not only with many gods, but with all sorts of representations of them?

In anticipation of what was to come, God gave to Moses the second commandment. Not only with strong injunction, but with explanatory threat, Jehovah let it be known that He proposed to have no rivals, particularly such as could be fashioned by the arts of men.

Jesus knew what God is like. The final and the greatest announcement on this subject was Jesus' simple word to the woman at the well. She had given God geography, location,—in this mountain, in Jerusalem. Jesus pushed this all aside. "God is spirit," He said, "and He is to be worshiped by spiritually minded persons in a spiritual manner." That is to say, God is everywhere; He is not to be touched, handled, seen; He is to be called, and sensed, and known in silence.

What is spiritual worship? With much profit teacher and students can talk at this point. Is spiritual worship vocal or meditative? Is it mystical or practical? Is it to be timed, or does it know neither times nor seasons? Can it be controlled, or is it beyond the worshiper's powers?

In what sense is God jealous? "God, in the very nature of the case, is unique, and there can be no image of Him made by the hands of men. . . . He is jealous of attempts to put others in His place or to worship Him in an unworthy manner."

"There is only one image of God, an image that is carried neither in wood, nor stone, nor metal, but in life; it is the sight of a pure spirit in the face of Jesus Christ, the image of God in which the spirit of man is made." (J. H. Powell, *The Ten Commandments*.)

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How true is it that the sins of the fathers are visited on their children?
2. What forms of idolatrous worship are around us today?
3. Is Protestantism in danger of taking on worship which is not spiritual?
4. What happens when a worshiper uses material aids to his worship?

OCTOBER 16

Reverence for God

EX. 20:7; MATT. 5:33-37; 12:33-37

EACH of the three Scripture passages makes a distinct contribution to the theme before us. The first declares against the linking of the name of Jehovah with falsehood at any point; the second is Jesus' statement of the ideal position of honor and truth among men; the third admonishes against flippant or careless speech, on the basis that it reveals a character of the same sort.

1. *Taking God's name in vain.* The third commandment has the interpretation (1) that one is not to dishonor God

SIZE:
9 3/8 x 16

NOW Ready

WELCOMED EVERYWHERE

CHRISTIAN HERALD HOME CALENDAR FOR 1939

we have built up a good market for this inspirational calendar—you can make money by selling it in your neighborhood—every church-goer will want at least two in their home.

IT IS THE ONLY RELIGIOUS CALENDAR PRINTED ALSO IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES, there are splendid profits just waiting for someone smart enough to find a market for this religious calendar in Swedish, German, Italian, Norwegian and Spanish homes. These customers will buy for their own homes and send them as gifts to their friends and relatives abroad.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURES

The beautiful cover shown above printed in full color and 12 other beautiful religious pictures in full color. "How to Read the Bible Through in a Year"—a systematic study of the Bible. Daily Scripture Verses. For every day of the year. International S.S. Lesson, Golden Text for each Sunday. The Bible Story of the picture illustrating each calendar page. Each page carries a three months calendar pad: the month preceding and following. Moon phases—Religious Holidays—AND a back-cover full of valuable information, such as, Curious Bible Questions and Answers, Cities in the Life of Christ and a map of Palestine, and Household Information. THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES IN COLOR ALONE ARE WORTH THE

PRICE OF THE CALENDAR, cut and mounted on cardboard they are useful in Sunday School work.

SPECIAL PRICES To Churches and Agents

quantity	cost (English)	cost (Foreign)
100	\$15	\$17
200	29	32
250	35	40
300	42	46.50

The regular advertised selling price is 25c a copy for English—35c for Foreign.

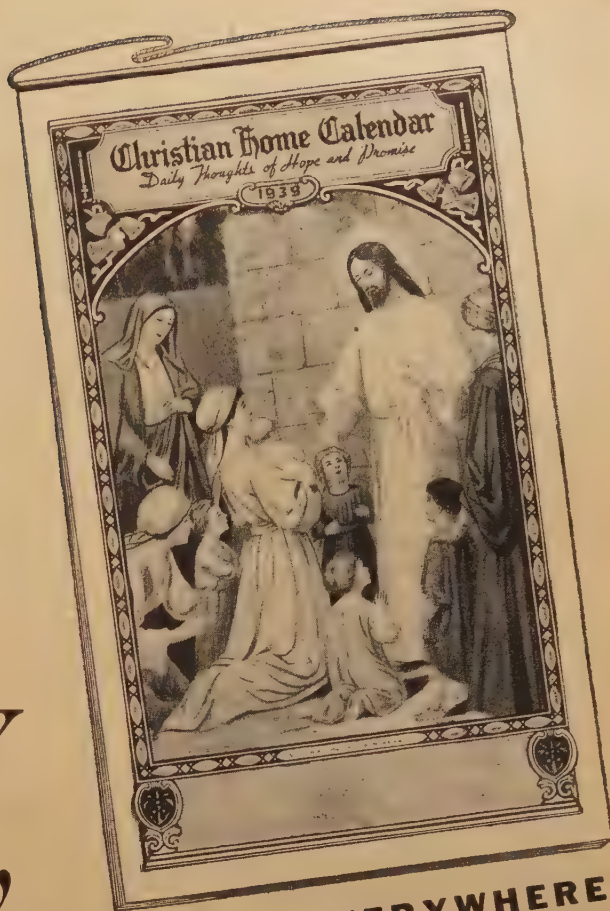
Christian Herald Association
419 Fourth Avenue, New York

Please ship at once.....
calendars. Enclosed is remittance in

the sum of \$.....

Name.....

Address.....



**I'LL FIX THAT
IN A JIFFY!**



CANNED WOOD MAKES HOME REPAIRS EASY

Anybody can do a fine job of repairing quickly—broken chairs, loose casters, holes in wood, nicks, cracks, screw holes, loose drawer pulls, etc. with this canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood you can drive nails and screws into, paint, or carve. Try it. Paint, hardware and 10¢ stores sell **PLASTIC WOOD** in 10¢ and 25¢ tubes, 35¢ cans.



PLASTIC WOOD

New Kind of POTATO PEELER

Just Out—Sells Like Wild

Revolutionary invention replaces old-fashioned paring knife. Peels potatoes faster, easier—without waste. Preserves vitamins and minerals. Shreds cabbage, long or short, equal thickness. Slices vegetables, fruits uniformly. Cuts garnishes, shells, cleans. Prevents cut fingers. Stays sharp. Housewives wild about it. Low priced. Lightning seller. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Hustlers cleaning up!

SAMPLE OFFER Samples sent on trial to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. Be first—send in your name TODAY!

KRISTEE CO. 516 Bar St. Akron, Ohio



EXTRA MONEY **SELL 12 CHRISTMAS CARD BOXES** **PERSONAL STATIONERY** **50 PERSONAL XMAS CARDS for \$1**

Sell lovely new 21 folder \$1 assortment. Sensational value, matchless quality. Gift Wrapping, Religious, Etching, Every Day, Kiddies, other boxes. Up to 110% profit with **NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED** bonus. Special Money Saving Offers. Send for 21 folder box on approval & plan.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES

THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS, 88 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.



JIFFY LOOM WITH "ADJUSTA-BAR" For Hand-weaving Sweaters, Blouses, Scarfs, Afghans, Spreads, Drapes, etc. Full 4-in. size with 6-in. Needle. The Most Practical and Durable Loom Made. At your dealers' or send direct. 25c Postpaid. Illustrated Book of Novelty Weaving Patterns with complete instructions, 10c. Postpaid.

CALCRAFT, P.O. Box 429, Hollywood, Calif.

EXTRA MONEY **SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS**

Big profits selling Christmas Greeting Folders with customers' name printed FREE in each. 50 or 20 for \$1. Friends, neighbors, fellow-workers—everyone—buy these colorful, artistic folders on sight. **SELLING KIT FREE.** No experience needed. We start you. **SELLING SEASON HERE.** Write today. **TOM-WAT STUDIOS, Dept. H., Bridgeport, Conn.**



XMAS MONEY!

Get the Christmas line that pays biggest and sells easiest! Exquisite Christmas assortments: Everyday Cards; Gift Wrappings; Superb Personal Albums; biggest values for direct sales. No experience needed—spare or full time. Write today for saleable assortment on approval!

Midget Card Shop, Dept. 210, Harrisburg, Pa.

by invoking His name to attest what is untrue. Why is this such a sin against God? Because "the name of God stands for all that is known of God, and sums up all that God has, made known of His nature, character and will." It is against the very nature of God to connect Him in any way or at any time with falsehood or lying.

The third commandment has the interpretation (2) that one is not to resort to a flippant and reckless use of God's holy name. Profanity, like other immoralities, has been on the increase in recent years. It is due either to a want of self-control, to a limited vocabulary, or to a lack of education. But whatever the cause, the result is the same. One does not speak lightly of things that one reveres.

Profanity is the least defensible of all the common sins. It is not a weakness of the flesh, a yielding to appetite, or a protection against some other power. Many sins are of that sort. But the irreverent use of the name of the Divine Being is either a purposed or careless act which could be curbed if the individual had the desire or the mind to do so.

This matter of reverence for God's name is a major challenge to every individual Christian and to the whole church. The continuance and spread of profanity has dire consequences, alluded to in the commandments itself. You cannot take God's name in vain and continue to revere Him.

2. *How much honor?* The Sermon on the Mount reaches a higher plane of conduct in this as in most things. The oath was used through the centuries as a confirmation of one's word. But Jesus' statement is that a Christian's word should be so dependable, the confidence in which he is held should be so positive, the standard of his honor should be so high, that no calling God to witness should be necessary.

3. *Heart, then words.* Jesus spoke no greater truth than this, that a man shall be judged by his words, for his words are an indication of what is in his heart. What a rebuke is here for those who "rattle at the mouth," and have foolish and idle prattle as the sole fruit of their lives!

Questions for Class Discussion

1. If a person uses profanity and wishes to stop it, how would you advise that it be done?
2. What are the fruits of profanity?
3. What are the intentions and what are the values of judicial and legal oaths?
4. Why is speech a good index to one's heart?

OCTOBER 23

Our Day of Rest

EX. 20:8-11; ISA. 58:13,14; LUKE 13:10-17;
GAL. 4:8-11; COL. 2:16; REV. 1:10
(Printed lesson, Ex. 20:8-11; Luke 13:10-17)

THE first step toward getting a grasp of this theme and lesson is to pay careful attention to the six Scripture passages. Still another passage might have been added, the older form of the commandment, found in Deut. 5:12-15, for in it a different reason is assigned for the keeping of the Sabbath. In Exodus the command rests on the example of God who rested on the seventh day after the

six days of the creation. In Deuteronomy the Sabbath is to be kept for social reasons. The people are to rest and let their servants and animals rest because they remembered their own bondage and servitude in Egypt, from which they were delivered.

In either case, the first conception is that the Sabbath was to be a day of rest from labor.

Why a day of rest?

Apart from the fact that the keeping of the Sabbath was a command, or that it was a memorial, it is a most practical arrangement. The physical structure of man is such that he cannot keep going at regular labor without regular times of rest, and the division of the universe into seven-day weeks seems to meet the requirements of man for six days of work and one day of rest better than any other proportion.

Is the Sabbath for rest alone?

The Hebrews used the Sabbath for worship, and the Christian conception of the first day of the week as a memorial to our Lord's resurrection has put worship alongside of rest. This religious purpose of the day appears strongly in Isaiah (58:13,14). "It is not to be a day of selfish pursuits, but one having a holy nature; God is to be honored on that day, and His people are to delight themselves in Him."

Between the time of the institution of the Sabbath and the coming of Jesus there came a distortion of the better purposes of the day. By the time of Jesus there were thirty-nine classes of forbidden work, and each of these was subdivided into thirty-nine sub-classes, or total number of 1,531 prohibitions. No wonder Jesus broke away these fetters and gave a more reasonable interpretation to the day!

In the passage from Luke (13:10-17) Jesus brought emancipation to a woman who was in physical bondage, when the legalists said that healing could not be done on the Sabbath. Jesus' argument was, "It is always in order to do good to a fellow creature."

What about other purposes?

We hear a great deal about other things which may or may not be done on the Lord's Day. What about recreation, sports, travel, reading, visiting, study, church attendance, and the like? "The chief end of the Sabbath is not pleasure, but a greater fitness for fine living. . . . We want to use the day so as to get the most benefit from it." What standards can then be set up?

Does the question not come down to this conclusion, that each Christian must make his own decisions as to the use of the day, provided he makes sure that its two primary purposes—rest and worship—are met?

Questions for Class Discussion

1. If the religious aspects are paramount in the Sabbath question, why should the state pass regulatory laws for its observance?
2. Do you justify commercialized sports on the Lord's Day? Why?
3. What common acts in our day and age may be compared to Jesus' deed of mercy?
4. What can Christians do to combat the liberalization of the Lord's Day?

OCTOBER 30

Personal Rights and Where They End

(International Temperance Sunday)
ECCL. 2:1-3,10,11; ROM. 6:17-23; 14:21

THE book of Ecclesiastes has had many interpretations, and is still subject to various explanations as to authorship, message, and date. But for the purpose of this lesson the theme is simple and full of meaning. The first chapter finds Solomon (called the *preacher* or *debater*) seeking what is best for the sons of men. But the search was far from satisfying. He expected to find satisfaction in wisdom, but decided it was all "vapour and edding upon wind."

Chapter 2 opens with the quester striving to find satisfaction in kingly state, magnificence, luxury, and pleasure. But the result is the same; all is vanity, and there is no profit. A theme for this section of the lesson would be, "The pursuit of pleasure through sensual appetites brings only disappointment." The one who trusts to wine and to folly for obtaining the successes of this life comes at last to failure.

The second passage (Romans 6:17-23) brings in New Testament language the same lesson. The typical individual is presented first as a sinner, and the terms used are these: "the infirmity of your flesh," "yielded your members to unrighteousness," "ye were the servants of sin," "those things of which you are now ashamed," "the end of those things is death." But, the error of that way being seen, there has been a turning to God and righteousness. The way of service and blessing has been found, there is "fruit unto holiness," and "eternal life as the gift of God."

The third passage (Rom. 14:21) states the great Christian principle of regard for brother's welfare, manifested by one's willing abstinence from anything that will harm another.

Applied to Strong Drink

No person in civilized society has a right to conduct himself in such a manner as to affect negatively the welfare of even one individual, not to mention the whole social order. When men and women drink alcoholic beverages, the evil results are not alone in their own bodies. The presence of drunken persons in public places brings shame on all who contact them. Their language, frequently filthy, more often vulgar or profane, pains the ears of sober men and women. The diseases which follow in the wake of alcohol, the frequent connections which it has with other evils, the baseness of political scheming in its behalf, the huge public expense in institutions and charity—all these cry out in protest against the infringement on the rights of that part of the public which does not drink. And when alcohol places in jeopardy the life of a child or an aged person or any one in between, the personal rights of the drinker have long since ceased.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Have you ever known a drinker that paid the entire price of his folly alone?
2. In the light of Paul's injunction (Rom. 14:21), has any Christian the right to drink alcoholic liquor? Why?

All Bible Graded Series

Has Gone Forth Into All The World

New Beginners' Manuals



Translated from English into four foreign languages, this popular series circles the earth. From England, the Far East, and distant Australia comes enthusiastic testimony of increased attendance, growing schools, renewed Bible interest, and acceptance of Christ. Such are the fruits of the ALL BIBLE GRADED SERIES of Sunday School lessons.

Graded by Departments

Teachers' and Pupils' Manuals for each department from Beginners through Teacher Training prepared by experts in each age group. Departmental grading is increasingly "the popular way" because it is practical.

FREE Sample Copies (previous quarters—specify departments) sent on request to Pastors, Superintendents and Teachers. Also Compendium of 780 Lessons. Please enclose 10c towards postage. Write today.

THE SCRIPTURE PRESS

800 North Clark Street Dept. CH Chicago, Illinois

Christian Greeting Cards

For Sale or for Personal Use

New, attractive CHRISTMAS and EVERY DAY Greetings with worthwhile sentiments, many with Bible Texts—in great variety of artistic settings—the type of Greetings Christian people are looking for. Cards that are different—not found in stores—Boxed and Unboxed—good profit—No investment necessary. Catalog and Sales Plans on request.

PEASE GREETING CARDS, Inc.
264 Laurel St. Dept. H Buffalo, N. Y.



EARN EXTRA MONEY

SELLING BLUEBIRD CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS

10 BOXES—LOW PRICED PERSONALS
Friends, neighbors, everybody buys sensational new 21 folder \$1 Christmas assortment. Created by master artists. Unsurpassed value. Unique, exclusive designs.
100% PROFIT
Get Well, 50c Tying Ribbon assortments. SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER. No investment. Write for money-making plan.
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED Sell \$1 Gift Wrapping, Every Day, Religious, Etching, Birthday, Christmas, etc. Assortments. **WRITE FOR SAMPLES ON APPROVAL**

BLUEBIRD STUDIOS, Dept. K-18, Fitchburg, Mass.

» ANACIN «

Relieves
PAIN
Promptly

from
HEADACHE
NEURALGIC
and
RHEUMATIC
PAINS



ANACIN—is a combination of medically proven and highly regarded active ingredients—it is most effective. Mail this coupon for a generous free sample.

The ANACIN COMPANY
257 Cornelson Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.

Please send free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

CH-6

UNIVERSAL EXPRESSION OF THE SOUL

ENDURING
Hymns & Gospel Songs

*A permanent
value under
all conditions*

TRIUMPHANT
SERVICE
SONGS

YOUR CHURCH, like the 12,000 churches now using Triumphant Service Songs, can experience new spiritual vitality through this inspirational book!

Triumphant Service Songs meets every church need . . . contains 295 "average voice" songs, 40 new ones never before published in a book of this character. Ideal for morning or evening worship, Junior Choir, Evangelistic Service and special days. Complete orchestration if desired. Green waterproof cloth binding at only 40c each; bristol paper binding at only 25c in lots of 100 (not prepaid).

New! GOSPEL SERVICE SONGS

An excellent low priced book of 175 beautiful old and new songs.

We will gladly send examination copies to any minister, superintendent or committee member. Write us about your needs!

The **RODEHEAVER**
HALL - MACK Co.

Suite 1352 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Suite 752 124 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PREACHING -- FEEDING -- SAVING

The HOME OF ONESIPHORUS is ministering in war-devastated China where children are often left homeless in a moment's time. Help us save all we can for Christ.



To you the lost and afflicted of China lift appealing hands. Do not forsake them in their great need. Help with your gifts and prayers.

FREE BOOKLET, "Helping China's Helpless" tells how God led us to open the HOME, one of the largest of its kind in the Orient, and how He has blessed their work. Write today for FREE copy.

HOME OF ONESIPHORUS
American Office: 2811 N. Racine Ave.,
Drawer 5, Chicago, Ill.

*Use More
Christ-honoring
Christmas
Greetings*

*Sell the
"SUNSHINE LINE"
Earn Big Profits*

Our 1938 De Luxe Line is a winner. The variety and appeal of our 14 different \$1.00, 75c, and 50c assortments mean quick sales and increased profits for you.

America's Original Line of Scripture-Text Folders
The "Sunshine Line" has always been the leader in Scripture-text Greetings for Christmas and Everyday Christ-honoring cards grow in favor. Early repeat orders indicate this will be a banner year for "Sunshine Line" representatives.

Most Complete Religious Line

Our proposition also includes such popular items as "Bible Lovers" Stationery, Scripture Calendars, Seals, and Tags. Highest commissions and Christmas bonus. We pay postage. Samples await your request. Early start most important.

Write nearer office for details

GOSPEL TRUMPET CO.
Sacramento, Cal. Anderson, Ind.

(Continued from page 73)

needs independent individualism, we remember that it was the voice of the mob that doomed Jesus. The multitude which shouted, for the intimidation of Pilate, "Crucify Him!" had had its blood-lust aroused by clever ecclesiastics. The lynching of Jesus is a mighty monition to mankind.

*God save us from the surrender of
manhood's highest heritage of personal
independence. Grant us strength to
stand alone. Amen.*

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18

PILATE, WILLING TO CONTENT THE
PEOPLE.
READ MARK 15:15-16.

POLITICAL rabble-rousers are busy this month trying to be all things to all men. Their most famous predecessor was Pilate, who threw away his judicial ermine in order to wear the motley of the mob. For the sake of passing popularity, Pilate lent himself to what he clearly perceived to be a base plot. Even the intercession of his wife could not hold him to the course of manhood. He was just a politician.

By a mob's lust and a ruler's pusillanimity and priestly hate, our Lord was crucified: write this lesson upon our hearts, O Lord. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19

WHEN THEY HAD MOCKED HIM.
READ MARK 15:17-25.

OUR hearts burn within us as we read again the bitter shame that our Saviour underwent for the world's redemption. What a price He paid! That the most sensitive of all spirits that ever wore our flesh should be subject to the coarsest insults and abuses by the lowest of mankind moves us to tears.

Jesus went the limit to redeem man. Naught that can ever befall mortal has been untasted by Him.

*Lord, by all the pains with which
Thou didst accomplish man's redemption,
constrain us to worship and love
and serve Thee. Amen.*

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20

THE KING OF THE JEWS.
READ MARK 15:26-28.

BROODING, as every thoughtful person must do, upon the present plight of the world's Jews, there recurs involuntarily to my mind the awesome phrase of the leaders of Jewry at the trial of Jesus, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children." Are the Jews still suffering from their bloody rejection of the Messiah? It was a sin passing knowledge that those Jews of Jesus' day committed. Out of it has sprung all their woes as a people.

*We would accept and acclaim Thee,
O Christ, as King of our lives and live
as Thy loyal subjects. Amen.*

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21

THEY THAT PASSED BY RAILED ON HIM.
READ MARK 15:29-32.

NOTHING was lacking from the complete ignominy of the cross. Crucified as a malefactor, between two criminals; exposed to the rough treatment of the Roman legionaries and to the jibes of the mocking mob; suffering such exquisite physical torment as only His delicate fibers could know, Jesus died the death, that we might live the life. "Liberal" thought spurns the cross as a bloody transaction. But by that blood black souls are washed white.

*At Calvary we bow low in confession
and contrition and yearning adoration.
Lord Jesus, help us to love Thee up to
the level of the cross. Amen.*

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22

THERE WAS DARKNESS OVER THE WHOLE
LAND.
READ MARK 15:33-38.

EVEN nature could not be insensible to this, the world's supreme hour, when the mysterious transaction that insured man's reconciliation with God, was consummated on the cross. From the broken heart of Christ there was wrung that most tragic and moving utterance that ever sprung from lips, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

We are beyond our mental depth here. We can only fall down and adore.

*As Thou, O Christ, didst go God's
limit for us, so may we go man's limit
for Thee. Amen.*

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23

TRULY, THIS MAN WAS THE SON OF GOD.
READ MARK 15:39.

RESOLUTELY, we should ever recall ourselves to a realization that the crucifixion of Jesus was a historical event, accredited by witnesses. Impartial Rome spoke through the voice of the centurion, who not only testified to the fact of the Saviour's death, but also bore involuntary tribute to His character.

It is the shame of our day's religious thinking that many "liberal" scholars will not go as far as this eye-witness Roman; but accord Jesus only the honors of a superman, denying His Sonship to the Father. All the tragedy of Calvary would be in vain were not Jesus the Christ, the sent Son of God.

*As our Saviour, Redeemer, and Divine
Lord, we worship Thee, O Christ; and
pray that the cross may never disappear
from our souls' horizon. Amen.*

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24

THERE WERE ALSO WOMEN.
READ MARK 15:40,41,47.

NOT all the cosmetics and beauticians of earth have succeeded in imparting to woman's face the radiant beauty that comes from spiritual fellowship with Christ. He has ever been woman's

greatest comfort and strength and joy. And she has ever been His best friend. In these uncertain times, the women who stand by the Saviour they know will have a large part in bringing the world to Christ.

For the women in our lives who have shown us the Saviour's love, we return humble thanks, O God. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA, AN HONORABLE COUNSELOR.
READ MARK 15, 42-46.

CRISES precipitate action. Characters suddenly reveal their best selves when confronted by a great decision. Thus, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who had been wavering, worldly-wise, politic observers of Jesus, suddenly came out openly on the side of the crucified. What a comfort it would have been to the Master to have had these two scholars among His companions.

Lord, help us ever to be on time with Thy love and appreciation. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26

THE STONE WAS ROLLED AWAY.
READ MARK 16:1-4.

MOST of us carve wrinkles in our faces and in our souls, and disturb our sleep of nights and our serenity of days, by dread of stones that we may encounter ahead of us. Fear haunts us. We read what lies ahead. Like the women trying to the sepulchre we repeat, "Who shall roll away the stone?" All the while, God's providences are preceding us. Every backward-looking Christian can testify to stones removed.

Many and great have been the stones removed from our paths by Thy merciful providence, O God. We would trust Thee for the future. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27

HE IS RISEN.
READ MARK 16:5-8.

IT IS important to note, in any study of the resurrection, that the news was a complete surprise to all of the disciples; they were at first incredulous. The faithful women who first heard the glad tidings that meant a new sunrise for the world were carrying spices for a corpse. The news of the angel, "He is risen; He is not here," left them overwhelmed to speechlessness.

Because Christ rose, we, too, would live to newness of life. Search our souls, O God, by the tremendous truth of the resurrection. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28

AFTERWARD HE APPEARED.
READ MARK 16:9-14.

OFTEN the resurrection of Jesus has been called "The best attested fact in history." The witnesses to the risen

Christ, all sceptical, were many and varied, and the circumstances widely different. They are adequate answer to the thin plot of the priests, who bribed the military guard to say that the body had been stolen by disciples while the soldiers slept. So far from stealing the body the friends of Jesus were all amazed when the grave was found empty.

One further testimony to the resurrection abides—the personal experience of millions of believers with the living Christ Himself.

"Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me, A Living, bright reality." Amen

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29

GO YE.
READ MARK 16:15,16.

WE have been studying for two months Mark's record of the life, words, death and resurrection of Jesus, a tremendous presentation of supreme truth. Its implication is equally stupendous. Jesus Himself expressed it explicitly.

Since these things are true, it therefore becomes the duty of disciples to share their precious knowledge. Therefore they are commanded to "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The logical corollary of this story of the Saviour is presentation to every mortal.

Because Thou hast come, O Christ, we would go, even to the limits Thou hast laid down. Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30

SIGNS SHALL FOLLOW THEM.
READ MARK 16:17, 18.

NO MERE mortal mind has ever been adequate to create the Gospel's growth throughout the ages and the world. Mightier than any empire, it has spread everywhere, and is still enlarging. Only a Divine Power, imparted to believers, could accomplish this wonder.

Heirs of limitless Power, we would appropriate Thy promises, O Lord, for Thy service. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31

SAT ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD.
READ MARK 16:19,20.

WITH joy and profit we have studied our Lord's earthly life. He seems close to us in His perfect humanity. In His example we find a chart for conduct.

Nevertheless, we close this series of Meditations, as Mark closed his Gospel, with the reminder that Jesus is now on the throne of heaven. Christ today is the triumphant King of all the universe. He acts by the Father's side, sharing the Father's authority and power.

It is the risen, enthroned, omnipotent Christ with the same loving, patient, forgiving heart that He showed in Galilee, who is our Lord and Saviour today.

To Thee, O King of kings, we join with angels and archangels in crying, "Holy, Holy, Holy." Amen.



● Affectionately known as "Aunt Becky," because of her many deeds of mercy, this dear saint of God and Institute annuitant writes: "I am happy to say that on several occasions I have been led of the Lord to invest in Moody Bible Institute to invest in Life Annuity Agreements. My annuity check always comes on or before the date it is due. This Plan has made it possible for me, while I live, to train young men and women to serve my Lord and Saviour, and at the same time to double my income."—Mrs. B. U.

A Regular Life Income for YOU!

Depending upon age at time of investment, Moody Bible Institute Life Annuity Agreements will pay you from 3¼ to 8½% income—regularly for life—and on time, annually or semi-annually, as you wish.

Moody Bible Institute Agreements are secured by all the assets of the Institute, including a special annuity reserve. Over 3500 Moody Agreements have been written during the past 29 years.

While building your own life income, your investment in Moody Bible Life Annuity Agreements will help deserving young men and women to receive training at Moody Bible Institute for Christian service.

Send today for free booklet "FACTS" for full information.

USE THIS COUPON

153 Institute Place, Annuity Dept. HJ19
Chicago, Illinois

Please send "FACTS." No obligation incurred.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The MOODY Bible Institute
OF CHICAGO
153 INSTITUTE PLACE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



(Continued from page 17)

town's most exclusive hotel and another time we were caught violently shaking our Cleo as a funeral procession passed.

Mountain driving was another feature of motoring that required active participation if you drove a Model T. How tame it seems now when we shift into low for a steep grade. We always think of mountain driving with Cleo and how once we had to keep a foot on the low pedal for thirteen miles of tortuous climbing. How the radiator boiled!

Finally, much in the same spirit in which one decides he must dispose of superfluous but charming kittens, we decided that we must get rid of Cleo. We couldn't keep the top up and, with summer coming on, it was becoming too warm to drive with it down all the time. We considered a new top, for Cleo's engine was running at its sweetest, but we decided that it would look just a little too incongruous with the unpainted body, the un-shuttable door and the broken windshield. Besides, I had to have a new dress and it was useless to buy new clothes and wear them in Cleo. Not only because one looked so ridiculous, either. The upholstering had become so roughened that it ruined fabrics.

So one day we drove Cleo to the used car dealer's. Never had her motor hummed more evenly. With never a quiver she purted up to the junk heap she was to join. She was gallant, that Cleo, and no prospect of becoming a third-hand car could ever daunt her.

We used to look for Cleo but we never saw her again, and I am afraid her owner must have repaired her beyond our recognition. For it is unthinkable that Cleo did not have another driver, but was knocked down for her parts—we never even let ourselves consider that possibility. Somehow, somewhere, we are sure that even now she still is running.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 57

The following articles, states and magazines were either nonexistent or unavailable to the public in 1878.

Articles and Inventions	States
Aeroplanes	Arizona
Air Conditioning	Idaho
Aluminum Cooking	Montana
Utensils	New Mexico
Automobiles	N. Dakota
Cellophane	Oklahoma
Cement Roads	S. Dakota
Chewing-Gum	Utah
Electric Irons	Washington
Electric Light	Wyoming
Electric Refrigeration	
Gas Stoves	
Motion Pictures	
Oil Burners	
Phonographs	Magazines
Radio	Better Homes & Gardens
Rubber Tires	Collars
Safety Razors	Good Housekeeping
Silk Stockings	Household
Telephone	Ladies' Home Journal
Thermostats	Liberty
Vacuum Cleaners	National Geographic
Washing Machines	Popular Mechanics
	Pictorial Review
	Readers' Digest
	Time
Foods	
Corn Flakes	
Rice Flakes	

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



The Brute

Mrs. Youngbride: My husband promised me a surprise if I learned to cook, so I took lessons.

Friend: Indeed! What was the surprise!

Mrs. Youngbride: He dismissed our cook.

—Exchange

Nothing To Do

Doctor: "You must stop drinking and smoking, give up late hours, and refrain from dancing."

Patient: "But I don't do any of those things."

Doctor: "Then I fear there's no hope for you."

—The Pathfinder

But Wouldn't It Be Wonderful

If all the politicians in the world were laid end to end, they would never reach a conclusion.

—Kablegrams

Tough

Al Falfa: "Did you know that that feller who is runnin' for office has a glass eye?"

Tim Hay: "No; can you tell which one it is?"

Al Falfa: "Yes. You look at both his eyes pretty hard, and the one that has a gleam of human kindness in it is the glass one."

—Kablegrams

Epidemic

Doctor: "Well, my friend, what seems to be your trouble?"

Patient (nervously): "I believe I have caught insomnia, doctor. I cannot sleep a wink until around three o'clock in the morning."

Doctor: "Nonsense. Insomnia is not contagious!"

Patient: "It is in my case, doctor. The baby next door has it!"

—N. Y. C. Magazine

Sweet Revenge

"Jimmie," said the teacher, "what is your greatest ambition?"

Jimmie considered thoughtfully. "I think," he said, "it is to wash mother's face."

—The Congregationalist

Page Mr. Dewey

Holowyng: Frisby has a new racket now.

Cryeng: What? Is it something dishonest?

Holowyng: No, he plays tennis with it.

—Smiles

Advanced Grade

"And has your baby learned to talk yet?"

"Oh my, yes. We're teaching him to keep quiet now."

—Cornwall Advertiser

Keeping Cool in an Extremity

Boogy: Why do you have your socks on wrong side out?

Woogy: My feet were hot and I turned the hose on them.

—Pathfinder

What Impressed Her

"I'm glad you're so impressed, dear, but all these explanations I have been giving you about banking and currency," remarked the young husband.

"Yes, darling. It seems wonderful that anybody could know as much as you do about money without having any," was his wife's reply.

—Montreal Star

On the Program

Two ladies were listening to the band at the exhibition.

Said one: That is something from Wagner, I think.

Said the other: I think it is a nocturne of Chopin's.

Said the first: I'll go and look on the announcement card.

And back she came to her friend with the word: We're both wrong. It's a Refrain from Spitting.

—Exchange

Important Lesson

Baby, take a look and see

What we adults call a "tree."

Had enough? Now listen, dear:

There's a moral lesson here.

See the branches, leaves, and so on?

That's what money doesn't grow on!

—Exchange

Division of Labor

Harefoot: Before we were married, my wife and I agreed that I should decide on all major matters and she would decide all minor ones.

Mikhail: How did that arrangement turn out?

Harefoot: So far no major things have come up.

—Pathfinder

Not an Empty Consolation

Boogy: Do you know it's a comfort to have a head like mine?

Woogy: Yeah, solid comfort.

—Smiles